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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT

London:
R. Clay, Son, and Taylor, Printers,
Bread Street Hill.

BARRATA

The Globe Edition

POETICAL WORKS

OF

R WALTER SCOTT

BARONET

VITH A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL MEMOIR

BY

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE,

LATE FELLOW OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD



London :

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1866



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DEDICATION

The first of our living Statesmen is not only remarkable for the largeness of his political views and his consummate mastery of details, but for the generous confidence with which he regards the working classes of his fellow-countrymen, and for his untiring energy in promoting their welfare. He is also known as a lover of the beautiful and the noble in literature, especially as exhibited in the poetry of the heroic ages. A popular edition of Sir Walter Scott's Poems has therefore a double right to the sanction of his name. The writer of the following Memoir avails himself of the privilege which has been accorded him, and with sentiments of the deepest admiration and respect, dedicates this book to Mr. Gladstone.



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SIR WALTER SCOTT

WITHIN that small number of our countrymen who have been known and admire throughout the civilized world during this century, three hold a place of ur rivalled pre-eminence,—Wellington, Scott, and Byron. Each of the three king dons claims one of these heroes; but although Ireland and England may als noint to something distinguishably national in the genius of their sons, yet it wi net be disputed that Scotland is far more exclusively and fully represented by Marmion and the Heart of Midlothian, than the spirit of England by Child Harold, or that of Ireland by the Peninsular campaigns. We read in the earl ages of the world how whole nations sprang from, and were known by the name some one great chief, to whom a more than human rank was assigned by the poetr and the gratitude of later generations. Doris and Ionia were personified in Io and Dorus. It appears not altogether fanciful to think similarly of Scott: i the phrase employed by the historians of Greece, he might be styled the eponymon here of Scotland. He sums up, or seems to sum up, in the most conspicuou manner, those leading qualities in which his countrymen, at least his countryme of old. differ from their fellow Britons. No one human being can, however be completely the representative man of his race, and some points may h cherved in Scott which do not altogether reflect the national image. Yet, o the whole, Mr. Carlyle's estimate will probably be accepted as the truth: "N Scotchman of his time was more entirely Scotch than Walter Scott; the goo and the not so good, which all Scotchmen inherit, ran through every fibre of him. The first and best reason for attempting the sketch of a poet's life is to thro-Beht upon his poetry. In the case of Scott, whose verse forms only the earlie balf of his writings, such a sketch would in strictness end with his forty-fift year. It would be unpleasant, however, to break off thus: and the story of h career, even if he had not been author of "Marmion" and "Old Mortality," in itself one of the most interesting which we possess. An eminently good an soble-hearted man, tried by almost equal extremes of fortune, and victorious over both,—the life of Scott would be a tragic drama in the fullest sense, moving an teaching us at once through pity, and love, and terror, even if he had not also, i ways, deserved the title of greatness. The aim of these pages will hence be to present a biography, complete in its main points, and including some remark R. Clay, Son, and Taylor, Printers, Bread Street Hill.

The Globe Edition

POETICAL WORKS

OF

IR WALTER SCOTT

BARONET

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL MEMOIR

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a Campbell ancestor (the clan, we may remark in passing, towards whi writings show a marked dislike), when the Prince, then George IV, Edinburgh, Scott gave the pageantry of the reception a completely Celtiracter,-forgetting at once not only that national feud between Lowlande Highlander which he had been the first to set forth before the whole but even the historical proprieties of the occasion. He appeared h in Highland dress, whilst the heir of the Hanoverian line wore the "S tartan"! Scott's Border sympathies, again, led him to regard the proof arms with a somewhat extreme admiration; but when his son desi enter the army, he regrets the choice. In his politics we observe the uncertain direction; whilst feeling in the strongest way for the poor by nature hostile to the violence and unfairness of party, we find him eve anon lowering himself to the petty interests of the Torvism of Edinburg abetting the coarse repression of popular spirit which discredited the Admir tions of the time; and then, with a fitter sense of his vocation in life, a a "so much for politics-about which, after all, my neighbours the Blace know about as much as I do" (Lockhart's "Life of Scott," iii : 209; the e of 1856, in ten volumes, is that quoted). - That the reader may under the kind of character who will be presented to him, these points are noted they will be illustrated by the details which follow. But is not Scott, in a antithetically blended nature, shrewdness in details, romance in the wh minor inconsistencies, with a general unity and individuality of charact perfect type of the common sense combined with the ingenium perfer-Scotorum, a true representative of the great race amongst which it was dearest pride of his heart to be numbered?

I

"Every Scotchman," says Sir Walter Scott in his brief Autobiography, a pedigree." We need not trace his back in detail beyond his great-grands the staunch old Jacobite known as Beardie, who died in 1729. Beardie's son, Robert, a Whig, drove and sold the cattle which had been the plunder reiving ancestors; at other times farming the small estate of Sandy-knowe or sholme, midway between Melrose and Kelso. By marriage with a Halib Robert Scott became for a time proprietor of Dryburgh Abbey. The son, Walter, born 1729, settled in Edinburgh as a "Writer to the Signet;" a that city, after the loss of several infants, Walter, third son of six ch who survived, was born, August 15, 1771. His mother, Anne Rutherford daughter to a distinguished professor of medicine in the University, and a of the ancient family of Swinton; and "joined to a light and happy tem

ing turn to study poetry and works of imagination." Beyond these little is known of Scott's mother to support the popular fancy which d distinction to maternal qualities; in fact, the father, a man of fine disposition, fills a far larger space in the reminiscences of the poet's , and was, long after, painted by him with loving fidelity in "Red-A fever in infancy rendered Walter lame in his right leg, and he was every to his grandfather Robert, at Sandy-knowe. From this place, was nursed for about two years, dated his earliest recollections. Tales te risings, and of Border life and its heroes, neither as yet too distant tradition, were soon taught him; "Merrymen all," he says, "of the nd calling of Robin Hood and Little John;" and one can imagine disguise under which the violent deeds of "auld Watt of Harden" were presented by family pride to the child who was to immortalize s to Bath and elsewhere were made for the sake of Walter's health, r threw off the weakness of limb that, until the early decay of his it hardly disqualified him from any vigorous exercise. Scott's lameron's, impelled his eager and courageous disposition to a more than ay of physical energy; one may trace to it, in some degree, the rather emphasis laid by Scott on field sports and volunteer drill whilst his ed | excess in which, not improbably, was one reason why he found old man before fifty; (1820, vi : 269.) Ingenious excuses are never live the body more than its due share; and when there is activity of s in Scott and Byron, it takes its revenge in premature decay. On nd, the boy's lameness had a nobler result; giving him leisure for e of reading, - miscellaneous indeed, but lying in those imaginative air of which strengthens the higher nature within us. He entered r School of Edinburgh in 1778. A letter written by a gifted lady excellent picture of the child as he was at six,-indeed, of Scott ed through life :- "boy for ever," in Shakespeare's phrase, with the good and sensitiveness of genius.

ght supped in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary by I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion He lifted his eyes and hands. There's the mast gone, says wes 1-they will all perish! After his agitation, he turns to me: That lely! I had better read you something more amusing. I preferred a d asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which wonderfully. . . . When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt lady [Mrs. Cockburn, the writer], for I think she is a virtuoso like Walter, says Aunt Jenny, what is a virtuoso!-Don't ye know! who wishes and will know everything."

Those about Scott may have been already impressed, like Mrs. Cockburn his mental energy and determination to "know everything." But in the biography he adopts another tone, which reappears in his later letters. I conscious that industry had not come to him without a struggle. About one brothers he remarks, that he had "the same determined indolence that mar all." No description could, at first sight, appear less applicable to himse there be one constant attribute of real genius, it is vast capacity for and ment of labour. Genius often makes us feel that it is almost synonymou patience, as Buffon and Reynolds called it. And it would be difficult to man of genius whose recorded works, -never more than a portion of the whole work, -are more extensive and varied than Scott's. He had, in the l degree, another charming quality, often, though not so essentially an attril intellectual excellence-Modesty. Hence, throughout his life he undervalue self, and thought little of his own energy. Yet we cannot doubt that this ' mined indolence," like the irritability of temper which he so subdued th suspected its existence, was a real element in his nature. At school (1778-Scott's zeal for study is inferior to the ardour of Shelley; he takes n slightest interest in what is not only the most perfect, but the most esse "romantic" of literatures, -that of Greece; even in Latin going only far e to set the highest value upon the modern verse of Buchanan, and after hi Lucan and Claudian. He was satisfied with a working knowledge of F German, Italian, and Spanish. Perhaps the family failing expended its confining his studies to the circle marked out by strong creative impuls history, manners, romances, and poetry of mediaeval and modern Europe. ing back now at the result, the Poems and the Novels, one is inclined to sa Scott in all this followed the imperious promptings of nature. This, however not his own judgment. He regretted nothing more bitterly than his want severe classical training. "I forgot the very letters of the Greek alphabet," h in the Autobiography of 1808, "a loss never to be repaired, considering who language is, and who they were who employed it in their compositions." again, "I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a foundation." Within the range noticed, however, his "appetite for books ample and undiscriminating as it was indefatigable; few ever read so muc adds, "or to so little purpose." Spenser, Tasso's "Jerusalem" in the Er "above all, Bishop Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry," are specified although throughout his life Scott exhibited a reluctance to employ his pomind on subjects requiring hard thought, and was disposed to defer any upon which he was engaged to the last, yet in the main we may regar "determined indolence" as absorbed into the meditative atmosphere (if w use the word) of the poetical nature: as the undersoil whence so many master ative writing were destined to grow. There is a strong general likeness int between Scott and the greatest of his contemporaries in poetry: and In which Wordsworth described himself would have borne an equal a to his friend:—

> My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought, As if life's business were a summer mood.

"Scott himself says, in one of the most remarkable passages of his 27, 1825), "though not without its fits of waking and strong exertion, a sort of dream, spent in

Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.

m a wishing-cap, the power of which has been to divert present griefs of the wand of imagination, and gild over the future by prospects more in be realized." Scott's character was essentially formed and finished outh, and these words may be considered the key to his whole career ter. Worldly wisdom, love of social rank, passion for lands and goods : the motives by which it has been often assumed that he was guided. e even appears in his remarkable Essay to regard Scott as unentitled im of greatness, because he did not throw his strength into grasping ms of modern life or the eternal difficulties of human thought,-and as an eminently genial and healthy man of the world, whose writings r pieces of skilful and rapid manufacture for the day, than likely to frlooms for ever." But so "antithetically mixed" was his nature, that se time he was in the spirit hidden away with poetry and the past, g among romantic worlds of his own creation. Viewed from one side, printer and lawyer, with "a thread of the attorney in him," as "laird" of society, appears in unromantic contrast to most of his "brothers in verse:" viewed from another, it may be doubted whether any of his aries lived the life of the poet so completely.

g capacity for such work as his nature secretly preferred, and towards was unconsciously finding his way, marks the boyhood of Scott. This main exercise at first in a love for inventing and relating marvellous tales ounted to real passion. "Whole holidays were spent in this pastime, tinued for two or three years, and had, I believe, no small effect in he turn of my imagination to the chivalrous and romantic in poetry and He used to interest us," writes a lady who was then his playmate, "by the strious, as he called them, which he had lying alone. . . . Child as ould not help being highly delighted with his description of the glories and the second countering these descriptions," of which we cannot but

regret that she preserved no memorial, "radiant as they were, I have often the since, that there must have been a bias in his mind to superstition—the mark seemed to have such power over him, though the mere offspring of his imagination, that the expression of his face, habitually that of genuine benevo mingled with a shrewd innocent humour, changed greatly while he was specified these things, and showed a deep intenseness of feeling, as if he were awes by his own recital." Scott, as he was throughout life, is again before us it little delineation; the kindness, the superstition, the shrewdness: and one a sees "Waverley" and "Lammermoor" in their infancy.

Meanwhile that other element of poetry which is only second in Scott's we to the picture of human life,—the natural landscape,—began to assert its inflower him. Actors were thronging fast within the theatre of his imagination first sketches of the background and scenery for the drama were now sup From a visit to Kelso, "the most beautiful, if not the most romantic villa Scotland," Scott traced his earliest consciousness of the magic of N Wordsworth's passion was for

the Visions of the hills And Souls of lonely places.

The passion of Scott differed from this through the leading place which hist memories held in his heart. "The romantic feelings which I have describ predominating in my mind gradually rested upon and associated themselve the grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incider traditional legends connected with many of them gave to my admiration of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too l its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendour, be with me an insatiable passion, which I would willingly have gratified by trav over half the globe." Scott's transfer from the Edinburgh High School College (1783-1786), probably gave him the first freedom to include this in within bounds which, though narrow in themselves, were of inexhaustible in to his sympathetic imagination. Without "travelling over half the glob could create a realm of his own, sufficient for himself and for his readers. astonishing to look at the map, and observe within how small a radius from burgh the hundred little places lie which he has made familiar names throu the whole civilized world.-We have noticed that Scott's father, (with hims youth,) is painted in "Redgauntlet." Nothing was ever better contrasted romance than these two characters; and one sees that the real Alan Fairfor already beginning at college those adventurous ways which may have made old Writer to the Signet feel that the wild moss-trooping blood of Harde once more at work within the veins of his gallant boy. A wise confidence r free. He wandered for days together over the historical sites of the ourhood, and when at home, in lieu of devotion to the prosaic mysteries Scottish law, was able to please his fancy by founding that collection of a songs and historical relics which filled so large a space in the innocent less of his after-years, and was not less a necessary of life to him than his tof rocks and minerals is to the geologist.

mode in which Scott observed Nature is strictly parallel to his representahuman life. As he rarely enters into the depths of character, preferring to is through action, and painting rather the great general features of an age welling on the details for their own sake, so he mainly deals with the landtwo or three admirable pictures excepted. Compare his descriptions with Wordsworth, Keats, or Shelley, and the difference in regard to the points fill be felt at once. Scott was aware of this. "I was unable," says the Autoliv, "with the eye of a painter to dissect the various parts of the scene, to hend how the one bore upon the other. . . . I have never, indeed, been of doing this with precision or nicety." A curious testimony is borne ruth of this remark by Scott's failure (like Goethe's) to master even the ats of landscape drawing. "Even the humble ambition, which I long ed, of making sketches of those places which interested me, from a defect of of hand was totally ineffectual." But this absence of power over landscape compensated for by a singularly fine perception of colour, examples of have been given by Mr. Ruskin in the interesting criticisms on Scott ed in his "Modern Painters." Scott's almost total want of ear for music plarnity which he shared with a large number of great poets; the strong the melody in words and the harmonies of rhythm appearing to leave no their organization for inarticulate music.

> -Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard Are sweeter;

at all, is true only of the poet.

de the irresiatible impulse which directed Scott's reading to "romantic" and a literature, to story-telling, and to country wanderings, he was seriously impuritions from pursuing his college studies. And by the time the Academical was concluded, the passion which governed his youth, and perhaps yenloured the complexion of his future life, had already fallen upon him. In some told of this early love; force of feeling, and force to repress the feeling, are two of the principal elements in Scott's character; he undergoes he pathetic simplicity; he suffers in silence. From what, however, we can a matural to read in the "love that never found his earthly close" the true of that poculiar shade of pensive melancholy which runs like a silver thread a almost everything he wrote, is heard as a "far-off Acolian note" in all his

poetry, and breaks out at last during his later years of misfortune with strange I in his "Journal." This strong passion kept him safe from "the ambush of y days," and threw over his whole life the halo of a singular purity. Meantime the result was probably to reconcile him to work for his livelihood, and even pr for following his father's profession:—alien from Scott's nature as a conveyar office must have been. He was bound apprentice for four years (1786-1790). acquaintance with Scottish law, which he used with effect in some of his no was the chief fruit of this apprenticeship; for we can hardly reckon as a gain half-introduction to business habits on which he afterwards relied with so a security. It was not, however, as a "Writer to the Signet" that Scott finall tered the law (1792); having been turned towards the more liberal career Advocate by the influence of the gently-born intellectual society with which he became familiar. Burns, of whom he has left a striking description, he only saw with most or all of the remaining eminent Scotchmen of the time he was acquai Clerk of Eldin, Corehouse, Jeffrey, and before long the dearest of his early frie William Erskine, are prominent amongst many other names; for men lived tog then after the most social fashion in Edinburgh (that excellent feature in life v is lost when capital cities grow large), and clubs and conviviality of all l abounded. This was a brilliant stage in Scott's career; perhaps the most e tially happy: love, fearful yet warm with hope; open, numerous, and friendships; the first introduction to the literature most congenial to his na that of Germany; last, not least, the first sight of the Scottish Highlands. 1 regions, the romantic manners of which were to be so brightly painted is writings, by one of the curious contrasts which are frequent in his life, he en on a legal visit to evict certain Maclarens;—as he was afterwards the fir carry a gig, Mr. Carlyle's symbol of modern "respectability," into the dept Liddesdale.

This district, under the name of which the best of the Scottish Ma are apparently included, lay within view of Scott's future home, and was the nursing-ground of his genius. Great as he is in describing scenes from Scothistory, great in his pictures of the Highlands, great in delineating life in I burgh or Perth or Glasgow, he seems to move with the largest and freest when his tale or song is of the Border. For several successive years (1792-1 he appears to have made excursions thither, (partially under the excuse of fessional business,) when he explored the wild recesses, and observed the wilde of a race who had not yet been civilized into uniformity; drinking in enjoyme every pore, "feeling his life," as Wordsworth says of the child, "in every line and as the friend who guided him through the land truly observed, makin his a' the time. This friend, Mr. Shortreed, was of no small value to Scott. Als he began to show one attribute of genius,—that of attracting others to co-op with him. The old ballads, in collecting which he was assisted by Short

asis of the first book in which Scott displayed his originality; and we dethat he gained similar aid from Dr. Elliott, Messrs. Skene, Ritson, finally from Mr. Train, who provided some of the most effective the Novels, and plays an important though hidden part through

ie time when the shock of the French Revolution recoiled with the upon the country. England had joined that monarchical alliance at compelling France to restore the order of things lately swept away, ceeded only in uniting France as one man against her invaders, and turn, feared revenging invasion from the armies of the Republic. It how powerfully and diversely the stirring politics of the time affected in these islands. The movement which was inspiration to Wordsaction to Scott. It converted the poetical Jacobitism which was aginative inheritance from older days into a fervent Torvism. This ed him now (1797) to take the lead in forming a body of Volunteer which the political creed then dominant in Scotland afforded him Something also of Scott's traditional interest in matters reblended with his patriotic energy; and even the wish to prove, ure, that lameness was no hindrance to physical activity, had its part excessive real with which for some years he threw himself into this appily) bloodless campaigning. With similar fervency he entered into f the day. But politics, like poetry, must be studied as an art with ers of the mind, if a man is to reach valid conclusions, or show ctical statesman; and as Scott, throughout his career, hardly gave estions more than the leisure moments of a powerful mind, there is wonder if this be not the most satisfactory feature in his life, nor one detain the biographer. Scott's insight failed him here; and, as with he law, the only valuable fruit of the years devoted to cavalry drill accuracy, -contested of course by professional critics, -in his descripre. It may be suspected that he and Gibbon pleased themselves with vividness of their narratives of battle, some tangible result from d in camp. Genius, however, returns always to its natural track, imperfect interests. But Scott was as yet totally unaware of his Already indeed love had drawn from him a few lines of exer sadness : he had translated the ballad "Lenore" from the German al may have been at work upon Goethe's early drama "Goetz;" peided himself upon contempt of literature as a man's work in life. is this utter self-unconsciousness! Here was the man who was to of a whole nation to the picturesque and romantic side of poetry. estore an ideal loyalty to the later Stuarts. He was to make the live once more. But, engrossed as he was at this time by foreign revolutions, no one in Edinburgh could have known less than the youthicate of the change, itself hardly less than a revolution, which he was de work in the thoughts and sentiments of his fellow-creatures.

II

We now approach the second step in Scott's life. In the course of long dream of youthful love was over. Little has been told, perhaps divulged, of the reasons for the final decision; the lines above alluded "To a Violet" in the following collection,) cannot be regarded as strict ev the facts; and Scott's stern habit of repression where he felt most, has a from us not only what he was compelled to bear, but how he bore it. He dark hour" during a solitary ride in Perthshire; the wise sympathy of (afterwards Countess of Purgstall) was some little aid; but the wor inwardly, and the evidence appears strong, that, like all passion supp deference to ideas of manliness or philosophy, this worked in him with fever. However these things may have been, next year he married (D a pretty Mdlle. Charpentier, (daughter to a French lady, one of the emigrants,) whom he met and wooed at the little watering-place, Gil Cumberland ;-a village which he afterwards described in his only novel temporary life, the tragic "St. Ronan's Well." A very brief acquainta ceded their engagement; it is probable that the congruity of sentiment between them was comparatively slight; and at the distance of "sixty year and more, it may be allowable to add that although attended by con happiness, faithful attachment on his wife's part, and much that gave to life, this marriage does not appear to have fully satisfied the poe nature.

We are here referring to that more hidden and more sensitive side of which it is the fate,—not altogether the happier fate,—of the poet to live makes the difference between him and other men; and to trace which, as a but firmly as we may, is the essential object of the biographer. But it is n that Scott would have been conscious of anything incomplete in this chapt story. Not only did he find the substantial blessings of home in his marr it incidentally led him to the felicity, inferior to that alone, of practically dishis own work in life. He now (1798) took a house in Castle Street, Ed and a cottage at Lasswade, within the north-eastern end of Eskdale. The for his attendance at the bar, where he "swept the boards of the Outer waiting for briefs which rarely came; and enjoying to the full the che vivialities and frank goodfellowship of his town friends. Meantime, his he gradually withdrawn to Lasswade, where he could live in the past with

d history; where the old Scottish memories to which Burns himself was not niched with more devoted passion, were around him; where, also, began his adship with the chief house of his clan. To the three peers who bore the be of Buccleuch between this time and his death, especially to Charles, fourth ike, Senet was attracted by the whole force of his nature : not only respecting them ith fendal devotion as heads of his blood and family, but loving them as men who repathised deeply with him in their views of life, religion, politics, relations between and poor, home-pursuits, and affections; and who systematically used great with and power for the happiness of their friends and dependants. There are pages in Scott's life more pleasing than those which paint his intimacy with and noble family group; here he carried out with the greatest success his ented identification between the old world and the new; and to him, in turn, the name owes a distinction beyond that of Montmorency, Dalberg, or Howard. Her these and other combining influences Scott now added to the ancient Border ands, which he was collecting, his own original poems, -some, written for Lewis' der of Wonder, based on German sentiment; others founded upon the native to which he gave a wider plan with consummate taste. He printed (1799) translation from Goethe's play, and becoming acquainted with Ellis, Ritson, her, and others of that excellent band of scholars by whom our knowledge the Middle Ages was placed upon a sure footing, turned resolutely to the by of mediaeval imaginative literature, which (1802) issued in the "Border trelsy."

This book marks the great crisis in Scott's life. Henceforth, even if unconsaly to himself, his real work is literature. The publication was not only the that made his name known, but led Scott into what proved the most serious transaction of his life. Many years before he had made friends with Hallantyne, a young man of whose ability and disposition he thought highly. Mostyne printed the "Minstrelsy;" at Scott's advice he established a house in Saburgh; and by 1805 the two became partners in trade. Before long, taking passer brother, John, into the concern, they added a publishing house to the and Scott's fortune and fall were in due time the result. This partnership and accounts the least agreeable chapter in Scott's life; it is only of interest sillustrating his character. The essence of that character has been defined mattempt at a practical, not less than at an imaginative compromise between at and present, -between prose (one might almost say) and poetry; ideals and realities idealized. The trade-partnership fatally partook in this and delicate compromise. Beside the final loss of wealth and health, memory has been hence exposed to some misinterpretation. In face of mult, and the clear proofs how it came to pass, he has received almost al secure for his practical sense and for his greatness in romantic Two men, in fact, are painted in the one Scott of the "Biography;"

the able man of the world in his office, and the poet in his study; giving equal mastery and ease, an hour to verse and an hour to business, and app to his friends meantime as the Scottish gentleman of property. Now, compound being as this could hardly have existed. It is against nature: the estimate here given be correct, there is no nature which it is less like Scott's. Where the poetical character truly exists, it always predominal cannot put off the poet like a dress, and assume the lawyer or the laird; it "n altogether, if it move at all." This point must be insisted on, because it i to understanding the man and his work. The very speciality of Scott is, no he presented the ideal gentleman just described, who wrote poetry and as pastime, and entered into business like a shrewd Scotchman who kne worth of money, but that he valued wealth in order to embody in visible for inner world of romance, and lived more completely within the circle of his tions than any of his contemporaries. This poetical temperament has its: and might have driven a less healthy nature into injurious isolation and tricity. But, as a man of eminently sane mind and genial disposition, and fo by the training of his early years, Scott had not to go out of the world. were, in order to "idealize realities." The common duties of life glower romance for him; his friends, Lowland and Highland, were dear not or themselves, but as representatives of the two historical races of the land estate, when he bought one, was rather an enclosure of ancient association park of poetry, if the phrase may be allowed, decorated with "a romance in and lime," than what the Lords of Harden and Bowhill would have look as landed property.

The victure here drawn, although different from the estimate often tak Scott, tests upon the evidence of his writings, and of the copious materials tained in the Hingraphy, and not only answers to what we read of his sentiand made of thought, conscious or unconscious, but can alone explain he came to be the author of the poems and the novels. Mr. Lockhart describe ne the finished man of the world. Mr. Carlyle, again, seems to speak of his In the main, a manufacturer of hasty books for the purpose of making mone a landed estate to rival neighbouring country-gentlemen. Both views appe he unintentionally unjust to Scott, and discordant with his recorded chars and both full equally to explain how such imaginative writing as his in pros trive had any room to come into being. Some great artists, we read, have en the meanwhile of wealth. Others have been gratified by social position. what not have the love of money, or the love of rank, ever been the root of m there ! Who has moved the world with these levers? You cannot grow I atthant the postleal will. If at first sight this be less visible in Scott than in 1144 Hyum of Mielley, may not the reason be, not that the nature of the poe wherethe had that it was more closely and curiously combined with the m

life than in others? The writer, at least, desires to submit this view as the solution of a difficult problem.

Scott, it will probably be agreed, ranks among the great of our race, writer and as a man; but in his portrait, as in every true portrait, there Some weakness is blended intimately with his strength; as we have e cannot escape "the weak side of his gifts." His wish was certainly to is inner or poetical mind from the world. Perhaps he sometimes conrom himself. One fallacy hence arising (to return now to his commercial is an overestimate of his practical powers. "From beginning to end, he uself on being a man of business." Against this it is probably enough to t, that the books of his house were never fairly balanced till they were ds of his creditors. That the Ballantyne brothers had, each in his way, gue ideas on the matter, was known perfectly to Scott, who by 1812 found volved in his first difficulties. Then the vast success of the Novels once ted the house: but although the partnership was enlarged by the ada really able commercial man, Constable the publisher, the reckless h his adventurous nature brought with him, combined with the peculiar ficulties of 1825, only hastened the concluding bankruptcy of 1826. These ars of business, unsound from the outset, have supplied materials for a te, with whom the fault justly rested. But enough has been here stated the general case; we need not go further into a matter of which, with than usual truth, one might say that both sides were honestly wrong, and in a catastrophe for which all were responsible. The so-called men of nd Main commonsense, as we daily see, were not one atom more truly those epithets than the romantic Poet. But, -what had the "Ariosto th" to do in concerns like this?

was the fact that the partner with capital sedulously concealed himself public. The news that Scott was one of the firm startled the world far the news that he was the sole author of the "Waverley Novels." It is how many ways this concealment must have hampered business. One it was a certain pleasure in mystery, inherent in Scott's nature, and also when "Triermain" and "Harold" were published. The wish toth of these poems should be taken for the work of his friend Erskine. The Novels, however, the desire to escape the nuisance of commonplace face-flattery was a further inducement. It was not so wise a motive that and to prompt the commercial incognito. It might have been expected that have been led to avoid this by natural shrewdness, and "the thread orney in him." But the peculiarity of Scott is that something dreaminaginative, together with something practical and prosaic, unites in the important phases of his life; past and present, romance and reality,

meet in him at once; he is in the world and not in it, as it were, at the sai time; he is almost too unselfconscious. The favourable side of this strange balanced nature has been already indicated; it gave us in his Poems and Nom together the most brilliant and the most diversified "spectacle of human life which we have had since Shakespeare; it gave Scott himself many years of pu and peculiar happiness. On the other hand, we have the failure, after long-continu struggles, of his material prosperity, and (closely connected with this) the name and even unjust view which he always took, or rather, took always in public. literature and his own share in it. He could not fully work out his ideal of his however we interpret it; his career has many curious inconsistencies. nothing which Mr. Lockhart notes more pointedly than Scott's aversion from wh is called "literature as a profession." He endorses with approval, as Scott's or view, the words of a friend, who wrote in 1799 to encourage him in perseveran at the bar, "I rather think men of business have produced as good poetry in the by-hours as the professed regulars:" an assertion of which (it need hardly added) the writer does not furnish any proof. To the same effect it is add (1815) "that Scott never considered any amount of literary distinction as entitle to be spoken of in the same breath with mastery in the higher departments practical life. To have done things worthy to be written, was in his eyes, dignity to which no man made any approach, who had only written things worth to be read;" and the steam-engine, safety-lamp, and campaigns of the Duke Wellington are presently named as examples.

There can be no doubt that the biographer has here truly reported, not mere what he admired Scott for thinking, but Scott's own conscious idea regardi And if this had been the whole truth, there can equally be no doubt ti we should never have had a "Marmion" or a "Bride of Lammermoor." Index except as the opinion of so distinguished a man as Scott, it would hardly deser examination. For what human being would seriously pretend to compare w each other things so generically different as a battle, a scientific invention, and song? In what balances should we weigh "Othello" and Trafalgar, the con mercial policy of Sir Robert Peel and "The Advancement of Learning,"-or dea which has been of most value to England? How is the one less a "deed" the the other? Scott's profound modesty as to his own genius was undoubtedly motive in his estimate of literature; but even this could not have blinded so sens a man to its untenability, had he not been swayed by something of that instinct living an old-world life in the present, which lay at the root of his character. have here one of his practical anachronisms. He puts himself in the place of " Minstrel of the "Lay" at Newark; he leans to the time when hands u more honoured, at least more powerful, than brains; he wavers in the delia compromise which was to have united the spirit of Scott of Harden and Scot Abbotsford. A similar sentiment governs his aversion from "literature as a 1

ch might be said for and against this feeling; yet it is hardly more ith, Southey, or Thackeray, that they made letters their profession, Scott. Few men whose work can be properly classed as literature much or so continuously; none, probably, have earned more by their at he actually was as a man of business, meanwhile, is recorded in he was as a lawyer has been described by himself, "My pro-(by 1800) "came to stand nearly upon the footing which honest d himself on having established with Mistress Ann Page, There was tween us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on stance." In fact, at the point where we left the narrative, Scott, d by his marriage, was about to obtain the Sheriff-deputeship of and soon after (1806) he left the bar for a Clerkship of Session;gether gave him a good income, and had the additional advantage except a certain amount of attendance and of rapid and accurate ere almost nominal. The criticism to which these pleasant places sposed Scott from those who did not share in his political devotion Dundas, then paramount in Scotland, was unfair; but one cannot ntitled to more than the praise of prudence for obtaining ease and ancient and easy method:

Deus nobis haec otia fecit!

efore the salary from the clerkship, held at first in reversion, fell Scott's works was already beginning, both directly in itself and agh his partnership with the Ballantynes, to surpass, as it before a comparative insignificance, any sources of revenue,—except those derived from the "profession of literature."

wever, has been said on Scott's practical, though morally blameless, a this section of his career. Important as the matter of income years to his healthy enjoyment of existence, and at last in giving his writing, its real importance lies in that to which we gladly turn, thus enabled to live the life for which he had been planned by at what is most desirable for man contained in this, when "Nature's pens to be such as she marked out for Scott? There are several types some of which may be loftier or more striking than his; yet we do could have done his peculiar work otherwise. One of the masters human knowledge,—the science of man's nature,—defined the fe as "the serene exercise of thought" (we must thus paraphrase Theoria), "in a state of independence, and leisure, and security so ay attain it, to ether with a complete measure of his days; for plete can enter into blessedness. Such a life," he however adds, a itself above the height of humanity." Perhaps Wordsworth

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approached this ideal nearer than any distinguished man of Scott's general it is easy to see the features in which Scott fell short—yet on the whole, if matchere taken be just, he also was not far from the lofty standard of Ari

We return to trace Scott's career fortunate, if we have truly and traced what manner of man he was for it is only if we feel this, that M hart's detailed narrative of his life, the interest of which cannot be transf an abridgment, gains its fullest charm and significance. Some conte poets now became friends of Scott; he had only seen Burns as a boy, a curious that, closely as their lines met in some points, Burns has left no sig fluence on Scott's writings. A greater effect was produced by his intercou Wordsworth, whose elevation and simplicity of mind impressed Scott sense of his predominance, not the less striking because it was not cor The same tacit recognition is traceable in Byron; one seems find it among all Wordsworth's contemporaries in verse; they know that h head of the family. Differing from him in very many points of taste," writ in 1820, "I do not know a man more to be venerated for uprightness of he loftiness of genius." Wordsworth, in turn, has recorded his estimate of Scott as a poet in some memorable verses, his feeling for the man in an early "Your sincere friend, for such I will call myself, though slow to use a word solemn meaning to any one:" (ii 167)-Scott had for some years been S Selkirkshire; and that he might live within the district he now (1804) me Ashestiel, a single house within the old Ettrick Forest, upon the banks of not much above its junction with Yarrow. "The river itself is separated fi high bank on which the house stands only by a narrow meadow of the rich dure. Opposite, and all around, are the green hills. The valley there is and the aspect in every direction is that of perfect pastoral repose." "No in picturesque beauty to the banks of Clyde," says Scott himself, "but so tered, so simple, and so solitary, that it seems just to have beauty enough to And again, as a crowning recommendation, he describes tiel to his friend the distinguished antiquary, Mr. G. Ellis the ancient Reged," otherwise known as the Scoto-British realm of Strai These passages are extracted, because the general descriptions apply also accept of Abbotsford, except that the landscape is there wider and mor and because they indicate one dominant motive in Scott's mind. ancient untional associations was precisely the point which determined his of property: the genius loci which, with an overpowering influence, bound his life to the Border, and led him there from Italy to die,

the this time, through study, the collection of traditions, experience of m to how in rank, solitary thought and imaginative vision, almost all the mate when h Scatt was to work were ready. When the first fruits of this long preparation the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805), its success was not less su

hor than to the public. Begun as a hallad on a large scale to please keith, gradually moulded into a metrical romance, or "Waverley Novel" and interspersed with those allusive transitional pieces which no other oet has managed so gracefully, binding past and present together in one, here unconsciously put his ideal of life into form, and fairly "found him-Marmion," the most powerful of the poems, followed in 1808; when also lished an elaborate edition of Dryden. Some similar work in the way of ting or compiling he almost always had on hand; he did as much thus nts as if he had not, at the same time, been the Scott who, in Wordshrase, was "the whole world's darling." "Labour," he said himself, "is the charter by which we hold existence." Great regularity, with perfect I neatness in the arrangements of his library, assisted him in accomu much. Rising at six, he "broke the neck of the day's work" before : soon after noon, he was on his horse; outdoor employment and converimpleted the day; but though study was not resumed, the eye and the uch a man were never idle. He knew when he had finished his work : est into it, and had done: was in good-humour with all his tasks, and ttle of them when finished. So curiously had the "determined indohis nature been conquered by the imperious force of creative imagination! e next year or two we find him planning the "Quarterly Review;" active wing Mr. H. Siddons and a younger theatrical friend, Mr. D. Terry, on the tive also in his interest in the war against Napoleon, and (less felicitously) in local politics; then, publishing the "Lady of the Lake." "Don " unsuccessful in its attempt to blend the past history of Spain with the of the Peninsular War, followed (1811); "Triermain," and "Rokeby," of which is lain within the lands of the most valued friend of Scott's e, Mr. Morritt, in 1813: the "Lord of the Isles" (1815) and "Harold" uplete the list of Poems.

peneral remarks on Scott's style as a writer have been reserved for the notice ovels. These have naturally overshadowed his fame as a poet; they are plarty and strikingly original—more unique in literature; and the form of story, admitting readily of narrative details, and allowing the author to mote allusions as he advances, was more capable of giving free play for stes and materials, than poetry, however irregular in its structure. Hence t make himself quite so much at home in his Poems. Perhaps they depend a much on archaeology; the ancient manners, dresses, and customs painted lly compete in interest with the delineation of human character; those as scenes from common life which are true in all ages, or those sketches apporary manners, which Scott has employed with such skill and counterpoise the antiquarian element in the Novels, could hardly find a verse. He has indeed given us something of this kind in the beautiful

Introductions to the "Lay" and "Marmion," and, less successfully, though here with much grace, in "Triermain;" but they are not wrought up it whole; they do not form an integral portion of the poem. On the hand, the metrical descriptions of scenery, if not more picturesque and vivid those of the romances, tell more forcibly; they also relieve the narrative allowing the writer's own thoughts and interests to touch our hearts: an expe used by Scott with singular skill. The "Edinburgh" of "Marmion" is a sple example; but others are scattered through the less familiarly known poems, wit is hoped, will in this edition find a fresh circle of readers, who are little like regret the study.

Scott's incompleteness of style, which is more injurious to poetry than to p his "careless glance and reckless rhyme," have been alleged by a great write our time as one reason why he is now less popular as a poet than he was in his day, when from two to three thousand copies of his metrical romances were ye hold. Beside these faults, which are visible almost everywhere, the charge the wants depth and penetrative insight, has been often brought. He does not "wr with the mystery of existence," it is said; he does not try to solve the problem human life. Scott, could he have foreseen this criticism, would probably not have very careful to answer it. He might have allowed its correctness, and said that man might have this work to do, but his was another. High and enduring pleas however conveyed, is the end of poetry. "Othello" gives this by its profound tilay of tragic passion. "Paradise Lost" gives it by its religious sublimity: "Cl Hattild" by its meditative picturesqueness: the "Lay" by its brilliant delineation ancient life and manners. These are but scanty samples of the vast range of po In that house are many mansions. All poets may be seers and teachers; but a leach illimitly, others by a less ostensible and larger process. Scott never lays the workings of his mind, like Goethe or Shelley; he does not draw out the m of the landscape, like Wordsworth; rather, after the fashion of Homer and Willets of the ages before criticism, he presents a scene, and leaves it to work www affect on the reader. His most perfect and lovely poems, the short songs w 144-111 availared through the metrical or the prose narratives, are excellent instal the lettle most unselfconscious of our modern poets; perhaps, of all our poets: difference in this respect between him and his friends Byron and Wordsworth is a diffusion of conturies. If they give us the inner spirit of modern life, or of nat the title our perplexities, or probe our deeper passions, Scott has a dran tapplity not loss delightful and precious. He hence attained eminent success in ut the initial and most difficult aims of Poetry, -sustained vigour, clearness. tutorest in narration. If we reckon up the poets of the world, we may be surpr to tend how very few (dramatists not included) have accomplished this, and he hence led to estimate Scott's rank in his art more justly. One looks three the English poetry of the first half of the century in vain, unless it be here

indicated in Keats, for such a power of vividly throwing himself into others hat of Scott. His contemporaries, Crabbe excepted, paint emotions. He is men when strongly moved. They draw the moral; but he can invent the It would be rash to try to strike a balance between men, each so great in own way; the picture of one could not be painted with the other's palette; are first-rate in their kind; and every reader can choose the style which gives the highest, healthiest, and most lasting pleasure.

is however, only by considering Scott in relation to his own age and the amstances in which he formed himself, that we can reach a full estimate of him poet. This mode of viewing a man, it is true, has been sometimes pressed far. Genius, in one sense the child of its century, in another is its father. sumstances explain much: but they do not account for it. The individuality of poet will always be the central point in him; there is an element in the soul inble to the most scientific analysis of a man's surroundings. But much light is ambtedly gained by examining them. Scott received early, as we have seen, his retion in literature. Coming at the close of an age of criticism, he inaugurated are of revival and of creation. It has been already noticed that there was someof reaction in this. Love of the ballads of Scotland, of mediaeval legends, German romantic poetry, had unconsciously impressed his style upon him before DO. Already his passion was to describe wild and adventurous characters, to meate the natural landscape, to seek the persons of his drama in feudal times in the common life around him. The weighty satire of Dryden or Johnson, cultivated world of Pope, the classical finish of Gray, although admired for own merits, had no share in his heart of hearts. The friend of Dr. Blacklock, thild of the Edinburgh of Hume and Adam Smith, he was a "born romantic" at knowing it. Beyond any one he is the discoverer or creator of the below style." How much is implied in this! . . . It is true that by 1805 wher great leaders had already begun their career. Coleridge's fragment "Christabel" was known to Scott, and influenced him in the "Lay." wasworth had published some of the most charming of his lyrics. men had as yet produced little effect, and the new faith nowhere found or believers than in Edinburgh; where, partly through the reluctance of ordinary mind to accept originality, in part through the intense conservatism Bentare, poets who now rank among the glories of England were treated terriles with idle condemnation. It was some time before Scott could raise above this atmosphere, and say of the leading critic of the time, "Our y ideas of what is poetry differ so widely, that we rarely talk upon these There is something in Mr. Jeffrey's mode of reasoning that leads me whether he really has any feeling of poetical genius." Few are now likely to dispute this estimate; and no one did more to discredit. support criticism prevalent sixty years since than Scott. If Lord Macaulay's

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opinion be correct, that Byron's poetry served to introduce and to popular Wordsworth's, Scott's even more decidedly cleared the way for "Childe Harol and the "Giaour." Indeed, much in Byron is modelled upon the older po to whom he always looked up with a respectful affection which makes one of the brightest spots in his own chequered story. "Of all men Scott is the most open the most honourable, the most amiable."

With the proceeds of "Rokeby" Scott made himself master of a cottage the called Clarty Hole, but soon characteristically renamed Abbotsford, close to to Tweed, about midway between Melrose, Ashestiel, and Selkirk. Bare at essentially unimproveable is most of the land hereabout: Scott did something for it by planting,—the favourite outdoor employment of his middle life; yet an English eye the trees have a poor, sad, nay (what from his work one did at expect), even a formal and unpicturesque, air; the wider views over the Bord are rather desolate than impressive; there is neither the sweet "pastoral melastically" of Yarrow, nor the verdure and richness of Melrose. But to the inner of the poet this region displayed scenes more lovely than Sorrento, more romand than Monte Rosa. There was the Roman way to the ford by the house, to "Catrail" which had bounded

Reged wide And fair Strath-Clyde;

the glen of Thomas the Rhymer, famous in fairy tradition; the haunted ruins Boldside; the field of the battle of Melrose, the last great clan-fight of t Borders;—Melrose visible eastward, the Eildon Hills cleft into their picturesq serration by Michael Scott, south; Tweed flowing below the house and audible it with its silver ripple Some ambition to found a line of "Scotts of Abba ford," fated not to be fulfilled; even some fancy less worthy of a great mind, be himself a lord of acres, may have influenced him when he laid out so me money and energy on the lands of Abbotsford, and on the endless antiquesi details of the house which he built there. Yet many phrases in his writings, an far more, what we know of Scott's nature through life, afford convincing prot that the possessions he really and veritably sought for were these memories of t past: these relics of that ancient Scotland for which he felt, "like a lover on child," with a rare and noble passion. Abbotsford, with its Gothic architecture. tasteful and poetically-imagined, if, to our more trained eyes, imperfect in med particulars—its armour and stained glass and carved oak, its library of precis mediaeval lore, poetry and history, its museum of little things consecrated by remembrances, to Scott was a place where actual life was beautified by the ide of his imagination, a Waverley romance realized in stone, a castle of his waki dreams, -and held, also, as it proved, like those he sung of, rather by so fanciful and fairy tenure than by matter-of-fact possession. The gray mass Abbotsford, with its sombre plantations, is not more enriched and glorified

XXX

r's lovely drawing, than the lordship of these barren acres was to Scott by estorminating poet within him.

the Scott was one of a cheerful company who coasted round Scotland in the engaged upon lighthouse business, touching at the Hebrides, Orkneys, and north of Ireland. A pleasant journal records the incidents a trip, saddened at the close by the death of a dear friend, the Duchess of sencia. It is a curious point of likeness between Scott and Goethe that, being poets eminently interested in seeing men, and cities, and wild and both also personally independent, yet the journeys of both were really limited. Goethe never saw London, Paris, or Vienna. Except try trip in 1810, Scott made but this one visit to the North and West of land, and hardly knew more of England than lay between Berwick and lon. The world must have lost much by this; but it is possible that the were guided by a true instinct, and feared lest the amount and vividness of impressions which would have poured in upon them might be overpowering the exercise of their genius.

ah an exultation natural to him, Scott now witnessed the first fall of Napoleon, also completed his valuable edition of Swift's works. But the year is most arkable to his biographer through that event which marks the beginning of the lepoch in Scott's life,—the publication of "Waverley."

III

the period here closed, powerful rivals in poetry had risen to divide popularity of Scott. Byron had carried the manner of his tales into passionate scenes of life. Crabbe had enlarged that gallery of human atter which, if wanting in beauty, in originality and number stands alone the poems of the time. The allegiance of those lovers of the inmost of poetry who give the law to the next generation had been secured by worth. The brilliant dawn of Shelley was breaking on a yet unconscious Our modern school had passed the circle within which Scott had once the chief magician. He felt this; and, never strictly a believer in his own had already set himself to put into the prose form which suited it best of the vast material which he had gathered; beginning with the last greatly event in Scottish history. "Waverley," commenced in 1805 (whence wood title "Sixty Years Since"), taken up in 1810, was completed now, and at in July 1814. The last two volumes were written within three weeks of mer of excitement, a fact of which Mr. Lockhart tells a very striking anec-[72,3]. From motives already touched on, Scott carefully concealed Ellerhip; and although long before his name was announced (1827) little doubt remained in the minds of intelligent men, this first novel wanted the in of his already acquired fame: yet the blow went home, the success was imme and the writer had once more "found himself" in literature.

A few more dates will mark, in a general way, the course of the writer's in this field. "Guy Mannering" appeared in 1815; "The Antiquary" and Mortality" next year; "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," 1818; "Bride of Lan moor" and "Ivanhoe," 1819; "Kenilworth" and "The Pirate," 1821; Ronan's Well," 1823; the "Fair Maid of Perth," 1828. These may be consi the typical works of the series; though there is hardly one which does not d the wonderful versatility of their author. Take even the feeblest of the "Was Novels," when shall we see the like again, in this style of romance?-Goeth accustomed to speak of Scott as the "greatest writer of his time," as unique an equalled. When asked to put his views on paper, he replied with the remark1 he made also upon Shakespeare, Scott's art was so high, that it was hard to at! giving a formal opinion on it. But a few words may be added on the relation by the Novels to the author's character. Putting aside those written in dept spirits and failing health, the inequality of merit in the remainder appears s exactly proportioned, not to their date, but to the degree in which they are for on Scottish life during the century preceding 1771. In this leading characte they are the absolute reproduction of the writer's own habitual thoughts and inte Once more, we find in them a practical compromise between past and pre-We have had no writer whose own country was more completely his inspiration. he is inspired by the "ain countree" he had seen, or heard of from those who old during his youth. As he recedes from Scotland and from "sixty years si his strength progressively declines. What we see as the series advances, are: much signs that he had exhausted himself, as symptoms that he had exhauste great situations of the century before his own birth; and "St. Ronan's 1 remains the solitary proof that, had events encouraged Scott to throw h frankly into contemporary life, he might (in the writer's judgment) have bee of the English novelists here, as he indisputably is in the romance of the pas

It has been observed that one of the curious contrasts which make up that plex creature, Walter Scott, is the strong attraction which drew him, as a lander the born natural antagonist of the Gael, to the Highland people. Le back on the Celtic clans as we happily may, as a thing of the far past, softer distance, coloured by the finest tints of poetry, and with that background of scenery which has afforded to many of us such pure and lofty pleasure, we not conceive without a painful effort that within a few years of Scott's own the Highlander had been to the Lowlander much what the Hindoo,—the A or Mahratta at least,—is at present to the Englishman. All that we admire Gael had been to the Scot proper the source of contempt and of repugnance.

**Feeling is one of the worst instincts of human nature; it is an unmistakeable;

animal within us; more than any other cause, the hatred of race to race has the progress of man. There is also no feeling which is more persistent nate. But it has been entirely conquered in case of the Saxon and the Gael. wast and salutary change in national opinion is directly due to Scott. g of the kind might possibly have come with time; but he, in fact, was whose lot was to accomplish it. This may be regarded, on the whole, atest achievement. He united the sympathies of two hostile races by the e of genius. He healed the bitterness of centuries. Scott did much in , as poetry should, the common life of his contemporaries. He equally in rendering the past history, and the history of other countries in which in played a conspicuous part, real to us. But it is hardly a figure of say, that he created the Celtic Highlands in the eyes of the whole civilate.

be not first-rate power, it may be asked where we are to find it. The spirit and picturesqueness of Scott's poems and novels carry us along so rapidly, whilst at the same time the weaknesses and inequalities of are so borne upon the surface, that we do not always feel how unique in literature. Scott is often inaccurate in historical painting, and puts seling into the past. He was not called upon, as we have noticed, to mental struggles, but the element of original thought is deficient in his "Scott's," says an able critic, "is a healthy and genial world of but it wants the charm of delicate exactitude; we miss the consecrating (National Review, April, 1858). He is altogether inferior to Miss describing the finer elements of the womanly nature; we rarely know heroine feels; the author paints love powerfully in its effects and its g influence; he does not lead us to "the inmost enchanted fountain" of In creating types of actual human life Scott is perhaps surpassed by he does not analyse character, or delineate it in its depths, but exhibits other by speech and action; he is "extensive" rather than "intensive;" of Chaucer in him than of Goethe; yet, if we look at the variety ss of his gallery, at his command over pathos and terror, the laughter ears, at the many large interests beside those of romance which he us, at the way in which he paints the whole life of men, not their or passions alone, at his unfailing wholesomeness and freshness, like ad air and great elementary forces of Nature, it may be pronounced mate which, -without trying to measure the space which separates these sees Scott second in our creative or imaginative literature to Shake-All is great in the Waverley Novels," said Goethe in 1831, "material, racters, execution." Astronomers tell us that there are no fixed points evens, and that earth and sun momentarily shift their bearings. An displacement may be preparing for the loftiest glories of the human XXXIV

intellect; Homer may become dim, and Shakespeare too distant. Perhap same fate is destined for Scott. But it would be idle to speculate on th try to predict the time when men will no longer be impressed by the vividn "Wayerley," or the pathos of "Lammermoor."

The leading idea of this sketch of Scott's character is, that, under the discu worldly sense and shrewdness, the poetical nature predominated in his life regard to his conduct and career, this point has perhaps been sufficiently illust Looking at him now as an imaginative writer; from many causes, amongst 1 modesty and pride played an equal part, he has told us little of his own 1 Compared with Byron's (see the correspondence between them, -iii: 394), S letters are superficial; until misfortune unveiled him to himself, there as "Confessions" in his journal. Then we find, what discerning friends had noticed, that the strong man had carried with him through life the sensitiven his childhood. One, to whose papers in Fraser's Magazine (1835-6) this ske indebted for some observations not found elsewhere, remarks that Scott was subject to fits of abstraction, when he would be so completely absorbed in t coming fancies, that he became unconscious where he was, or what he was wr Scott's stern repression and strong wish to do before the world only what the does, render these points at once more hard to trace, and more significant. emotion of such a character is deep in proportion to the resistance which it meets the other elements. The fervour which melted Scott would have consumed powerful nature. When among scenes of wild Nature he was so rapt and en that his friends felt it the wisest and kindest thing "to leave him to him (iv: 181). This was in the height of his vigour and assumed stoicism. Later or some time before decline had seized him, he writes, "The beauty of the evening sighing of the summer breeze, bring the tears into my eyes not unpleasantly again, "I spent the day wandering from place to place in the woods, idly stirr the succession of a thousand vague thoughts and fears, the gay strangely mi with those of dismal melancholy; tears which seemed ready to flow unbic smiles which approached to those of insanity." And then he adds, "I scri some verses, or rather, composed them in my memory." If the one eminent E1 critic who has expressed a formal judgment upon Scott as a writer, had not in chiefly upon the rapidity of his writings, treating them as superficial and trai in interest, it would have been unnecessary to dwell upon this point; it res no more than that imagination is never displayed but by a man of imagin mind; that poetry can be written only by a poet. But even the charge of haste appears to be pressed by Mr. Carlyle too far. Scott's idea of poetical st must be allowed, errs upon the side of spontaneous impulse; he would rather be finished than overfinished, preferred vigour to refinement, and aimed at the qui he admired in Dryden, "perpetual animation and elasticity of thought;" di make the most of his admirable materials; atoned for the random and the re-

nicturesqueness and movement. But there is nothing to be atoned for in perfect k: "incompleteness cannot enter into it;" the rival forces, as in Nature, ance each other. In a word, Scott's was the Gothic mind throughout, not the sek; he wants that indefinable air of distinction which even the lesser ancient hors have; no writer of such power has furnished fewer quotations; "he d the first sufficient words which came uppermost;" he does not bring his to a consummate expression, such as incorporates itself within the memory; night and the phrase, matter and spirit, rarely seem to form one indivisible ole. It is in this quarter that he is perhaps most in danger from the hand of To say that such was Scott's nature, and that he did best to follow it. wither in his genius or in his life, would be to assume that he was inmable of the peculiar attribute of genius, its capacity for improvement. must not conclude that his writing cost him little; it should be remembered as hardly touched original work till he was of mature age, and had collected st somes ; he is like the musician who plays the most difficult piece at sight, as e reward and the result of years of practice. "What infinite diligence in the e anatory studies; what truth of detail in the execution," said Goethe. The -1 with which Scott actually composed, in fact, consumed him; the fire of even destroyed the conductor. When we read that "Guy Mannering" was coleted within six weeks, we may say, "These things were his paralysis." thing came to Scott "in his sleep." "I will avoid," he says, in one of the letters where he speaks out, "any occupation so laborious and agitating, as must be to be worth anything" (vi : 400).

The one of all Scott's writings which has the highest qualities of pathos and of the one which, on the whole, may be called his greatest and most poetical, the clearest example of what this essay aims most at proving, the dominant with the clearest example of what this essay aims most at proving, the dominant with the imaginative element in Scott. He dictated the "Bride of Lammer-"while recovering from very severe illness (1819): but on regaining health, when it was first put into his hands in a complete form, he did not recollect one incident, character, or conversation it contained." Of all that we know about this incident is the most remarkable, especially if we recall the conspicuous of his temperament; it casts the deepest light upon his nature; it shows when he wrote most powerfully, he was so inspired and penetrated by his piet that it flowed from him as if by a kind of rapture or possession; it was one ready to say that, when least himself, he was most himself.

any pages might be given to the criticism of Scott as a writer. It is time to should resume his life, and try to complete the picture of his character. had once or twice visited London in his earlier days, when he was known by as an antiquarian; in 1815 he was received there "with all the honours."

"Waveley," everywhere recognized as his, put him at the head of our imaginative as post, he was second in popularity to Byron alone. Byron's boyies

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attack upon him in the "English Bards" had been long forgotten; forgivene had never needed from the exquisite sweetness of Scott's temper, who had land praised the writer's power, and added only, "spleen and gall are disastrous mater to work with for any length of time." These two great men now met, each with en esteem for the gifts of the other; and Scott sought Byron's friendship with that alex of warm admiration for force of mind and character which marks him thru life, and is one of the surest signs of genius. Soon after came the final "Hund Days" of Napoleon; Scott was among the first to visit the scenes of the campai and he found at Paris,—then a city representative of everything except France a renewal of his English popularity from the politicians and soldiers of the "all armies." Some animated letters, and an Ode on Waterloo (not equal to occasion), were the fruit of this journey. Now followed several years of a sel did, and, on the whole, a singularly well-enjoyed prosperity. "What series." Mr. Carlyle, "followed out of Waverley, and how and with what result, is known all men; was witnessed and watched with a kind of rapt astonishment by Walter Scott became Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, of Abbotsford (1820); on wi Fortune seemed to pour her whole cornucopia of wealth, honour, and wor good; the favourite of Princes and of Peasants, and all intermediate men." 1 there was another and a more poetical side to the "wealth and worldly good" Scott's mind has been already noticed; Abbotsford, with its relics and history territory; its visitors from all lands, including many of the best of his cont poraries; its happy life among friends of equal age, and children fast growing to be friends (two sons and two daughters), and healthy pleasures in forest moor; and now at last, full enjoyment of the creative power, "the vision and faculty divine,"-was a realized romance to Scott, the past living again in present, common existence enriched and beautified by poetry. Mr. Lock here gives several pleasing and brilliant pictures of his father-in-law's life in the and country; a day at Abbotsford and a dinner at Ballantyne's are hardly infe to scenes in the "Antiquary" or "Rob Roy" in vividness.

These descriptions would suffer by abridgment; in place of them, let us try form some image of the man. The first impression seems to have been that a stalwart Liddesdale farmer, shrewd and quiet; the figure of good height, forehead lofty, though not to the exaggerated measure of the bust; complex ruddy; features massive, and inclining to heaviness. When he spoke, this resinanimate air kindled into brilliant life in his eye and mouth, equally capable expressing humour or pathos, and produced a greater effect by the force of a trast. The mutability of his features is noted throughout his life, and must be tried beyond their powers the artists who attempted his portrait. Whether through early fever and its lameness, or some excess in field-sports and genial liw or the corrosion of a mind that never left him at leisure to "do nothing," through all causes combined, when little over fifty he had already the look to

allant old gentleman;" and the sense of premature old age is written on every f of his later journals. "I think I shall not live to the usual verge of human stence: I shall never see the threescore and ten." Yet Scott preserved the rit of his youth, and to the last was characteristically unwilling to allow him-I beaten, even in climbing a slope without assistance. In these external mile one reads the man; Scott, with his many contrasts and antitheses of position, was eminently made "all of a piece." This harmony of nature s not less shown in his conversation, which left the sense of quiet power. chaustible variety of anecdote, study of human character, and wealth of the al-stored memory, rather than of brilliancy. "He did not affect sayings; the ints and sententious turns, which are easily caught up, were not natural to him, e great charm of his table-talk was in the sweetness and abandon with which flowed, always guided by good sense and taste; the warm and unstudied prence with which he expressed rather sentiments than opinions; and the sings and force with which he narrated and described," Abbotsford was a tre of life and society in its brightest, most enjoyable, and most cultivated form. in England, and which unhappily has never found a rival. No house, except were Voltaire's at Ferney, is reputed to have been equally thronged. Scott a predity and kindliness were unlimited; he had the open nature which is the at charming of all charms; was wholly free from the folly of fastidiousness; real dignity, and hence never "stood upon it;" talked to all he met, and al as friend with friend among his servants and followers. "Sir Walter to every man," one of them said, "as if they were blood-relations." as complete the picture in his own words; they give us the two contrasting as of his character. "Few men have enjoyed society more, or been bored, as salled, less, by the company of tiresome people. I have rarely, if ever, found see, out of whom I could not extract amusement or edification. Still, howr, from the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being to wishing for visitors."-Need it be added that he was fond of the company meth, and delighted as a mother in his children's presence? The letters to his lot som's young wife are the most attractive and graceful in the series,

De sketch, inevitably incomplete, must not be concluded without some note of the taste and feeling towards literature. This, says Mr. Lockhart, "engrossed preater part of his interest and reflection." Beside his original works, and the minous editions of Swift and Dryden, Scott edited or superintended as many as would have made the fame of an ordinary antiquarian. His own taste bindly led him by preference to our older poets. With Shakespeare his novels a close familiarity. Scott's admiration for Dryden is expressed in the Life present whis edition: that which he felt for Johnson's two "Satires" was little inferior, adoptored in mature life, his ignorance of the Greek literature; of the Latin he was made knowledge; nor does his early interest in Goethe, "my old master,"

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appear to have been followed by the appreciation of those works compared which "Goetz" was but crude and feeble. Dante, who represents rather Roman than the Gothic mediaevalism, he did not admire; finding him "obse and difficult," and remaining even seemingly ignorant till the year of his death t his own ancestor, Michael Scott, had found a place far down in Hell, where he lodged by Dante in company of Amphiaraus, Teiresias, and other reputed sorcers In obedience not only to his own taste, but to a traditional fame now greatly fade Scott was in the habit of reading through the "Orlando" of Ariosto yearly. judgments preserved on modern English poetry are few and uncritical. In an undat conversation he spoke of himself and of Campbell as much inferior to Burns; ranked Miss Joanna Baillie far above each. He even couples her with Shakespet in one of the "Introductions" to Marmion. But Scott's impressions fluctuate Thus he knew no man (1820) "more to be venerated" than Wordsworth ! "loftiness of genius:" again, he "always reckoned Burns and Byron the genuine poetical geniuses of my time, and half a century before me:" (1826):opinion founded on that predominance of the impulsive character in them, whi was the inspiration of his own poetry. On the other hand, Scott more than or expresses deep admiration for Miss Austen; the most unlike himself in style second only to him in genius, among all the novelists of the time. "This you lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and character ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with."

After "Ivanhoe," published 1819, the sale of Scott's novels in some dea declined: a fact of which his partners in commerce never informed him. reticence, ultimately as unwise for themselves as for him, the negligences whi grew upon Scott as a writer may be partly due. But to all eyes he increased fame and wealth; was caressed and courted as kings have seldom been, but with any taint to the simplicity and beauty of his nature; and reached perhans! height of his visible popularity with his fellow-creatures on his triumphal programmer. through Ireland in 1825.—This was a year dark with panic and commercial re-Scott's firm, which had been always insecure and carelessly conducted, soon! the shock. The poet, perhaps the least unbusinesslike member of the house. have gradually withdrawn from active superintendence; and the clearest knowled he ever obtained of his own affairs was when his bankruptcy, early in 1826. 1 been declared. The trying circumstances of the time stood for much in this fails and Scott might have accepted it without discredit: but the shock roused all f determination in one of the most determined of men, and he resolved to perf debt in full, and save by his own single-handed exertions what might be of his beloved Abbotsford for his family. "Scott's heart clung to the place There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me." I creditors consented; and the "Life of Napoleon," with the last volumes of I "Waverley" series, were among the results of this decision.

to something had been left to complete Scott's character. He had still to complete fidelity to his vocation in literature. He had to give the far nous proof that he could bear evil fortune in exchange for unusual good. ot choose the date of our own trials. Scott's came upon him, not as with n of genius, at their first experience of life, during the strength of youth, years of romantic success, and when the approaches of mortal disease had nfeebled the powers of endurance. In the eye of the world, -perhaps of the philosopher,-it might have been the wiser part to let things r course, submit, and decline a struggle of no doubtful issue to his own d life. But, if these pages present a true picture, all this was simply imto Scott. It would have been to break with what lay deepest and broadest the nature of the poet. Accepting then his decision as that which alone adopt, the record of these later years, as told by Mr. Lockhart, and d by Scott's journal, gives to his character the completeness of poetical t is the fifth act in the drama of his life; it displays how the hero met trophe, and overcame it, and rested at last from his labours. an aged uncle, who did not live to see the evil day, were never more borne out than now: "God bless thee, Walter, my man! Thou n to be great, but thou wast always good." It must have been with effort that he reappeared in the capital of which he had for many n beyond comparison the most distinguished inhabitant. "I went to for the first time to-day," Jan. 24, 1826, "and, like the man with the large ught everybody was thinking of me and my mishaps. Most were, un-, and all rather regrettingly; some obviously affected." Though deeply the sympathy shown with him, he did not hold up his head until some which he published upon a Scottish commercial question had succeeded. writes, " People will not dare talk of me as an object of pity ;-no more mine." But adversity now came in no measured proportions; the cup was d ran over. Poverty was not the only or the worst evil of the year. One beent in the army, the second for his education; the care of a sickly and ed grandchild detained the eldest daughter; and Scott, leaving his wife ill ope at Abbotsford, was compelled to set himself to solitary labour within lodging at Edinburgh. Soon a few pages in his journal, fearful in tic struggle which they betray, tell us of the irremediable loss. Yet it the whole Scott maintains that noble and submissive courage with before the time of calamity, he had looked forward to the unseen thatever pain or misfortune might be in store, "I am already a sufficient the bounty of Providence to be resigned to it."

cignation bore its fruits: and a kind of after-summer of mild and peaceful cheered by the fidelity of friends and the love of children, relieves the firmities and painful task-work of Scott's old age. At this time occurred

an interchange of interesting letters between him and Goethe. Scott give characteristic sketch of his own position: "My eldest son has a troop of Huss my youngest has just been made Bachelor of Arts at Oxford. God having pleased to deprive me of their mother, my youngest daughter keeps my house in order, my eldest being married," to Mr. Lockhart, "and having a family of own. Such are the domestic circumstances of the person you so kindly enquafter: for the rest, I have enough to live on in the way I like, notwithstan some very heavy losses: and I have a stately antique chateau (modern antique which any friend of Baron von Goethe will be at all times most wellowith an entrance-hall filled with armour, which might have become Jaxthaus the castle in Goethe's Goetz, "itself, and a gigantic bloodhound to guard entrance."

After a visit to London, where he was received by the best men of the with affectionate respect, and a short excursion to Paris, he completed the " of Napoleon" in 1827. A crowd of other volumes followed this massive v amongst which the "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft" (1830), wi under the pressure of imminent illness, are only sufficient to give an idea how curious subject, for which he had made large preparations, would have treated by Scott in his better days. There was much in him of Michael Scott magician; much also of Reginald Scott, the courageous advocate of reason humanity in a superstitious age, Half shrewdness, half or more than half b -the poise of his mind between the romantic and the critical, eminently fitted to write impressively on witchcraft and ghostly legends. Perhaps no single is managed with more supreme skill in the "Novels." Let us add that, besic these labours, his warm liberality of heart led him to give others freely that assis with his pen which his purse could no longer supply. Already he had cleared vast load of debt, when Nature, on whom, between physical and mental exer he had pressed hard since youth, avenged herself by serious strokes of paraly 1830 and 1831. "Such a shaking hands with Death," he said, "is formida Scott resigned his legal office; but it was in vain that those about him tri enforce the quiet of mind which was essential to Euthanasia, if not to life. longer master of the creative imagination, the power which had long obeye bidding now compelled him as a slave; and do what his friends could to re him, more than one of the novels was produced within these months of decay. length he was persuaded to try the southern climate. A final gleam of the Sc younger years broke forth for one moment when Wordsworth came (Sep 1831) to bid him farewell. For the last time the two great poets who, whil lowing the different paths which led both to masterworks, appreciated each with the deep sympathy of genius, together traversed the vale of Yarrow. The was commemorated by Wordsworth in one of the finest occasional poems i language, A serene beauty characterizes the Yarrow Revisited. Perhaps W

socked on the scene with less saddened eyes than Scott; perhaps both sold and gifted men were raised above the inevitable and transient ills y the sight of nature, and the warmth of friendship; by the conscience or them more than for most, was without reproof; by the peace which d understanding.

—No public and no private care
The freeborn mind enthralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

And if, as Yarrow through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unalter'd face
Though we were changed and changing:
If them some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover.

al vessel, with a sense of propriety rarely shown, was provided for Scott, ed in October for the Mediterranean. Malta, Naples, and Rome, mark essive steps downward of his mind and body. Despite many manly and efforts to see and enjoy, these scenes, which would once have moved him by, now passed with slighter remark; almost all that struck him were connected with mediaeval and Scottish history. The Knights of Malta, the d relics at La Cava, the bandits of Calabria, the Orsini castle of Bracciano, linal of York's villa, the tomb of the last Stuarts in St. Peter's,—they read ammary of the life which was well-nigh over; they resume many of his interests. But they came too late.

-Nature's loveliest looks, Art's noblest relies, history's rich bequests, Fail'd to reasumate and but feebly cheer'd The whole world's Darling.

"He at least died at home!" he exclaimed; "Let us to Abbotsford."
gacross Europe, but overtaken again by the disease as he went, he reached as if only to die (June, 1832). Much public sympathy was roused by the nee; the Royal family made daily enquiries; "Do you know if this is the here he is lying?" was the question of labourers collected in it;—but of all it was unconscious; barely rousing himself for a moment from stupor iends and children approached him. Then the one passion which had all others compelled its way, and he was borne back to draw his last breath asford. Scott lay as if insensible in the carriage; "but as we descended

the vale of Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious if he was recognizing the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murms a name or two—Gala Water, surely, Buckholm, Torwoodle. As we rounded hill, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; a when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight."

For a few days, home, Abbotsford, Scotland, wrought on Scott so powers that they seemed capable of a cure which would have been hardly less than miss lous. "I have seen much," he kept saying, as they wheeled him through to rooms, "but nothing like my ain house—give me one turn more." At last begged to be replaced in his study. "Now give me my pen, and leave me is little to myself." But the pen dropped from his singers. "He sank back, sit tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by and by, motioned to to wheel him out of doors again." They thought he then slept. "When he waking, Laidlaw," one of the many friends who were like brothers to him, "said me, Sir Walter has had a little repose. No, Willie, said he, no repose for Sir Walbut in the grave."

After this it was a gradual descent to the rest which remained for him. Of all t many gifts that had formed the character of Walter Scott, but one was m recognizeable through the gathering mist of death; that inexhaustible affections ness and thought for others which had been the grace of his life. of love in him had throughout equalled the intensity of imagination; the unselfconscious of our poets, he was perhaps also, so far as we can judge. I most unselfish. Scott, with his marked manliness of temperament, possessed equal measure the best of the qualities which are often called feminine. "For 1 least chill on the affection of any one dear to him, he had the sensitiveness of maiden." Warmth of heart and frankness of love were the very centre of his natural and to the centre, life, struggling hard, had now retreated. At the final mome when the sudden lightening of death came upon him, and he took an affecting in well of Mr. Lockhart, it was proposed to fetch his daughters. "Shall I send! Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he, "do not disturb them. Poor souls! I km they were up all night. God bless you all." These were his last words. On the 2 of September, 1832, the end arrived with the gentleness of sleep, in the present of all his children. "It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was w open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his e the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we kn around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

Scott was laid by his wife within a family grave among the ruins of Drybur Abbey, in the centre of the obscure Border province where he was most at hos and which his genius has made a region more familiar than the places that the bave themselves seen, to children born in America and Australia. As, looki

omer and Shakespeare, one thinks of them surrounded by the beings to y have given a mysterious life, so Scott also lies among the real though orld of his own creation. This, and the memory of his great-heartedness, has left us. Travellers from all lands still throng to visit the scenery of ourhood, the hillsides he planted, the garden he laid out, the house filled relics sanctified in his eyes by the love of poetry and of Scotland. To ouse he fought and suffered. But it was never tenanted by his family; there like the castle of a dream; as if ready for the master's return, meanwhile and uncheered by life. His children have been long to their rest; the lands which he bought at the price of genius have mother race; and one young girl, the child of his daughter's daughter, we alone the blood of Walter Scott of Abbotsford.

F. T. PALGRAVE .



THE

AY OF THE LAST MINSTREL:

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

Dum relego, scripsisse pudet; quia plurima cerno, Me quoque, qui feci, judice, digna lini.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES, EARL OF DALKEITH,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The Poem now offered to the Public, is intended to illustrate the custom manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. inhabitants, living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and come habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the descript scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and n narrative, the plan of the Ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which greater latitude, in this respect, than would be consistent with the dignity of a n Poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alte of measure, which, in some degree, authorises the change of rhythm in the text. machinery, also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical Romance.

For these reasons, the Poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Mis the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the sim, of his original model. The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the six century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied action is Three Nights and Three Days.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

set disclosure of the poet's powers, but as that, among all his works, which is the most closely identified with his personal career and character. Even if had not himself told us, it would not be difficult to trace the various influences which he composed this poem. His grandmother, in whose youth the raids were still matters of comparatively recent tradition, used to amuse with many a tale of Watt of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie of the fair Dodhead, and other Moss-trooping heroes. This prepared his for the deep impression which was made on it, when he was about twelve old, by Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." It was under a large mastree in his aunt's garden at Kelso that he first read them, forgetting even anner-hour in his enjoyment of this new treasure. "To read and to remember a this instance," he says, "the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my dellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the is of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings her, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so early, or with half the enthusiasm."

the compilation of his own Border Minstrelsy he followed the impulse thus it; and when, after having for some years dabbled in poetry, he aspired to guish himself by something higher than mere translations or occasional his partiality for the Border legends governed his choice of a subject as well at the partiality for the Border legends governed his choice of a subject as well at the of treatment. He hesitated for a while as to the particular story he dillustrate, but all those he thought of belonged to the same class. At one he contemplated "a Border ballad, in the comic manner," founded on his for a William Scott, of Harden) marriage with ugly Meg Murray, as temative of being hanged by his father-in-law. But finally he decided on manner of Border chivalry, in a light-horseman sort of stanza." Having, at quest of the Countess of Dalkeith, undertaken a ballad about the adventures rosmie or goblin, called Gilpin Horner, he was discouraged in the attempt apparent coldness with which his two friends, Erskine and Cranstoun, to the first stanzas, and abandoned the idea till tempted to resume learning that, on second thoughts, his critics had formed a more favour-partion of the effort. He applied himself to the work as an anuscement his enforced leisure, when disabled by the kick of a horse at yeomanry in Portubello Sands. As soon as he got into the vein, he dashed it off at the of about a canto a week. The goblin page sank into a mere minor as the poem grew upon his hands. The metre was borrowed from the standard and the more, because it enabled him to introduce much of the appreciated all the more, because it enabled him to introduce much of the particular himself of the ballad measure in quatrains, which

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appear to have been followed by the appreciation of those works compar which "Goetz" was but crude and feeble. Dante, who represents ra Roman than the Gothic mediaevalism, he did not admire; finding him " and difficult," and remaining even seemingly ignorant till the year of his de his own ancestor, Michael Scott, had found a place far down in Hell, whe lodged by Dante in company of Amphiaraus, Teiresias, and other reputed so In obedience not only to his own taste, but to a traditional fame now great! Scott was in the habit of reading through the "Orlando" of Ariosto yearly judgments preserved on modern English poetry are few and uncritical. In an conversation he spoke of himself and of Campbell as much inferior to Burn ranked Miss Joanna Baillie far above each. He even couples her with Shak in one of the "Introductions" to Marmion. But Scott's impressions flui Thus he knew no man (1820) "more to be venerated" than Wordswi "loftiness of genius:" again, he "always reckoned Burns and Byron the genuine poetical geniuses of my time, and half a century before me:" (182 opinion founded on that predominance of the impulsive character in them was the inspiration of his own poetry. On the other hand, Scott more th expresses deep admiration for Miss Austen; the most unlike himself in second only to him in genius, among all the novelists of the time. lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and charordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with."

After "Ivanhoe," published 1819, the sale of Scott's novels in some declined: a fact of which his partners in commerce never informed him. reticence, ultimately as unwise for themselves as for him, the negligence grew upon Scott as a writer may be partly due. But to all eyes he incre fame and wealth; was caressed and courted as kings have seldom been, but any taint to the simplicity and beauty of his nature; and reached perh height of his visible popularity with his fellow-creatures on his triumphal through Ireland in 1825.-This was a year dark with panic and commercial Scott's firm, which had been always insecure and carelessly conducted, s the shock. The poet, perhaps the least unbusinesslike member of the hou have gradually withdrawn from active superintendence; and the clearest kn he ever obtained of his own affairs was when his bankruptcy, early in 18 been declared. The trying circumstances of the time stood for much in this and Scott might have accepted it without discredit : but the shock roused determination in one of the most determined of men, and he resolved to debt in full, and save by his own single-handed exertions what might b of his beloved Abbotsford for his family. "Scott's heart clung to the There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me had created. creditors consented; and the "Life of Napoleon," with the last volume "Waverley" series, were among the results of this decision.

mething had been left to complete Scott's character. He had still to plete fidelity to his vocation in literature. He had to give the far proof that he could bear evil fortune in exchange for unusual good. pose the date of our own trials. Scott's came upon him, not as with genius, at their first experience of life, during the strength of youth, of romantic success, and when the approaches of mortal disease had bled the powers of endurance. In the eye of the world, -perhaps the philosopher,-it might have been the wiser part to let things rse, submit, and decline a struggle of no doubtful issue to his own But, if these pages present a true picture, all this was simply imcott. It would have been to break with what lay deepest and broadest nature of the poet. Accepting then his decision as that which alone opt, the record of these later years, as told by Mr. Lockhart, and Scott's journal, gives to his character the completeness of poetical the fifth act in the drama of his life; it displays how the hero met he, and overcame it, and rested at last from his labours. aged uncle, who did not live to see the evil day, were never more orne out than now: "God bless thee, Walter, my man! Thou be great, but thou wast always good," It must have been with et that he reappeared in the capital of which he had for many evond comparison the most distinguished inhabitant. "I went to the first time to-day," Jan. 24, 1826, "and, like the man with the large everybody was thinking of me and my mishaps. Most were, unad all rather regrettingly; some obviously affected." Though deeply sympathy shown with him, he did not hold up his head until some nich he published upon a Scottish commercial question had succeeded. People will not dare talk of me as an object of pity ;-no more But adversity now came in no measured proportions; the cup was over. Poverty was not the only or the worst evil of the year. One it in the army, the second for his education; the care of a sickly and randchild detained the eldest daughter; and Scott, leaving his wife ill at Abbotsford, was compelled to set himself to solitary labour within dging at Edinburgh. Soon a few pages in his journal, fearful in struggle which they betray, tell us of the irremediable loss. Yet he whole Scott maintains that noble and submissive courage with before the time of calamity, he had looked forward to the unseen ever pain or misfortune might be in store, "I am already a sufficient bounty of Providence to be resigned to it."

ation bore its fruits: and a kind of after-summer of mild and peaceful berred by the fidelity of friends and the love of children, relieves the ities and painful task-work of Scott's old age. At this time occurred

The wildness of the region, even at the end of the last century, may be gather from the incidents of one of the poet's raids. His gig was the first whee carriage that had ever been seen in Liddesdale. There was no inn or pub house of any kind in the whole valley, which was accessible only through succession of tremendous morasses. "In the course of our grand tour, her the risks of swamping and breaking our necks, we encountered the formida hardships of sleeping upon peat-stacks, and cating mutton slain by no come butcher, but deprived of life by the judgment of God, as a coroner's inquest we express themselves." Scott used to boast of being sheriff of the "cairn and (scaur," and that he had strolled through the wild glens of Liddesdale "so of

and so long, that he might say he had a home in every farmhouse."

The scenery of the Scottish borderland can lay claim to little grandeur. hills are too bare to be beautiful, and too low to be very impressive. Still 1 wide tracts of black moss, the grey swells of moor rising into brown, round-back hills, with here and there a stately cliff of sterner aspect, and the green pastures the quiet glens, are not without their charm, in spite of the general bare and treek character of the landscape, which is at first apt to disappoint the visitor from t Washington Irving spoke of this disappointment to his host at Abbe "Scott hummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave. pertinacity, he said at length; but to my eye, these grey hills and all this we Border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness the land; it has something bold, stern, and solitary about it. When I have be for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornament garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest grey hill and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, I think I should die! I last words were said with an honest warmth, accompanied by a thump on the ground with his staff, by way of emphasis, that showed his heart was in a speech." That Scott was quite sensible to the sort of melancholy awe inspired by some of the more savage parts of the country is shown (if other proof were m abundant in his poems and novels) in a passage in one of his letters. Speakings the view from the top of Minchmoor, he says:- "I assure you I have to really oppressed with a sort of fearful loneliness when looking around the make towering ridges of desolate barrenness which is all the eye takes in from the to of such a mountain, the patches of cultivation being hidden in the little gless, (only appearing to make one feel how feeble and ineffectual man has been to contend with the genius of the soil. It is in such a scene that the unknown at gifted author of 'Albonia' places the superstition which consists in hearing the noise of a 'chase, the baying of the hounds, the throttling sobs of the deer, the baying of the hounds, the throttling sobs of the deer, the baying of the hounds, the throttling sobs of the deer, the hounds is the solution of the deer, the hounds is the solution of the hounds. wild halloos of the huntsmen, and the

" 'Hoof thick beating on the hollow hill."

I have often repeated his verses with some sensations of awe in this place." far as his own estate was concerned, he did much by his plantations to cover the nakedness of the land, and his precept and example also helped to make plants

fashionable among his neighbours.

Of Scott's power of word-painting there is, no doubt, more abundant striking evidence in his later poems; but the descriptions of natural scenery in the "Lay" are not only very effective, but illustrate that peculiar perception of color rather than form which has been pointed out in the very suggestive criticism Mr. Ruskin in the "Modern Painters." Analysing the description of Edinburg in "Marmion," he shows there is hardly any form, only smoke and colour in the picture. "Observe," he says, "the only hints at form given throughout are

what vague words, 'ridgy, massy, close, and high,' the whole being still cured by modern mystery in its most tangible form of smoke. But the e all definite: note the rainbow band of them—gloomy or dusky red, re black), amethyst (pure purple), green and gold—in a noble chord at." Elsewhere Mr. Ruskin says, "In consequence of his unselfishness lity, Scott's enjoyment of Nature is incomparably greater than any other now. All the rest carry their cares to her, and begin maundering in about their own affairs. But with Scott the love is entirely humble link. 'I, Scott, am nothing, and less than nothing: but these crass, is, and clouds, how great are they, how lovely, how for ever to be only for their own silent thoughtless sake!'"

attempting any detailed topographical illustration of the poem, it may while to notice some of the spots of chief interest which are referred to. astle, where the old minstrel is supposed to chant his tale before the stands in ruins in its "birchen bower" on the right bank of the a large square tower, dismantled and unroofed, with crumbling outer turrets. It was built by James II. for a hunting seat, afterwards to the outlaw Murray, and has long been a possession, as it still is, of the Succleuch. Newark Castle, where the imaginary minstrel poured forth is included within the grounds of Bowhill, the favourite seat of another as, at whose request, when Countess of Dalkeith, Scott commenced the ch developed into the Lay. He accordingly, says Lockhart, "shadows in beautiful friend in the person of her lord's ancestor, the last of the ock of that great house; himself, the favoured inmate of Bowhill, introainly to the familiarity of that circle by his devotion to the poetry of a e, in that of an aged minstrel seeking shelter at the gate of Newark." point of many arch allusions in the poem. There is also a personal the closing lines, which refer, it is believed, to the day-dream of Ashestiel chase of a modest mountain farm in that neighbourhood: "a hundred spare bed-rooms, with dressing-rooms, each of which will on a pinch ch-bed "-a dream which afterwards grew into the ambitious scheme of Lockhart deems it, in one point of view, the greatest misfortune of that the original vision was not realized; but "the success of the poem nged the spirit of his dream.'" Ashestiel, where the Lay was partly

cs at the foot of Minchmoor, on the right bank of the Tweed.

ome Tower still overlooks the Langholm Road, on the left bank of the Tecen two and three miles above Hawick. Various alterations have gradually

a dimensions of the building, and one square tower of massive thickness

part of the original structure which now remains. In the rest of the

castellated style has been abandoned, and the old stronghold presents,

acception of the towers referred to, the appearance of a handsome modern

The extent of the old castle can still, however, be traced by some

f its foundation. Its situation on a steep bank, surrounded by the

nd flanked by a deep ravine, naturally added to its strength. The present

at of the Duke of Buccleuch in this quarter is at Langholm Lodge.

e is celebrated in a song of Alan Ramsay's-

" As I cam' in by Teviot side,"

in the Lay. About half a mile nearer Hawick, on the other bank of the Branksome, is the peel of Goldielands, in tolerably good preservation.

Castle, another relic of the same period, and the cradle of the poet's stands not far off on the bank of Borthwick Water, which here joins

the Teviot. It takes its name from the number of hares which used to freque the place (Harden—the ravine of hares), and is a deep, dark, narrow glen, thread by a little mountain streamlet. The castle is perched on the top of the steep har and Leyden (Scott's friend), in one of his poems, thus describes the situation:—

"Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand, Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand, Through slaty hills, whose sides are shogged with thorn, Where springs in scattered tufts the dark-green corn, Towers wood-girt Harden far above the valle, And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail."

The family of Harden is a cadet branch of the house of Buccleuch, and heraldic allusion in the poem is to the fact that the Scotts of Harden bear the arms upon the field, while the Scotts of Buccleuch exhibit them on the b dexter, which they adopted when the estate of Murdiestone came by marris One of the most famous of the Scotts of Harden was one Walter, who flouris during the reign of Queen Mary. He was a great freebooter, and used to bring spoil to the castle on the cliff. His wife was Mary Scott, the Flower of Yan (one of the Scotts of Dryhope), and it is of her the well-known story is told of production of a pair of clean spurs at dinner-time, in a covered dish, as a hin the want of provisions, and of the way to get them. Notwithstanding marauding life Walter seems to have prospered. He had a large estate, where the seems to have prospered to the seems to the seems to the seems to have prospered to the seems to the seems to have prospered to the seems to was divided among his five sons. A number of the most popular of the Bor songs are attributed by tradition to an infant whom he carried off in a raid, whom his kind-hearted wife cherished as one of her own children. As illustral of the temper of this rough old chief, Sir Walter tells a characteristic anecdote one of the notes of the Minstrelsy. "Upon one occasion, when the village h was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old laird heard him call loudly to do out Harden's cow. 'Harden's cow!' echoed the affronted chief; 'is it come that pass? By my faith, they shall soon say Harden's kye' (cows). According he sounded his bugle, set out with his followers, and next day returned v a bow of kye and a lassen'd (brindled) bull. On his return with this gallant p he passed a very large haystack. It occurred to the provident laird that would be extremely convenient to fodder his new stock of cattle; but, as no me of transporting it were obvious, he was fain to take leave of it with the apostrop now become proverbial, 'By my saul, had ye but four feet, ye should not st lang there!' In short, as Froissart says of a similar class of feudal robb nothing came amiss to them that was not too heavy or too hot." It was A Wat's eldest son, Sir William Scott, who was saved from being hanged for ticipation in a foray on the lands of Sir Gibson Murray, of Elibank, by captor's prudent wife suggesting that it was a pity to sacrifice a young r of good estate when they might marry him to one of their three daughters. proposal to which it did not, under the circumstances, require much argumen reconcile young Harden. Beardie (so called from the long beard he wore mourning for the execution of Charles I.), the poet's great-grandfather, was grandson of Sir William Scott.

Hawick spreads itself on both sides of the Slitterick, a tributary of Teviot, into which it falls just below the town. Having survived reper burnings during the heat of Border warfare, part of the Tower-inn represents, said, the only building which was not consumed in the great blaze of 11 Hawick is now at the head of the "tweed" manufactories of Scotland. It his rapidly growing population, already over 8,000, and is continually being enric with new mills. Minto Castle, the seat of the Earl of Minto-open daily, exceptionally being the seat of the Earl of Minto-open daily, exceptionally being the seat of the Earl of Minto-open daily, exceptionally being the seat of the Earl of Minto-open daily, exceptionally being the seat of the Earl of Minto-open daily, exceptionally being the seat of the Earl of Minto-open daily, exceptionally being the seat of the Earl of Minto-open daily, exceptionally being the seat of the Earl of Minto-open daily, exceptionally being the seat of the Earl of Minto-open daily, exceptionally being the seat of the Earl of Minto-open daily, exceptionally being the seat of the Earl of Minto-open daily, exceptionally being the seat of the Earl of Minto-open daily, exceptionally being the seat of the Earl of Minto-open daily.

, and is noted for its magnificent library. Minto Crags, close at hand, are a ntic series of cliffs rising suddenly above the Vale of Teviot. A small platform projecting erag is known as Barnhill's Bed, from a famous outlaw and robber, lived in a strong tower beneath the rocks, of which there are some vestiges, as as of another old peel on the summit of the heights. Of Melrose a sufficient and is given in the poem and notes. Ruskin is very angry with Scott, because, enting it as he did, "he yet casts one of its piscinas, puts a modern steel into it, and makes it his fire-place." Founded in 1136, by David I. as liberality in endowing churches wrung from his successor the moan that as "a sore saint for the crown"), the abbey was finished ten years later, was peopled with monks from Yorkshire, who, although of the reformed to have degenerated into the traditional monkish sensuality, if we may trust eering verse—

"The monks of Melrose made gude kail On Fridays when they fasted, Nor wanted they gude beef and ale, As long 's their neighbours' lasted."

abbey was destroyed by the English in 1322, rebuilt by Robert Bruce, cruelly set at the Reformation, but still remains one of the noblest and most interesting means of Gothic sculpture and architecture in Scotland. The stone of which built, though exposed to the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpto that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly the Abbey is the theme of a poem by Arthur Hallam, who dwells ally on its resistance to decay, and covets a similar tardy waning, till looking a rene, thoughtful figure of the bard of Abbotsford, he

—"Knew that aweless intellect.
Hath power upon the ways of fate,
And works through time and space uncheck'd.
That minstrel of old chivairy,
In the cold grave must come to lie,
But his transmitted thoughts have part
In the collective mind, and never shall depart."

hough Abbotsford has a greater attachment for the traveller than any other a the district—not even, perhaps, excepting Melrose itself-it is apt to be a comment. It is a very indifferent building in an architectural point of view; tive in taste and poor in effect. It wants elevation, and, above all, repose; the rexed by the composed medley of style, and by the restless pretentious effect im a vast deal into a limited space. Most of the pictures help to encourage regarded idea of the imposing aspect of the mansion, and when the stranger the reality it falls far short of his expectations. For its own sake it would not orth the while of turning out of one's road to look at it. To the associations soul with it alone, is due the interest of the place. It should be visited in unit of a pilgrimage, and to those who know the sad, romantic story of its and consequences, there is a touching interest in every relic and every ber. How the dreams about the cottage expanded into the ambition of a is well known, as well as its disastrous end; the crushing load of debt, the struggle to redeem it, the over-strained and shattered mind. Between larty Hole when Scott first furnished it-"the naked moor, a few turnippainfully reclaimed from it, a Scotch cottage and farm-yard, and some in firs"-and the richly wooded domain, with its turreted chateau, into which gradually converted, there was a wide contrast. Whatever may be thought bome, the surrounding plantations were a noble work, and justify the poet's

entirement for the work. A public that livides the mansion and pleas the main many of the park and wood. The longe status near the c winned tank, shiping hiwn niwards the Tweed. A pinds profe has to preserving the whole building is t was it South time. The a weapons of all kinds are all it their tool arrays the same partners h walks; the books are ranged in the order familiar to the master's hand the longrapional the last walking-shoes and staff are ready in the Passing through a portile you enter the hall, which with its stained glas-A remone, blessery of Borone bernes, "who knows the marries of a the said time for the kings. and brongs parement of black and white the friest part of the house. A narrow, it warmed from running of the banding and their with more amount and other connectes in deposing from an one sole, and the imag-room on the other. The handsome character, with a low, rathly-curved roof of lark cash, spawindow, and numerous valuable and interesting parties, such as the Mary (preen of Scots in a chargen number by Amiss Cawood the da decaptation; portraits of old "Bearing," Lucy Walters, the Prichess of to whom the Mastrel is supposed to chart his Lay, So. The drawit impelled with cotar, and fitted with antique every furniture, quaint ric nationets and predicts chira ware. In a rleasure breakins-room, overlines, there are some good pictures by Turner, Thomson of Dudding The library is the largest room of the house. Some 70,000 v entimez. the shalves. From this opens Sir Walter's private strive a small fulle with no furniture, except a small writing table, a plan arm-chair, could be heather, and another smaller chair—clearly indicating it as a place and company. There are a few books on each side of the fire-place, an empolamental library in a gallery which runs round three sides of the ro thank are preserved, under a glass case, the clothes Sir Walter were just thank a larged skirted green coat, with large buttons, plaid trousers, he hand brimmed hat, and stout walking stick. The relies set one think idd man's has days in the house of which he was so proud, the kindly pli whichled shout, with all the dogs round him, in a chair, up and down the illusty, saying, "Ah, I've seen much, but nothing like my ain house-tun hum more." Much of the decoration of the house is of ancient des ladinated from Melrose, some from Dumfermline, Linlithgow, and Rosli jointhous of various old edifices are worked into the building. Within a this arous of the last great clan battle of the Borders, that fought in 152 the Sails of Angus and Home, backed the former by the Kerrs, and the Burnland Mr. Hope Scott, Q.C. who married Scott's granddaughter, has the jargarity.

The anti-cas of the Lay was beyond the most sanguine expectations must cultimetestic admirers. In the preface of 1830, he himself estimate at tipwards of process; but Lockhart tells us that this was a califord, and that in twenty-five years no fewer than 44,000 copies disposal of an event with few parallels in the history of British poet that califord, a magnificent quarto, of which 750 copies were printed, was calculated in the processor of the printed of the printe

tu tapid su cession.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

INTRODUCTION.

way was long, the wind was | finstrel was infirm and old; ther'd cheek, and tresses grey, d to have known a better day; erp, his sole remaining joy, arried by an orphan boy.

at of all the Bards was he,

ang of Border chivalry;

welladay! their date was fled, neful brethren all were dead; e, neglected and oppress'd d to be with them, and at rest. ore on prancing palfrey borne, soll'd light as lark at morn ; nger courted and caress'd, laced in hall, a welcome guest, ur'd, to lord and lady gay, apremeditated lay: nger fill'd the Stuarts' throne; gots of the iron time all'd his harmless art a crime. slering Harper, scorn'd and poor, eg'd his bread from door to door. med, to please a peasant's ear, arp, a king had loved to hear.

pass'd where Newark's stately tower out from Yarrow's birchen bower: dinarrel gazed with wishful eyemabler resting-place was nigh: besitating step at last, ambattled portal arch he pass'd, e ponderous grate and massy bar oft roll'd back the tide of war, over closed the iron door at the desolate and poor.

The Duchess * mark'd his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody
tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride;'
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, † dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, ‡ rest him, God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though
weak,

He thought even yet, the sooth to speak, That, if she loved the harp to hear, He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd; The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd. But, when he reach'd the room of state, Where she, with all her ladies, sate, Perchance he wish'd his boon denied: For, when to tune his harp he tried,

* Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 168c.

† Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Duchess.

I Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

His trembling hand had lost the ease. Which marks security to please; And scenes, long past, of joy and pain, Came wildering o'er his aged brain-He tried to tune his harp in vain! The pitying Duchess praised its chime. And gave him heart, and gave him time Till every string's according glee Was blended into harmony. And then, he said, he would full fain He could recall an ancient strain, He never thought to sing again. It was not framed for village churls, But for high dames and mighty earls; He had play'd it to King Charles the good.

When he kept court in Holyrood; And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try The long-forgotten melody. Amid the strings his finger stray'd. And an uncertain warbling made, And oft he shook his hoary head. But when he caught the measure w The old man raised his face, and sm And lighten'd up his faded eye, With all a poet's ecstasy! In varying cadence, soft or strong He swept the sounding chords alor The present scene, the future lot, His toils, his wants, were all forgo Cold diffidence, and age's frost, In the full tide of song were lost; Each blank in faithless memory voi The poet's glowing thought supplie And, while his harp responsive run 'T was thus the LATEST MINSTREL!

CANTO FIRST.

THE feast was over in Branksome tower.*

And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;

Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,

Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell— Jesu Maria, shield us well! No living wight, save the Ladye alone, Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

TT.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;

Knight, and page, and household squire,

Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire:
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,

And urged, in dreams, the forest race, From Teviot stone to Eskdale-moor.

* See "Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel" in the Appendix.

III,

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame Hung their shields in Branks Hall;

Nine-and-twenty squires of name Brought them their steeds to be from stall;

Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall Waited, duteous, on them all: They were all knights of m true.

Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel, With belted sword, and spur on he They quitted not their harness brig Neither by day, nor yet by night:

They lay down to rest

They lay down to rest,
With corslet laced,

Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard;
They carv'd at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine thre

the helmet barr'd.

W.

i, ten yeomen, mail-clad men, beck of the warders ten; ds, both fleet and wight, led in sable day and night, h frontlet of steel, I trow, ledwood-axe at saddle-bow; more fed free in stall: ie custom of Branksome Hall.

VI.

ese steeds stand ready dight? h these warriors, arm'd, by t. ! h, to hear the blood-hound ng: h, to hear the war-horn bray-

George's red cross streaming, midnight beacon gleaming: , against Southern force and oop, or Howard, or Percy's

Branksome's lordly towers, tworth, or Naworth, or merry

WIT.

custom'of Branksome Hall.—
ealiant knight is here;
chieftain of them all,
hangs rusting on the wall,
his broken spear,
ng shall tell,
rd Walter fell!
urtled burghers fled, afar,
s of the Border war;
e streets of high Dunedin*
ces gleam, and falchions
en,
d the slogan's† deadly yell—
chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

he discord heal, ch the death-feud's enmity? an lore, can patriot zeal, of blessed charity?

ary or gathering word of a Border

No! vainly to each holy shrine, In mutual pilgrimage they drew; Implored, in vain, the grace divine For chiefs, their own red falchions slew:

While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!

IX.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
The warlike foresters had bent;
And many a flower, and many a tear,
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent:
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
The Ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear!
Vengeance deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe;
And burning pride, and high disdain,
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee—
"And if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!"
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

v

All loose her negligent attire,

All loose her golden hair,
Hung Margaret o'er her slaughter'd sire,
And wept in wild despair,
But not alone the bitter tear
Had filial grief supplied;
For hopeless love, and anxious fear,
Had lent their mingled tide:
Nor in her mother's alter'd eye
Dared she to look for sympathy,
Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
With Carr in arms had stood,
When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran
All purple with their blood;
And well she knew, her mother dread,
Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,

XI.

Of noble race the Ladye came, Her father was a clerk of fame,

Would see her on her dying bed.

Of Bethune's line of Picardie:
He learned the art that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.
Men said, he changed his mortal frame,
By feat of magic mystery;
For when in studious mood he paced
St. Andrew's cloister'd hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall!

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air.
And now she sits in secret bower,
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round,
Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's red side?
Is it the wind that swings the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?
What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets
round?

XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,
The ban-dogs bay and howl;
And from the turrets round,
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both squire and knight
Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night;
But the night was still and clear.

XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide, Chafing with the mountain's side, From the groan of the wind-swung oak, From the sullen echo of the rock, From the voice of the coming storm, The Ladye knew it well! It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,

And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Sleep'st thou, brother?"-

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

- "Brot

On my hills the moonbeams From Craik-cross to Skelfhil By every rill, in every glen,

Merry elves their morris pa To aerial minstrelsy, Emerald rings on brown hea Trip it dest and merrily.

Trip it deft and merrily.
Up, and mark their nimble
Up, and list their music sw

XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Tears of an imprisoned ma' Mix with my polluted strea Margaret of Branksome, sorn Mourns beneath the moon's: Tell me, thou, who view'st th When shall cease these feudal What shall be the maiden's fa Who shall be the maiden's mi

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

"Arthur's slow wain his course In utter darkness, round the 1 The Northern Bear lowers

grim; Orion's studded belt is dim; Twinkling faint, and distant f Shimmers through mist each p Ill may I read their high de

But no kind influence deign th On Teviot's tide, and Brankson Till pride be quell'd, and lov

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast,
And the heavy sound was st
It died on the river's breast,
It died on the side of the h
But round Lord David's towe
The sound still floated near
For it rung in the Ladye's box

And it rung in the Ladye's She raised her stately head,
And her heart throbb'd

pride:—
"Your mountains shall bend,
And your streams ascend,

Ere Margaret be our foeman

XIX.

sought the lofty hall, nany a bold retainer lay, jocund din, among them all, pursued his infant play, moss-trooper, the boy cheon of a spear bestrode, the hall right merrily, foray rode. ded knights, in arms grown

his frolic gambols bore, r hearts, of rugged mould, abborn as the steel they wore, ry warriors prophesied, brave boy, in future wars, as the unicom's pride, as Crescent and the Star,

XX.

forgot her purpose high, ment, and no more; at gazed with a mother's eye, aussed at the arched door; a amid the armed train, to her William of Deloraine.

XXI.

cast-trooping Scott was he,
such'd Border lance by knee;
colway sands, through Tarras
is,
he knew the paths to cross;
ras, by desperate bounds,
d Percy's best blood-hounds;
Liddel, fords were none,
uld ride them, one by one;
im was time or tide,
s snow, or July's pride;
im was tide or time,
nidnight, or matin prime;
heart, and stout of hand,
ove prey from Cumberland;
outlawed had he been,
uld's King, and Scotland's
ten.

XXII.

on the wightest steed;

Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
Until thou come to fair Tweedside;
And in Melrose's holy pile
Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle,
Greet the Father well from me;
Say that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb:
For this will be St. Michael's night,
And, though stars be dim, the moon is
bright;
And the Cross, of bloody red,
Will point to the grave of the mighty

XXIII.

dead.

"What he gives thee, see thou keep, Stay not thou for food or sleep: Be it scroll, or be it book, Into it, Knight, thou must not look; If thou readest, thou art lorn! Better hadst thou ne'er been born!"

XXIV.

"O swiftly can speed my dapple-grey steed,

Which drinks of the Teviot clear; Ere break of day," the Warrior 'gan say, "Again will I be here: And safer by none may thy errand be

done.
Than, noble dame, by me;
Letter nor line know I never a one,

Wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee," xxv.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast, And soon the steep descent he past, Soon cross'd the sounding barbican,* And soon the Teviot side he won, Eastward the wooded path he rode, Green hazels o'er his basnet nod; He pass'd the Peel† of Goldiland, And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring

strand; Dimly he view'd the Moat-hill's mound, Where Druid shades still flitted round; In Hawick twinkled many a light; Behind him soon they set in night;

^{*} Barbican, the defence of an outer gate of a feudal castle.

† Peel, a Border tower.

And soon he spurr'd his courser keen Beneath the tower of Hazeldeen.

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark: "
"Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark."—
"For Branksome, ho!" the knight rejoin'd,

And left the friendly tower behind.

He turn'd him now from Teviotside,
And, guided by the tinkling rill,
Northward the dark ascent did ride,
And gained the moor at Horsliehill;

Broad on the left before him lay, For many a mile, the Roman way.*

XXVIL

A moment now he slack'd his speed. A moment breathed his panting steed; Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band, And loosen'd in the sheath his brand, On Minto-crags the moonbeams glint, Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint; Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest, Where falcons hang their giddy nest, Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eve For many a league his prey could spy Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne, The terrors of the robber's horn; Cliffs, which, for many a later year, The warbling Doric reed shall hear, When some sad swain shall teach the grove,

Ambition is no cure for love!

XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence pass'd Deloraine, To ancient Riddel's fair domain,

Where Aill, from mountains freed, Down from the lakes did raving come; Each wave was crested with tawny foam,

Like the mane of a chestnut steed. In vain! no torrent, deep or broad, Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low, And the water broke o'er the saddlebow; Above the foaming tide, I ween, Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;

An ancient Roman road, crossing through part of Roxburghshire. For he was barded from counter!

And the rider was armed complemail;

Never heavier man and horse Stemm'd a midnight torrent's fore The warrior's very plume, I say, Was daggled by the dashing spray Yet, through good heart, and Ladye's grace,

At length he gained the landing p

XXX. Now Bowden Moor the march-man

And sternly shook his plumed has glanced his eye o'er Halidon; For on his soul the slaughter re Of that unhallow'd morn arose, When first the Scott and Carr were When royal James beheld the fray Prize to the victor of the day, When Home and Douglas, in the Bore down Buccleuch's retiring cli

Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood

Reek'd on dark Elliott's Border sp

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was pas
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed
Like so...e tall rock with lichens g
Seem'd dimly huge, the dark Abb
When Hawick he pass'd, had c
rung,

Now midnight lauds twere in Musung.

The sound, upon the fitful gale, In solemn wise did rise and fail, Like that wild harp, whose magic Is waken'd by the winds alone. But when Melrose he reach'd, silence all:

He meetly stabled his steed in stal And sought the convent's lonely w

Here paused the harp; and with its The Master's fire and courage fell;

^{*} Barded, or barbed,—applied to a accounted with defensive armour.

[†] An ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cer now demolished.

[?] Linux, the midnight service of the Ca

lly, and low, he bow'd, tring timid on the crowd, and to seek, in every eye, approved his minstrely; findent of present praise, and he spoke of former days, we old age, and wand'ring long, he his hand and harpsome wrong, chees and her daughters fair, by gentle lady there, there each, in due degree, mises to his melody; do was true, his voice was clear, and thus, the Aged Man, here rest, again began.

CANTO SECOND.

t.

would'st view fair Melrose aright, it by the pale moonlight; gay beams of lightsome day, to flout, the ruins grey he broken arches are black in h shafted oriel glimmers white; he cold light's uncertain shower on the ruined central tower; uttress and buttress, alternately, amed of ebon and ivory; ilver edges the imagery, e scrolls that teach thee to live and die; Istant Tweed is heard to rave, e owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave, no—but go alone the while— new St. David's ruin'd pile; ome returning, soothly swear,

IL

balt did Deloraine make there:

well'd he of the scene so fair;

bager's hilt, on the wicket strong,

ek full loud, and struck full longstreet hurried to the gate—

'mocks so loud, and knocks so
late !"

Branksome I," the warrior cried;

might the wicket open'd wide;

For Branksome's Chiefs had in battle stood,

To fence the rights of fair Melrose; And lands and livings, many a rood, Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod;
The arched cloister, far and wide,
Kang to the warrior's clanking stride,
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle,*
To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle,

IV.

"The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me;

Says, that the fated hour is come,
And that to night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd;
A hundred years had flung their snows

On his thin locks and floating beard.

And strangely on the knight look'd he, And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide:

"And darest thou, Warrior! seek to see What heaven and hell alike would hide?

My breast, in belt of iron pent,

With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn:

For threescore years, in penance spent.

My knees those flinty stones have
worn:

Yet all too little to atone

For knowing what should ne'er be known.

Would'st thou thy every future year In ceaseless prayer and penance drie.

Yet wait thy latter end with fear— Then, daring Warrior, follow me!" *Aventayle, visor of the helmet.

TL.

"Penance, father, will I tame:
Prayer know I harrily one:
For mass or prayer can I mrely tarry.
Save to parter at Ave Mary.
When I ride on a Border tarry.
Other prayer can I none:
So speed me my errand, and let me be gone."

ALL

Again on the Knight look of the Churchman old,

And again he nighed heavily: For he had himself been a warrior bold, And fought in Spain and Italy.

And he shought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong, and his

convage was high:

Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay:
The giller'd arches were over their head.
And heneath their feet were the bones of
the dead.

¥111.

Egnauling horte, and flowerets bright, lindan'd with the dew of night; him hart, nor floweret, glisten'd there, that was carred in the cloister-arches as fait.

The Mink gazed long on the lovely

'then into the night he looked forth;
And and lright the streamers
light

While theneing in the glowing north. But had he seem, in fair Castile, 'the youth in glittering squadrons

Mari i

Paulden the flying jonnet wheel,

And had the anexpected dart.

The harm, by the attenuers that shot so
bright,

That aprilia were riding the northern light.

1 X.

lty a steel-elenched postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
In pillars lofty and light and small:

The key-stone, that lock'd en

Was a tienr-de-lys, or a quate The corbells were curved gro grim:

And the pillars, with cluster of

With base and with capital around.

Seem'd bumiles of lances which had bound.

T.

Full many a scutcheon and but Shook to the cold night-wind Around the screened altar? And there the dying lumps di

Betiere thy low and lonely un O gallant chief of Otterburne And thine, dark Knight (dale!

O fading honours of the dead O high ambition, lowly laid!

XI.

The moon on the east oriel si Through slender shafts of sha By foliaged tracery combin Thou would'st have thought so hand

Twist poplars straight the or In many a freakish knot, h: Then framed a spell, when

was done.

And changed the willow v stone.

The silver light, so pale and f Show'd many a prophet, an saint,

Whose image on the glass Full in the midst, his Cross o Triumphant Michael brandish And trampled the Apostate The moonbeam kiss'd the hol

And threw on the pavemen stain,

XII.

They sate them down on a mar (A Scottish monarch slept 1

* Corbells, the projections from arches spring, usually cut in a fant mask.

to the Monk, in solemn tone :s not always a man of woe;
im countries I have trod,
the beneath the cross of God:
range to my eyes thine arms
spear,
ir iron clang sounds strange to
y ear.

XIII.

the wondrous Michael Scott;
tard, of such dreaded fame,
en, in Salamanca's cave,
ed his magic wand to wave,
ells would ring in Notre Dame!
his skill he taught to me;
arriur, I could say to thee
dis that cleft Eldon hills in three,
ridled the Tweed with a curb of
one.

peak them were a deadly sin; having but thought them my eart within,

le penance must be done.

XIV.

Michael lay on his dying bed, science was awakened: hought him of his sinful deed, gave me a sign to come with speed.

a Spain when the morning rose, sold by his bed ere evening close, and may not again be said, e spoke to me, on death-bed laid; sold rend this Abbaye's massy nave, le it in heaps above his grave.

XV.

ee to bury his Mighty Book, over mortal might therein look : ever to tell where it was hid, a his Chirf of Branksome's need : ben that need was past and o'er, the volume to restore. I him on St. Michael's night, the tell toll'd one, and the moon was bright.

the floor of the chancel was

That his patron's cross might over him wave, And scare the fiends from the Wizard's

And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave.

XVI.

"It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid!
Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,
The banners waved without a blast,"—
Still spoke the Monk, when the bell
toll'd one!—

I tell you, that a braver man Than William of Deloraine, good at need,

Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed; Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread, And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

"Lo, Warrior! now the Cross of Red Points to the grave of the mighty dead; Within it burns a wondrous light, To chase the spirits that love the night. That lamp shall burn unquenchably, Until the eternal doom shall be."—Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-

stone;
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook;
An iron-bar the Warrior took;
And the Monk made a sign with his
wither'd hand,

The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went; His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;

With bar of iron heaved amain, Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain.

It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length,
I would you had been there, to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously.
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e er so bright:
It shone like heaven's own blessed light,

And, issuing from the tomb, Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale, Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,

And kiss'd his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay, As if he had not been dead a day. His hoary beard in silver roll'd, He seem'd some seventy winters old;

A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round, With a wrought Spanish baldric bound.

Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea: His left hand held his Book of Might; A silver cross was in his right;

The lamp was placed beside his knee:

High and majestic was his look, At which the fellest fiend had shook, And all unruffled was his face: They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine Rode through the battle's bloody plain, And trampled down the warriors slain, And neither known remorse nor awe; Yet now remorse and awe he own'd: His breath came thick, his head swam round.

When this strange scene of death he saw, Bewilder'd and unnerv'd he stood. And the priest pray'd fervently and loud: With eyes averted prayed he; He might not endure the sight to see, Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had pray'd,

Thus unto Deloraine he said:-" Now, speed thee what thou hast to do, Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue; For those, thou may'st not look upon, Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!

Then, Deloraine, in terror, took From the cold hand the Mighty Book, With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound: He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd;

But the glare of the sepulc Perchance, had dazzled 1 sight.

XXIL.

When the huge stone sunk The night return'd in doub For the moon had gone d stars were few;

And, as the Knight and Pri With wavering steps and d They hardly might the pos 'Tis said, as through the pass'd,

They heard strange noises And through the cloister-g Which at mid-height threa wall.

Loud sobs, and laughter le And voices unlike the voic As if the fiends kept holid Because these spells were b I cannot tell how the truth I say the tale as 'twas said

XXIII.

"Now, hie thee hence," the "And when we are on dea O may our dear Ladye, a John,

Forgive our souls for the c done!"

The Monk return'd him And many a prayer sped;

When the convent met at bell-

The Monk of St. Mar dead!

Before the cross was the bo With hands clasp'd fast, pray'd.

XXIV.

The Knight breathed morning wind,

And strove his hardihood to He was glad when he pass stones grey,

Which girdle round the fair For the mystic Book, to his Felt like a load upon his bi oints, with nerves of iron d, the aspen leaves in wind, as he when the dawn of day, righten Cheviot grey; see the cheerful light, id Ave Mary, as well as he it.

XXV.

d brighten'd Cheviot grey, had brighten'd the Carter's *

eneath the rising day ranksome towers and Teviot's

irds told their warbling tale, en'd every flower that blows; I forth the violet pale, and her breast the mountain

r than the rose so red, than the violet pale, eft her sieepless bed, at maid of Teviotdale,

XXVI.

air Margaret so early awake, her kirtle so hastilie; lken knots, which in hurry would make, able her slender fingers to tie; he stop, and look often around, lides down the secret stair; oes she pat the shaggy bloodad,

ouses him up from his lair; habe passes the postern alone, not the watchman's bugle on!

XXVIL

steps in doubt and dread, stehral mother hear her tread; caresses the rough bloodnd, see should waken the castle id; man's bugle is not blown, her foster-father's son; main on the Border of England, And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

XXVIII.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met, And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.

A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately, and young, and tall;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall;
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce
hid.

Lent to her cheek a livelier red;
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon prest;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might
compare!

XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see You listen to my minstrelsy; Your waving locks ye backward throw, And sidelong bend your necks of snow: Ye ween to hear a melting tale, Of two true lovers in a dale;

And how the Knight, with tender fire, To paint his faithful passion strove; Swore he might at her feet expire,

But never, never cease to love;
And how she blush'd and how she sigh'd,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid;
Vet, might the bloody feud be stay'd,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should
be.

XXX.

Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!
My harp has lost the enchanting strain;
Its lightness would my age reprove:
My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold:
I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI.

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eld,
The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,
And held his crested helm and spear:
That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man,
If the tales were true that of him ran
Through all the Border, far and near.
'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting
rode

Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trode,

He heard a voice cry, "Lost! lost! lost!"

And, like tenis-ball by racket toss'd, A leap, of thirty feet and three, Made from the gorse this elfin shape, Distorted like some dwarfish ape,

And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.

Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd;

Tis said that five good miles he rade, To rid him of his company; But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four,

And the Dwarf was first at the castle

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said:
This elfish Dwarf with the Baron staid:
Little he ate, and less he spoke,
Nor mingled with the menial flock:
And oft apart his arms he toss'd,
And often mutter'd "Lost! lost! lost!"
He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
But well Lord Cranstoun served he:
And he of his service was full fain;
For once he had been ta'en or slain,
An it had not been for his ministry.
All between Home and Hermitage,
Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this clvish Page,
To Mary's ('hapel of the Lowes:
For there, heslide our Ladye's lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
And he windid pay his vows.
But the Ladye of Branksome gather'd
a band

Of the best that would r command:

The trysting-place was Ne Wat of Harden came thither And thither came John of T And thither came William of They were three hundred

three. Through Douglas-burn, up stream,

Their horses prance, their lar They came to St Mary's lake But the chapel was void, and away.

They burn'd the chapel for w And cursed Lord Cranstour Page.

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's gwood,
As under the aged oak he sto

As under the aged oak he sto The Baron's courser pricks h As if a distant noise he hear: The Dwarf waves his long le high,

And signs to the lovers to pa No time was then to vow or: Fair Margaret through the hi Flew like the startled cushat-The Dwarf the stirrup held a Vaulted the Knight on his ste And, pondering deep that scene,

Rode eastward through the green.

WHILE thus he pour'd the :

The Minstrel's voice began to Full slyly smiled the observant And gave the wither'd hand c A goblet, crown'd with might The blood of Velez' scorched He raised the silver cup on hi And, while the big drop fill'd Pray'd God to bless the Duche And all who cheer'd a son of The attending maidens smiled How long, how deep, how ze

* Wood-pigeon.

cious juice the Minstrel quaff'd; embolden'd by the draught, guily back to them, and laugh'd. dial nectar of the bowl his old veins, and cheer'd his oul; r, livelier prelude ran, s his tale again began.

CANTO THIRD.

T.

id I that my limbs were old,
id I that my blood was cold,
it my kindly fire was fled,
it poor wither'd heart was dead,
that I might not sing of love?—
ald I, to the dearest theme
er warm'd a minstrel's dream,
id, so false a recreant prove!
ald I name love's very name,
ke my heart to notes of flame!

II.

Love tunes the shepherd's reed; he mounts the warrior's steed; in gay attire is seen; lets, dances on the green. les the court, the camp, the grove, en below, and saints above; e is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

ight Lord Cranstoun, as I ween, pondering deep the tender scene, through Branksome's hawthorn green. the Page shouted wild and shrill,

the Page shouted wild and shrill, and scarce his belinet could be don, in downward from the shady hill stately knight came pricking on. arrior's steed, so dapple-grey, ark with sweat, and splash'd with

armour red with many a stain; m'd in such a weary plight, a had ridden the live-long night; it was William of Deloraine.

IV.

whit weary did he seem, dancing in the sunny beam, He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest;

For his ready spear was in his rest. Few were the words, and stern and high,

That marked the foeman's feudal hate;

For question herce, and proud reply, Gave signal soon of dire debate. Their very coursers seem'd to know That each was other's mortal foe, And snorted fire when wheel'd around, To give each knight his vantage-ground.

V.

In rapid round the Baron bent;
He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer;
The prayer was to his natron saint.

The prayer was to his patron saint,
The sigh was to his ladye fair.
Stout Deloraine nor sighed nor pray'd,
Nor saint, nor ladye, call'd to aid;
But he stoop'd his head, and couch'd
his spear,

his spear, And spurr'd his steed to full career. The meeting of these champions proud Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent!
The stately Baron backwards bent;
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,
And his plumes went scattering on the
gale:

The tough ash spear, so stout and true, Into a thousand flinders flew. But Cranstoun's Iance, of more avail, Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's

mail;
Through shield, and jack, and acton, past,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.—
Still sate the warrior, saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward pass'd his course;
Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

^{*} The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto; Thou shalf want ere I want.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

[CV

VII.

But when he rein'd his courser round, And saw his foeman on the ground Lie senseless as the bloody clay, He bade his page to stanch the wound,

And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate:
His noble mind was inly moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
This shalt thou do without delay:
No longer here myself may stay;
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day.

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
The Goblin-Page behind abode;
His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corslet off he took,
The dwarf espied the Mighty Book!
Much he marvell'd a knight of pride,
Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride:
He thought not to search or stanch the
wound

Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp, Resisted long the elfin grasp: For when the first he had undone, It closed as he the next begun. Those iron clasps, that iron band, Would not yield to unchristen'd hand, Till he smear'd the cover o'er With the Borderer's curdled gore; A moment then the volume spread And one short spell therein he read, It had much of glamour * might, Could make a ladye seem a knight; The cobwebs on a dungeon wall Seem tapestry in lordly hall; A nut-shell seem a gilded barge, A sheeling + seem a palace large, And youth seem age, and age seem youth-

All was delusion, nought was truth.

X,

He had not read another spell, When on his cheek a buffet fell,

* Magical delusion. † A shepherd's hut.

So fierce, it stretch'd him on the pleside the wounded Deloraine.
From the ground he rose dismay'd, And shook his huge and matted he One word he mutter'd, and no more "Man of age, thou smitest sore!"-No more the Elfin Page durst try Into the wondrous Book to pry; The clasps, though smear'd with Clian gore,

Shut faster than they were before. He hid it underneath his cloak.—
Now, if you ask who gave the stro I cannot tell, so mot I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.

XI.

Unwillingly himself he address'd To do his master's high behest: He lifted up the living corse, And laid it on the weary horse He led him into Branksome Hall Before the beards of the warders al And each did after swear and say, There only pass'd a wain of hay. He took him to Lord David's towe Even to the Ladye's secret bower; And, but that stronger spells were spe And the door might not be opened, He had laid him on her very bed. Whate'er he did of gramarye, Was always done maliciously: He flung the warrior on the ground And the blood well'd freshly from wound

XΠ

As he repass'd the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at spe
He thought to train him to the woo
For, at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never
good.

Seem'd to the boy, some comrade g Led him forth to the woods to play. On the drawbridge the warders stor Saw a terrier and lurcher passing of

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell, Until they came to a woodland be

Magic.

ng stream dissolved the spell, own elvish shape he took. nave had his pleasure vilde, ippled the joints of the noble d:

d; is fingers long and lean, rhed him in fiendish spleen: ful mother he had in dread, its power was limited; scowl'd on the startled child, it through the forest wild; and brookhe bounding cross'd, 'd, and shouted, "Lost! lost!

XIV.

mar'd at the wondrous change, then'd as a child might be, d yell and visage strange, dark words of gramarye, amidst the forest bower, ted like a lily flower; ten at length, with trembling eght to find where Branksome

d to see that grisly face, from some thicket on his way, ting oft, he journey'd on, er in the wood is gone, ie more he sought his way, ir still he went astray, eard the mountains round is baying of a hound.

XV.

I and hark! the deep-mouth'd k
higher still, and nigher:
the path a dark blood-hound,
muzzle track'd the ground,
ad eye shot fire.
le wilder'd child saw he,
thim right furiouslie.
I would have seen with joy
ag of the gallant boy,
only of his noble sire,
leek glow'd 'twixt fear and ire!
the blood-hound manfully,
his little bat on high;
le struck, the dog, afraid,
a distance hoursely bay'd,

But still in act to spring; When dash'd an archer through the glade, And when he saw the hound was stay'd, He drew his tough bow-string; But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, hoy! Ho! shoot not, Edward—'Tis a boy!"

XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,
And check'd his fellow's surly mood,
And quell'd the ban-dog's ire:
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow-deer
Five hundred feet him fro;
With hand more true, and eye more clear,
No archer bended bow.
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burn'd face:
Old England's sign, St. George's cross,
His barret-cap did grace;
His bugle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baldrie tied;
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,

Had pierced the throat of many a deer. XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reach'd scantly to his knee;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbish'd sheaf bore he;
His buckler, scarce in breadth a span,
No larger fence had he;
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee:
His slacken'd bow was in his hand,
And the leash, that was his blood-hound's
band.

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm, But held him with his powerful arm, That he might neither fight nor flee; For when the Red-Cross spied he, The boy strove long and violently. "Now, by St. George," the archer cries, "Edward, methinks we have a prize! This boy's fair face, and courage free, Show he is come of high degree."—

XIX.

"Yes! I am come of high degree, For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch; And, if thou dost not set me free, False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue! For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,

And William of Deloraine, good at need, And every Scott, from Esk to Tweed; And, if thou dost not let me go, Despite thy arrows, and thy bow, I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow!"—

XX.

"Gramercy, for thy good-will, fair boy! My mind was never set so high; But if thou art chief of such a clan, And art the son of such a man, And ever comest to thy command,

Our wardens had need to keep good order;

My bow of yew to a hazel wand, Thou'lt make them work upon the

border. :
Meantime, be pleased to come with me,
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see;
I think our work is well begun,
When we have taken thy father's son."

XXI.

Although the child was led away, In Branksome still he seem'd to stay, For so the Dwarf his part did play; And, in the shape of that young boy, He wrought the castle much annoy. The comrades of the young Buccleuch He pinch'd, and beat, and overthrew; Nay, some of them he wellnigh slew. He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire, And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire, He lighted the match of his bandelier,* And wofully scorch'd the hackbuteer. + It may be hardly thought or said, The mischief that the urchin made, Till many of the castle guess'd, That the young Baron was possess'd!

XXII.

Well I ween the charm he held The noble Ladye had soon dispell'd; But she was deeply busy then To tend the wounded Deloraine.

* Fandelier, belt for carrying ammunition.

† Hackbutter, musketeer.

Much she wonder'd to find him l On the stone threshold stret along;

She thought some spirit of the si Had done the bold moss-tre wrong.

Because, despite her precept dread. Perchance he in the book had read But the broken lance in his bosom s And it was earthly steel and wood.

XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the won And with a charm she stanch's blood;

She bade the gash be cleansed bound:

No longer by his couch she stoo But she has ta'en the broken lance, And wash'd it from the clotted a And salved the splinter o'er and William of Deloraine, in trance, Whene'er she turned it round

Whene'er she turned it round round, Twisted as if she gall'd his wom

Then to her maidens she did a That he should be whole man sound,

Within the course of a night day.

Full long she toil'd; for she did n Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV.

So pass'd the day—the evening fell 'Twas near the time of curfew bell The air was mild, the wind was ca The stream was smooth, the dew balm:

E'en the rude watchman, on the to Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hou Far more fair Margaret loved and bl The hour of silence and of rest. On the high turret sitting lone,

She waked at times the lute's soft t Touch'd a wild note, and all betwe Thought of the bower of hawtl

green. Her golden hair stream'd free from t Her fair cheek rested on her hand, Her blue eyes sought the west afar, For lovers love the western star.

XXV.

the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
ises slowly to her ken,
preading broad its wavering light,
its loose tresses on the light?
red glare the western star?—
is the beacon-blaze of war!
could she draw her tighten'd
breath,
ill she knew the fire of death!

XXVI.

anier view'd it blazing strong, lew his war-note loud and long, the high and haughty sound, wood, and river, rung around, ast alarm'd the festal hall, arted forth the warriors all; wnward, in the eastle yard, any a torch and cresset glared; heims and plumes, confusedly toss'd, in the blaze half-seen, half-lost; years in wild disorder shook,

xxvII. neschal, whose silver hair

dilen'd by the torches' glare, in the midst, with gesture proud, med forth his mandates loud :enchryst glows a bale of fire, ree are kindling on Priesthaughswire: de out, ride out, he foe to scout! mount for Branksome, every Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan, at ever are true and stoutd not send to Liddesdale; m they see the blazing bale, and Armstrongs never fail. Uton, ride, for death and life! arn the Warder of the strife. Gilbert, let our beacon blaze, and clan, and friends, to raise."

XXVIII.

largaret, from the turret head, far below, the coursers' tread, While loud the harness rung,
As to their seats, with clamour dread,
The ready horsemen sprung:
And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
And leaders' voices, mingled notes,
And out! and out!
In hasty route,

The horsemen gallop'd forth;
Dispersing to the south to scout,
And east, and west, and north,
To view their coming enemies,
And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX.

The ready page, with hurried hand, Awaked the need-fire's * slumbering brand,

And ruddy blush'd the heaven:

For a sheet of flame, from the turret
high,

Waved like a blood-flag on the sky
All flaring and uneven;
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff, were

seen;
Each with warlike tidings fraught;
Each from each the signal caught;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleam'd on many a dusky tarn,†
Haunted by the lonely earn;‡
On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
From Soltra and Dumpender Law;
And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
That all should bowne § them for the
Border,

XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang
The ceaseless sound of steel;
The castle-bell, with backward clang,
Sent forth the larum peal;
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where massy stone and iron bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To whelm the foe with deadly shower;

Need-fire, beacon.
† Turn, a mountain lake.
† Eurn, a Scottish eagle.
† Bowne, make ready.

Was frequent heard the changing guard, And watch-word from the sleepless ward; While, wearied by the endless din, Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd within.

TYYY

The noble Dame, amid the broil, Shared the grey Seneschal's high toil, And spoke of danger with a smile; Cheer'd the young knights, and council

sage
Held with the chiefs of riper age.
No tidings of the foe were brought,
Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
Nor what in time of truce he sought.
Some said that there were thousand

Some said that there were thousands ten;

And others ween'd that it was nought But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men, Who came to gather in black mail; * And Liddesdale, with small avail, Might drive them lightly back agen. So pass'd the anxious night away, And welcome was the peep of day.

CEASED the high sound—the listening throng

Applaud the Master of the Song;
And marvel much, in helpless age,
So hard should be his pilgrimage.
Had he no friend—no daughter dear,
His wandering toil to share and cheer;
No son to be his father's stay,
And guide him on the rugged way?
"Ay, once he had—but he was dead!"
Upon the harp he stoop'd his head,
And busied himself the strings withall,
To hide the tear that fain would fall.
In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father's notes of woe.

CANTO FOURTH.

ı.

SWRET Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
*Protection money exacted by freebooters.

As if thy waves, since Time wa Since first they roll'd upon the T Had only heard the shepherd's n Nor started at the bugle-horn.

11

Unlike the tide of human time, Which, though it change in ce flow,

Retains each grief, retains each c Its earliest course was doom'd to And, darker as it downward bear Is stained with past and present t Low as that tide has ebb'd with It still reflects to Memory's eye

The hour my brave, my only boy
Fell by the side of great Dund
Why, when the volleying musket
Against the bloody Highland bla
Why was not I beside him laid?Enough—he died the death of far
Enough—he died with conq
Græme,

III.

Now over Border, dale and fell, Full wide and far was terror sp For pathless marsh, and mountain

The peasant left his lowly shed The frighten'd flocks and herds pent

Beneath the peel's rude battlemen And maids and matrons dropp'd the While ready warriors seiz'd the sp From Branksome's towers, the

man's eye
Dun wreaths of distant smoke car
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Show'd southern ravage was begu

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cr.
"Prepare ye all for blows and bl
Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-sid
Comes wading through the floor

Full oft the Tynedale snatchers kn
At his lone gate, and prove the!
It was but last St. Barnabright
They sieged him a whole summer n
But fled at morning; well they kn
In vain he never twang'd the yew.
Right sharp has been the evening sh
That drove him from his Liddel to

y faith," the gate-ward said, will prove a Warden-Raid."*

he spoke, the bold yeoman e rehoing barbican, mall and shaggy nag, gh a bog, from hag to hag, † id like any Billhope stag. wife and children twain ; ed serf I was all their train ; out, ruddy, and dark-brow'd, rooch and bracelet proud, her friends among the crowd. stature passing tall, formed, and lean withal; morion on his brow; ack, as fence enow, ad shoulders loosely hung; xe behind was slung; six Scottish ells in length, newly dyed with gore; and bow, of wondrous y partner bore.

VI.

Ladye did Tinlinn show of the English foe :ill Howard is marching here, ord Dacre, with many a spear, E German hackbut-men, long lain at Askerten : d the Liddell at curfew hour, my little lonely tower: receive their souls therefor ! een burnt thisyear and more, and dwelling, blazing bright, guide me on my flight; chased the livelong night. of Akeshaw, and Fergus my traces came,

n'd at Priesthaugh Scrogg, heir horses in the bog, with my lance outrightsy cows last Fastern's night."

d communited by the Warden in and a Sog. 2 Bondsman.

VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale, Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale;
As far as they could judge by ken,
Three hours would bring to Teviot's

Three thousand armed Englishmen-Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,

From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade, Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.

There was saddling and mounting in haste,

There was pricking o'er moor and

He that was last at the trysting-place Was but lightly held of his gaye ladye.

VIII.

From fair St Mary's silver wave, From dreary Gamescleugh's dusky height,

His ready lances Thirlestane brave Array'd beneath a banner bright. The treasur'd fleur-de-luce he claims, To wreathe his shield, since royal James, Encamp'd by Falla's mossy wave,

The proud distinction grateful gave, For faith 'mid feudal jars; What time, save Thirlestane alone, Of Scotland's stubborn barons none

Would march to southern wars; And hence, in fair remembrance worn, You sheaf of spears his crest has borne; Hence his high motto shines reveal'd-"Ready, aye ready," for the field.

IX.

An aged Knight, to danger steel'd, With many a moss-trooper came on; And azure in a golden field,

The stars and crescent graced his shield, Without the bend of Murdieston. Wide lay his lands round Oakwood

tower, And wide round haunted Castle-Ower: High over Borthwick's mountain flood, His wood-embosom'd mansion stood; In the dark glen, so deep below, The herds of plunder'd England low ; His bold retainer's daily food, And bought with danger, blows, and

blood.

Marauding chief! his sole delight
The moonlight raid, the morning fight;

The moonlight raid, the morning ngnt;
Not even the Flower of Yarrow's
charms,
In youth, might tame his rage for arms;

And still, in age, he spurn'd at rest,
And still his brows the helmet press'd,
Albeit the blanched locks below
Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow:

Five stately warriors drew the sword Before their father's band; A braver knight than Harden's lord

Ne'er belted on a brand.

X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band, Came trooping down the Todshawhill;

By the sword they won their land,
And by the sword they hold it still.
Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,
How thy sires won fair Eskdale.—
Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
The Beattisons were his vassals there.
The earl was gentle, and mild of mood,
The vassals were warlike, and fierce,
and rude;

High of heart, and haughty of word, Little they reck'd of a tame liege Lord. The Earl into fair Eskdale came Homage and seignory to claim: Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot * he

sought, Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought."

—" Dear to me is my bonny white steed, Oft has he help'd me at pinch of need; Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou."— Word on word gave fuel to fire, Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire, But that the Earl the flight had ta'en, The vassals there their lord had slain. Sore he plied both whip and spur, As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir;

* The feudal superior, in certain cases, was entitled to the best horse of the vassal, in name of Heriot, or Herczeld.

And it fell down a weary weight, Just on the threshold of Branksome gate

XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man to see, Full fain avenged would he be. In haste to Branksome's Lord he spoke Saying, "Take these traitors to thy yok: For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have see hold:

Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' can
If thou leavest on Eske a landed man;
But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone.
For he lent me his horse to escape upon.
A glad man then was Branksome bold
Down he flung him the purse of gold;
To Eskdale soon he spurr'd amain,
And with him five hundred riders he
ta'en.

He left his merrymen in the midst of the

And bade them hold them close and still And alone he wended to the plain, To meet with the Galliard and all he terms.

To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said:
"Know thou me for thy liege-lord as head;

Deal not with me as with Morton tam. For Scotts play best at the roughs game.

Give me in peace my heriot due,
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt u
If my horn I three times wind,
Eskdale shall long have the sound
mind."—

XII.

Loudly the Beattison laugh'd in scorn
"Little care we for thy winded horn.
Nc'er shall it be the Galliard's lot
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott
Wend thou to Branksome back on fo
With rusty spur and miry boot."—
He blew his bugle so loud and hoars
That the dun-deer started at fair Crs
cross;

He blew again so loud and clear, Through the grey mountain-mist the did lances appear; third blast rang with such a din, echoes answer'd from Pentoun-

in,
is riders came lightly in.
I you seen a gallant shock,
idles were emptied, and lances
uke!

scornful word the Galliard had

on on the field was laid. good sword the chieftain drew, ore the Galliard through and rough;

e Beattisons' blood mix'd with

e rul, iard's-Haugh men call it still, ts have scatter'd the Beattison

an, ale they left but one landed

y of Eske, from the mouth to

and won for that bonny white

XIII.

e the hawk, and Headshaw me, for more than I may name, arrow-cleugh to Hindhaugh-

woodhouselie to Chester-glen. man and horse, and bow and ear;

cathering word was Bellenden.
er hearts o'er Border sod
or resone never rode,
afye mark'd the aids come in,
high her heart of pride arose;
de her youthful son attend,

de her youthful son attend, he might know his father's end, learn to face his foes.

soy is ripe to look on war;

him draw a cross-bow stiff,

true arrow struck afar

raven's nest upon the cliff;

roea, on a southern breast,

than the raven's nest:

hitslade, shalt teach him his
apon to wield,

him hold his father's shield,"

XIV.

Well may you think, the wily page Cared not to face the Ladye sage. He counterfeited childish fear, And shriek'd, and shed full many a tear, And moan'd and plain'd in manner

wild.
The attendants to the Ladye told,
Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
That wont to be so free and bold.
Then wrathful was the noble dame;
She blush'd blood-red for very shame:—
"Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!—
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
Sure some fell frend has cursed our line.

That coward should ere be son of mine!"

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had, To guide the counterfeited lad. Soon as the palfrey felt the weight Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight, He bolted, sprung, and rear'd amain, Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.

It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile;
But as a shallow brook they cross'd,
The elf, amid the running stream,
His figur'd chang'd, like form in dream,

His figur'd chang'd, like form in dream, And fled, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!

Full fast the urchin ran and laugh'd, But faster still a cloth-yard shaft Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew, And pierced his shoulder through and through.

Although the imp might not be slain, And though the wound soon heal'd again, Yet, as he ran, he yell'd for pain; And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast, Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood, That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;

And martial murmurs, from below, Proclaim'd the approaching southern

foe.

Through the dark wood, in mingled tone, Were Border pipes and bugles blown; The coursers' neighing he could ken, A measured tread of marching men; While broke at times the solemn hum, The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;

And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear;
And, glistening through the hawthorns
green,
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

XVII.

Light forayers, first, to view the ground, Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round; Behind, in close array, and fast,

The Kendal archers, all in green, Obedient to the bugle blast,

Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand:
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
With kirtles white, and crosses red,
Array'd beneath the banner tall,
That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall;
And minstrels, as they march'd in order,
Play'd, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells
on the Border."

XVIIL.

Behind the English bill and bow,
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
Moved on to fight, in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant
Rhine.

And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,

They knew no country, own'd no lord:
They were not arm'd like England's sons,
But bore the leven-darting guns;
Buff coats, all frounced and 'broider'd
o'er,

And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore;

Each better knee was bared, to aid The warriors in the escalade; All, as they march'd, in rugged tongue, Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

* Powder-flasks.

XIX.

But louder still the clamour g
And louder still the minstrels
When, from beneath the green
Rode forth Lord Howard's ct
His men-at-arms, with glaive:
Brought up the battle's glitter
There many a youthful knight
To gain his spurs, in arms wa
With favour in his crest, or gl
Memorial of his ladye-love.
So rode they forth in fair arra
Till full their lengthen'd lines
Then call'd a halt, and make
And cried, "St. George, for m
land!"

XX

Now every English eye, inten On Branksome's armed towers So near they were, that they m The straining harsh of each cr On battlement and bartizan Gleam'd axe, and spear, and Falcon and culver, on each t Stood prompt their deadly hail t And flashing armour frequent From eddying whirls of sable Where upon tower and turret The seething pitch and molter Reek'd, like a witch's cauldro While yet they gaze, the bridg The wicket opes, and from the Rides forth the hoary Senesch

vvi

Armed he rode, all save the h His white beard o'er his br spread;

Unbroke by age, erect his sear He ruled his eager courser's g Forced him, with chasten'd fire. And, high curvetting, slow ad In sign of truce, his better har Display'd a peeled willow war His squire, attending in the re Bore high a gauntlet on a sper

Ancient pieces of artillery.
A glove upon a lance was the faith among the ancient Borderers wont, when any one broke his word this emblem, and proclaim him a faitl at the first Border meeting. This cen much dreaded.

hey espied him riding out, oward and Lord Dacre stout the front of their array, what this old knight should say.

-

glish warden lords, of you as the Ladye of Buccleuch, ainst the truce of Border tide, the guise ye dare to ride, the guise ye and guise and guise and guise you with return; the guise ye guise you with return; the guise you with return; the guise you with return; the guise you will be guise you will light a brand arm your hearths in Cumber-

XXIII.

ful man was Dacre's lord,
or Howard took the word:
stense thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,
the castle's outward wall,
mivant-at-arms shall show
we came, and when we go."—
sage sped, the noble Dame
all's outward circle came;
st around lean'd on his spear,
pursuivant appear.
ord Howard's livery dress'd,
argent deck'd his breast;
hoy of blooming hue—
to meet a mother's view!
the heir of great Buccleuch,
sneet the herald made,
this master's will he said;—

XXIV.

high Dame, my noble Lords, alve fair to draw their swords; hey may not tamely see, in the Western Wardenry, contemning kinsmen ride, and spuil the Border-side; sooms your rank and birth year towers a flemens-firth, from thee William of Delone.

my suffer march-treason pain.

It was but last St. Cuthbert's even He prick'd to Stapleton on Leven, Harried" the lands of Richard Musgrave, And slew his brother by dint of glaive. Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame These restless riders may not tame, Either receive within thy towers Two hundred of my master's powers, Or straight they sound their warrison.† And storm and spoil thy garrison: And this fair boy, to London led, Shall good King Edward's page be bred."

XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry, And stretch'd his little arms on high; Implored for aid each well-known face, And strove to seek the Dame's embrace. A moment changed that Ladye's cheer, Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear; She gazed upon the leaders round, And dark and sad each warrior frown'd; Then, deep within her sobbing breast She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest; Unalter'd and collected stood, And thus replied, in dauntless mood:—

XXVI.

"Say to your Lords of high emprize, Who war on women and on boys, That either William of Deloraine Will cleanse him, by oath, of marchtreason stain,

Or else he will the combat take
'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.
No knight in Cumberland so good,
But William may count with him kin
and blood.

Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword, When English blood swell'd Ancram's

ford;
And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
And bare him ably in the flight,
Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight.
For the young heir of Branksome's line,
God be his aid, and God be mine;
Through me no friend shall meet his

Here, while I live no foe finds room.

* Plundered.

* Note of assault.

Then, if thy Lords their purpose argu-Take our lottance lout and right: Our loogue is their lyke-wike hings. Our most, the grave where they stanted.

XXVIL

Proud the look'd round, appliance to com-

Then igner it Thirlessane's eye of fame:
 His ougle War of Harien clew o
 Penals and penants wide were fung.
 To heaven the Border alogar rung.
 "In Mary for the young buildenh?"
 The Engine war-cry answered wife.

And forward sent each southern spear; Fash Kendal archer made a strice. And drew the bowstring to his ear;

Each manyrel's war-note loui was blown;— But, ere a previouse shaft had flown.

But, ere a grey-goose shaft had flown. A horseman gallop d from the rear.

xxviii.

"Ah! noble Lords!" he breathless and,

"What treason has your march betray'd?
What make you here, from aid so far, Before you walls, around you war?
Your beenen troumph in the thought,
That in the toils the lion's caught.
Already on dark Ruberslaw
The Longha holds his weapon-schaw;†
The lances, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;
And on the Liddel's northern strand,
To har retreat to Cumberland,
Lond Maxwell ranks his merry men good,
little his ments and he reed.

lieneath the eagle and the rood;
And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,

Have to proud Angus come; And all the Merse and Lauderdale Have risen with haughty Home, An exile from Northumberland,

In Liddesdale I've wander'd long; But still my heart was with merry England,

And cannot brook my country's wrong;

* 1. yko-wake, the watching a corpse previous to interment. 1. Wenpon-schare, the military array of a county. And hard I've sport'd all night to The mastering of coming foe."

XXIX.

"And let them come!" fierce I come!;

Fire some you crest, my father's p That sweet the shores of Judah's a And waved in gales of Galilee, Fire Franksime's highest tower That's

Shall mick the rescue's lingering at Level each harquebuss on row; Fraw, merry archers, draw the bo Up, bull-men, to the walls and cry, Daure for England, win or die!"—

XXX.

"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "a hear,

Nor deem my words the words of For who, in field or foray slack, Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back But thus to risk our Border, flower In strife against a kingdom's powe Ten thousand Scots gainst thou three.

Certes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Ladye ma
Ere conscious of the advancing aid
Let Musgrave meet fierce Delorain
In single fight: and, if he gain,
He gains for us; but if he's cross'
Tis but a single warrior lost:
The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat, and death, and shan

XXXL

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook His brother Warden's sage rebuke And yethis forward step he stay'd And slow and sullenly obeyed. But ne'er again the Border side Did these two lords in friendship r And this slight discontent, men say Cost blood upon another day.

XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again

Before the castle took his stand;

His trumpet call'd, with parleying at

The leaders of the Scottish bank

ed, in Musgrave's right, aime to single fight; their feet he laid, e terms of fight he said :ists good Musgrave's sword the knight of Deloraine, ful chleftain, Branksome's

age for his clan remain: foil good Musgrave, liberty shall have. falls, the English band, Scots, by Scots unharm'd, march, like men marm'd, ght retreat to Cumberland."

XXXIII.

of the near relief, pleased each Scottish chief, such the Ladye sage gain-

their hearts were brave and

od's recent sack they knew, y was the Regent's aid; y guess the noble Dame the secret prescience own, the art she might not name, he coming help was known. the compact, and agreed, mld be enclosed with speed, e castic, on a lawn : e morrow for the strife, h Spottish axe and knife, th hour from peep of dawn; nine, from sickness freed, ampion in his stead, imself and chieftain stand, Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV. well, that, in their lay, sinstrels sing and say, at alreald be made on horse, steed, in full career, to aid, when as the spear iver in the course: ovial harper, taught oth, how it was fought, hich now I say; and Archibald's battle-laws, Donglas' day.

He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong, Or call his song untrue: For this, when they the goblet plied, And such rude taunt had chafed his pride, The bard of Reull he slew. On Teviot's side, in fight they stood,

And tuneful hands were stain'd with blood; Where still the thorn's white branches

wave, Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom, That dragg'd my master to his tomb: How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,

Wept till their eyes were dead and dim, And rung their hands for love of him, Who died at Jedwood Air? He died !-his scholars, one by one, To the cold silent grave are gone; And I, alas! survive alone, To muse o'er rivalries of yore, And grieve that I shall hear no more The strains, with envy heard before; For, with my minstrel brethren fled, My jealousy of song is dead,

HE paused: the listening dames again Appland the hoary Minstrel's strain. With many a word of kindly cheer,-In pity half, and half sincere,-Marvell'd the Duchess how so well His legendary song could tell-Of ancient deeds, so long forgot; Of fends, whose memory was not; Of forests, now laid waste and bare; Of towers, which harbour now the hare; Of manners, long since changed and gone;

Of chiefs, who under their grey stone So long had slept, that fickle Fame Had blotted from her rolls their name, And twined round some new minion's

The fading wreath for which they bled; In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse

Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well pleased; for ne er

Was flattery lost on Poet's ear: A simple race! they waste their toil For the vain tribute of a smile; E'en when in age their flame expires, Her dulcet breath can fan its fires: Their drooping fancy wakes at praise, And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

Smiled, then, well-pleased, the Aged Man, And thus his tale continued ran.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

CALL it not vain:—they do not err,
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies:
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes
sigh,

And oaks, in deeper groan, reply; And rivers teach their rushing wave To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Nor that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn Those things inanimate can mourn; But that the stream, the wood, the gale, Is vocal with the plaintive wail Of those, who, else forgotten long, Lived in the poet's faithful song, And, with the poet's parting breath, Whose memory feels a second death. The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot, That love, true love, should be forgot, From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier: The phantom Knight, his glory fled, Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead;

Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain, And shricks along the battle-plain.

The chief, whose antique crownlet long still aparkled in the feudal song,

Now, from the mountain's Sees, in the thanedom one His ashes undistinguished His place, his power, his I His groans the lonely cave His tears of rage impel the All mourn the Minstrel's h Their name unknown, the sung.

IIL

Scarcely the hot assault w: The terms of truce were so When they could spy, from towers.

towers,
The advancing march of m:
Thick clouds of dust afar a
And trampling steeds were
Bright spears above the co
Glanced momentary to the
And feudal banners fair di:
The bands that moved to
aid.

IV.

Vails not to tell each hard From the fair Middle M The Bloody Heart blazed Announcing Douglas, dr Vails not to tell what steec Where the Seven Spears

burne
Their men in battle-orde
And Swinton laid the lanc
That tamed of yore the spe
Of Clarence's Plantagen
Nor list I say what hundre
From the rich Merse and I
And Tweed's fair borders t
Beneath the crest of old Di
And Hepburn's mingled b
Down the steep mountain a
And shouting still, "A
Home!"

v

Now squire and knight, fron sent,
On many a courteous messa

To every chief and lord the Meet thanks for prompt a aid;
And told them,—how a truc

w a day of fight was ta'en Musgrave and stout Deloraine. how the Ladye pray'd them

would stay the fight to sec, gn, in love and courtesy, ste of Branksome cheer. they bade to feast each Scot, tand's noble Lords forgot. he huary Seneschal in seemly terms to call ant foes to Branksome Hall. Howard, than whom knight dubb'd more bold in fight; a from war and armour free, d for stately courtesy: Dacre rather chose ilion to repose.

le Dame, perchance you ask, ese two hostile armies met? r were no easy task the truce which here was set; rtial spirits, all on fire, only blood and mortal ire. inroads, mutual blows, and by nation, foes, et on Teviot's strand; and sate them mingled down, threat, without a frown, hers meet in foreign land : the spear that lately grasp'd, mailed gauntlet clasp'd, re mised, and faces shown, y a friend, to friend made own, of social cheer.

e the jolly bowl about : ce and draughts some chased with many a merry shout,

velry, and rout, the foot-ball play.

known, had bugles blown, of war been seen, ds, so fair together ranged, ds, so frankly interchanged, al with gore the green : shout by Teviot-side

Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide, And in the groan of death ; And whingers, " now in friendship bare, The social meal to part and share,

Had found a bloody sheath. 'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change Was not infrequent, nor held strange,

In the old Border-day: But yet on Branksome's towers and town. In peaceful merriment, sunk down

The sun's declining ray.

The blithsome signs of wassel gay Decay'd not with the dying day : Soon through the latticed windows tall Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall, Divided square by shafts of stone, Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone : Nor less the gilded rafters rang With merry harp and beakers clang :

And frequent, on the darkening plain, Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran, As bands, their stragglers to regain, Give the shrill watchword of their clan ;

And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still, At length the various clamours died : And you might hear, from Branksome

hill, No sound but Teviot's rushing tide; Save when the changing sentinel The challenge of his watch could tell; And save, where, through the dark profound,

The clanging axe and hammer's sound Rung from the nether lawn; For many a busy hand toil'd there. Strong pales to shape, and beams to

square, The lists' dread barriers to prepare Against the morrow's dawn.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat, Despite the Dame's reproving eye; Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat, Full many a stifled sigh;

A sort of knife, or poniard.

For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally.—
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay:
By times, from silken couch she rose;
While yet the banner'd hosts repose,
She view'd the dawning day:
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay;
Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and
snort,

Had rung the livelong yesterday;
Now, still as death; till stalking slow,—
The jingling spurs announced his
tread,—

A stately warrior pass'd below;
But when he raised his plumed head—
Blessed Mary! can it be?—
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile
towers,

With fearless step and free.
She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
Oh! if one page's slumbers break,
His blood the price must pay!
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
Shall buy his life a day.

XIL.

Yet was his hazard small; for well

You may bethink you of the spell

Of that sly urchin page;
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchallenged thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd,
For all the vassalage:
But O! what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes!
She started from her seat;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love—
Lord Henry's at her feet.

' XIIL

Oft have I mused, what purpose
That foul malicious urchin had
To bring this meeting round;
For happy love's a heavenly sigh
And by a vile malignant sprite
In such no joy is found;

And oft I've deem'd, percha thought

Their erring passion might have a Sorrow, and sin, and shame; And death to Cranstoun's

Knight,
And to the gentle ladye bright,
Disgrace, and loss of fame.
But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so
True love's the gift which God h

To man alone beneath the heave It is not fantasy's hot fire, Whose wishes, soon as grant It liveth not in fierce desire,

With dead desire it doth no
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind t
In body and in soul can bind.—
Now leave we Margaret and her
To tell you of the approaching t

XIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles
The pipe's shrill port arous
clan;

In haste, the deadly strife to vie The trooping warriors eager a Thick round the lists their lance Like blasted pines in Ettrick We To Branksome many a look they The combatants' approach to vie And bandied many a word of be About the knight each favour'd i

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the I For now arose disputed claim, Of who should fight for Delorair 'Twixt Harden and twixt Thirle They 'gan to reckon kin and r And frowning brow on brow wa

* A martial piece of music, adapte bagpipes.

t yet not long the strife—for, lo!

elf, the knight of Deloraine,
g, as it seem'd and free from pain,
armour sheath'd from top to toe,
ar'd, and craved the combat due.

Dame her charm successful knew,
the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVL

o for the lists they sought the plain, trately Ladye's silken rein d noble Howard hold; med by her side he walk'd, much, in courteous phrase, they talk'd feats of arms of old. y his garb—his Flemish ruff o'er his doublet, shaped of buff, ith satin slash'd and lined; ny his boot, and gold his spur, look was all of Poland fur, a hose with silver twined; silboa blade, by Marchmen felt, in a broad and studded belt; z, in rude phrase, the Borderers still darble Howard, Belted Will.

XVII.

ad Lord Howard and the Dame,
Margaret on her palfrey came,
lene foot-cloth swept the ground:

was her wimple, and her veil,
her loose locks a chaplet pale
whitest roses bound;
heally Angus, by her side,
antesy to cheer her tried;
ant his aid, her hand in vain
strove to guide her broider'd rein,
rem'd, she shudder'd at the sight
arriers met for mortal fight;
anse of terror, all unguess'd,
flettering in her gentle breast,
n, in their chairs of crimson placed,
Dame and she the barriers graced.

-

of the field, the young Buccleuch, inglish knight led forth to view; a rued the boy his present plight, such he long'd to see the fight. Within the lists, in knightly pride,
High Home and haughty Dacre ride;
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
As marshals of the mortal field;
While to each knight their care assign'd
Like vantage of the sun and wind.
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In King and Queen, and Warden's
name,

That none, while lasts the strife,
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life;
And not a breath the silence broke,
Till thus the alternate Herald spoke:—

XIX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

"Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely
born,
Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.
He sayeth, that William of Deloraine
Is traitor false by Border laws;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God, and his good

XX.

cause!"

SCOTTISH HERALD.

"Here standeth William of Deloraine, Good knight and true, of noble strain, Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain, Since he bore arms, ne'er soil'd his coat:

And that, so help him God above! He will on Musgrave's body prove, He lies most foully in his throat."

LORD DACKE.

"Forward, brave champions, to the fight! Sound trumpets!"—

LORD HOME.

—" God defend the right!"—
Then Teviot! how thine echoes rang,
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

XXI.

I'll would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood pour'd down from many a
wound;

For desperate was the strife, and long, And either warrior fierce and strong. But, were each dame a listening knight, I well could tell how warriors fight! For I have seen war's lightning flashing, Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing, Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,

And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife, To yield a step for death or life.—

XXII.

Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow
Has stretch'd him on the bloody plain;
He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no!
Thence never shalt thou rise again!
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp!
O, bootless aid!—haste, holy Friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to
heaven!

XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped:— His naked foot was dyed with red, As through the lists he ran: Unmindful of the shouts on high, That hail'd the conqueror's victory, He raised the dying man; Loose waved his silver beard and hair, As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer; And still the crucifix on high He holds before his darkening eye: And still he bends an anxious ear, His faltering penitence to hear; Still props him from the bloody sod, Still, even when soul and body part, Pours ghostly comfort on his heart, And bids him trust in God! Unheard he prays;—the death-pang's

o'er!
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands;
His beaver did he not unclasp,
Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the stands
Of gratulating hands.

When lo! strange cries of wild surp Mingled with seeming terror, rise Among the Scottish bands:

And all, amid the throng'd array,
In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran
He cross'd the barriers at a bound,
And wild and haggard look'd arou

As dizzy, and in pain;
And all, upon the armed ground,
Knew William of Deloraine!
Each ladye sprung from seat with sp
Vaulted each marshal from his stee,
"And who art thou," they cried,
"Who hast this battle fought and w
His plumed helm was soon undone."

"Cranstoun of Teviot-side!
For this fair prize I've fought
won,"—

And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kiss'd, And often press'd him to her breast For, under all her dauntless show, Her heart had throbb'd at every ble Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd greet,

Though low he kneeled at her feet.

Me lists not tell what words were m
What Douglas, Home, and How
said —

—For Howard was a generous for And how the clan united pray'd The Ladye would the feud forest

The Ladye would the feud forego And deign to bless the nuptial hour Of Cranstoun's Lord and Tevi Flower.

XXVI.

She look'd to river, look'd to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophe
Then broke her silence stern and s
"Not you, but Fate, has vanq....

influence kindly stars may shower riot's tide and Branksome's tower, oride is quell'd, and love is free."—ok fair Margaret by the hand, reathless, trembling, scarce might stand;

hand to Cranstoun's lord gave

she:-

am true to thee and thine, u be true to me and mine! clasp of love our bond shall be; a is your betrothing day, these noble lords shall stay, race it with their company."

XXVII.

hey left the listed plain, the story she did gain; mastoun fought with Delomine, his page, and of the Book from the wounded knight he w he sought her castle high, orn, by help of gramarye; Sir William's armour dight, or his page, while slept the knight, on him the single fight. his tale he left unsaid, ger'd till he join'd the maid. not the Ladye to betray stic arts in view of day; the thought, ere midnight came, strange page the pride to tame, is fool hands the Book to save, and it back to Michael's grave. at to tell each tender word Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's ord; w she told the former woes, - her bosom fell and rose, eand Musgrave handied blows. not these lovers joys to tell; y, fair maids, you'll know them

XXVIII.

of Deloraine, some chance aken'd from his deathlike trance; taught that, in the listed plain, et, in his arms and shield, at local Masgrave axe did wield, the name of Deloraine. Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he ran, And hence his presence scared the clan, Who held him for some fleeting wraith,* And not a man of blood and breath.

Not much this new ally he loved, Yet, when he saw what hap had

proved,

He greeted him right heartille: He would not waken old debate, For he was void of rancorous hate,

Though rude, and scant of courtesy; In raids he spilt but seldom blood, Unless when men-at arms withstood, Or, as was meet, for deadly fend. He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow, Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe:

And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now, When on dead Musgrave he look'd

down;

Grief darkened on his rugged brow, Though half disguised with a frown; And thus, while sorrow bent his head, His foeman's epitaph he made:—

XXIX.

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here!

I ween, my deadly enemy;

For, if I slew thy brother dear, Thou slew'st a sister's son to me; And when I lay in dungeon dark,

Of Naworth Castle, long months three, Till ransom'd for a thousand mark, Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.

And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried, And thou wert now alive, as I,

No mortal man should us divide,
Till one, or both of us, did die:
Yet rest thee God! for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
In all the northern counties here,
Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear,
Thou wert the best to follow gear!
'Twas pleasure, as we look'd behind,
To see how thou the chase could'st wind,
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his

way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray!
I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again."—

^{*} The spectral apparition of a living person.

XXX

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's band Were bowning back to Cumberland. They mised brave Musgrave from the field.

And laid him on his bloody shield;
On levell'd lances, four and four,
By turns, the noble burden bore.
Before, at times, upon the gale,
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail;
Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul:
Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode;
And thus the gallant knight they bore,
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore;
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

THE harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,

The mimic march of death prolong; Now seems it far, and now a-near, Now meets, and now eludes the ear; Now seems some mountain side to sweep, Now faintly dies in valley deep; Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail, Now the sad requiem, loads the gale; Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave, Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell, Why he, who touch'd the harp so well, Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil, Wander a poor and thankless soil, When the more generous Southern Land Would well requite his skilful hand.

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er
Ilia only friend, his harp, was dear,
Idked not to hear it rank'd so high
Above his flowing poesy:
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprised the land he loved so dear;
Iligh was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.

CANTO SIXTH.

T.

PREATHERS there the man, with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native is Whose heart hath ne'er with burn'd.

As home his footsteps he hath:
From wandering on a foreign
If such there breathe, go, mark h
For him no minstrel raptures st
High though his titles, proud h
Boundless his wealth as wish ca
Despite those titles, power, and
The wretch, concentred all in sLiving, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go do
To the vile dust, from whence he
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsu

**

O Caledonia! stern and wild, Meet nurse for a poetic child! Land of brown heath and shagg! Land of the mountain and the fi Land of my sires! what mortal Can e'er untie the filial band, That knits me to thy rugged stra Still, as view each well-known Think what is now, and what hat Seems as, to me, of all bereft, Sole friends thy woods and stream

left; And thus I love them better still, Even in extremity of ill. By Yarrow's streams still let me s Though none should guide my

way; Still feel the breeze down Ettrick Although it chill my wither'd che Still lay my head by Teviot Ston Though there, forgotten and alon The Bard may draw his parting g

TTT

Not scorn'd like me! to Branksom The Minstrels came, at festive cal Trooping they came, from near an The jovial priests of mirth and wa Alike for feast and fight prepared, Battle and banquet both they shar Of late, before each martial clan, They blew their death-note in the

^{*} The preceding four lines now for inscription on the monument of Sir Walte in the market-place of Selkirk.

for every merry mate, portcullis' iron grate; and the pipe, they strike the ice, they revel, and they sing, ude turrets shake and ring.

not at this tide declare lendour of the spousal rite, ster'd in the chapel fair enaid and matron, squire and night; not tell of owches rare, les green, and braided hair, les furr'd with miniver; umage waved the altar round, ars and ringing chainlets sound; d it were for bard to speak ngeful hue of Margaret's cheek ; ely hue which comes and flies, and shame alternate rise!

v.

arris have sung, the Ladye high or altar came not nigh ; st the rites of spousal grace, she fear'd each holy place. landers these :- I trust right nught not by forbidden spell; they words and signs have power rites in planetary hour : rue I praise their venturous part, imper with such dangerous art, this for faithful truth I say, e Ladye by the altar stood, able velvet her array, on her head a crimson hood, earls embroider'd and entwined, d with gold, with ermine lined; in sat upon her wrist, y a leash of silken twist,

VI.

cousul rites were ended soon : the lofty arched hall oread the gorgeous festival. d and squire, with heedful haste, all'd the mak of every guest;

Pages, with ready blade, were there, The mighty meal to carve and share: O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane, And princely peacock's gilded train, And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave, And cygnet from St Mary's wave; O'er ptarmigan and venison, The priest had spoke his benison. Then rose the riot and the din, Above, beneath, without, within! For, from the lofty balcony, Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery: Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd, Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd; Whisper'd young knights, in tone more mild,

To ladies fair; and ladies smiled. The hooded hawks, high perch'd on

clamour join'd with whistling The scream, And flapp'd their wings, and shook

their bells, In concert with the stag-hounds' yells. Round go the flasks of ruddy wine, From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine; Their tasks the busy sewers ply, And all is mirth and revelry.

VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still No opportunity of ill, Strovenow, while blood ran hot and high, To rouse debate and jealousy; Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein, By nature fierce, and warm with wine, And now in humour highly cross'd, About some steeds his band had lost, High words to words succeeding still, Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill; A hot and hardy Rutherford, Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-

sword. He took it on the page's saye, Hunthill had driven these steeds away. Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose, The kindling discord to compose: Stern Rutherford right little said, But bit his glove, and shook his head-A fortnight thence, in Inglewood, Stout Conrade, cold, and drench'd in

blood,

His bosom gored with many a wound, Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found; Unknown the manner of his death, Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;

But ever from that time, 'twas said, That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

UIII

The dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye Might his foul treachery espie, Now sought the castle buttery, Where many a yeoman, bold and free, Revell'd as merrily and well As those that sat in lordly selle. Watt Tinlinn, there, did frankly raise The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes; And he, as by his breeding bound, To Howard's merry-men sent it round. To quit them, on the English side, Red Roland Forster loudly cried, "A deep carouse to yon fair bride."—At every pledge, from vat and pail, Foam'd forth in floods the nut-brown ale;

While shout the riders every one:
Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their
clan,

Since old Buccleuch the name did gain, When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

IX.

The wily page, with vengeful thought, Remember'd him of Tinlinn's yew, And swore, it should be dearly bought That ever he the arrow drew.

First, he the yeoman did molest, With bitter gibe and taunting jest; Told, how he fled at Solway strife,

And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his wife;
Then, shunning still his powerful arm,

Then, shunning still his powerful arm, At unawares he wrought him harm; From trencher stole his choicest cheer, Dash'd from his lips his can of beer; Then, to his knee sly creeping on, With bodkin pierc'd him to the bone: The venom'd wound, and festering joint, Long after rued that bodkin's point. The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd, And board and flagons overturn'd.

Riot and clamour wild began; Back to the hall the Urchin ran; Took in a darkling nook his post, And grinn'd, and mutter'd, "Lost!"

¥.

By this, the Dame, lest farther fra
Should mar the concord of the da
Had bid the Minstrels tune their I
And first stept forth old Albert Gr
The Minstrel of that ancient name
Was none who struck the harp so
Within the Land Debateable;
Well friended, too, his hardy kin,
Whoever lost, were sure to win;
They sought the beeves that made
broth,

In Scotland and in England both. In homely guise, as nature bade, His simple song the Borderer said

XI.

ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright, (The sun shines fair on Carlisle And she would marry a Scottish ku For Love will still be lord of all

Blithely they saw the rising sun, When he shone fair on Carlisle But they were sad ere day was don

Though Love was still the lord o

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fin Where the sun shines fair on Ca wall;

Her brother gave but a flask of wi For ire that Love was lord of al

For she had lands, both meadow and Where the sun shines fair on Ca wall,

And he swore her death, ere he woul A Scottish knight the lord of all

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well, (The sun shines fair on Carlisle v When dead, in her true love's arms fell,

For Love was still the lord of al

reed her brother to the heart, re the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall: ish all would true love part, I over may still be lord of all!

Love may still be lord of all! nen he took the cross divine, here the sun shines fair on Carlisle

wall,)
ied for her sake in Palestine;
Love was still the lord of all.
ill ye lovers, that faithful prove,
e sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
or their souls who died for love,
Love shall still be lord of all!

THE

ded Albert's simple lay,
see a bard of loftier port;
onnet, rhyme, and roundelay,
nown'd in haughty Henry's court:
rung thy harp, unrivall'd long,
aver of the silver song!
e gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's

fame?
was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
his was love, exalted high
If the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar, And oft, within some olive grove, When even came with twinkling star,

They sung of Surrey's absent love. His step the Italian peasant stay'd, And deem'd that spirits from on high, Round where some hermit saint was

laid, Were breathing heavenly melody; So sweet did harp and voice combine,

To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver! O what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew?
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp call'd wrath and vengeance
down.

He left, for Naworth's iron towers, Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers.

And, faithful to his patron's name, With Howard still Fitztraver came; Lord William's foremost favourite he, And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAVER.

Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;
He heard the midnight bell with anxions start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
To show to him the ladye of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grim;
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of him.

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye.

To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might:
On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright:
For fitfal was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watchlight by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,
Cloudly and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,
Some strain that seem'd her inmost soul to find:—
That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

XX.

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away—
So royal envy roll'd the murky storm
O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine,
The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine!

xxı.

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong Applauses of Fitztraver's song; These hated Henry's name as death, And those still held the ancient faith.-Then, from his seat, with lofty air, Rose Harold, bard of brave St Clair; St Clair, who, feasting high at Home, Had with that lord to battle come. Harold was born where restless seas Howl round the storm-swept Orcades; Where erst St Clairs held princely sway O'er isle and islet, strait and bay; Still nods their palace to its fall, Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall !-Thence oft he mark'd fierce Pentland rave,

As if grim Odin rode her wave;

And watch'd, the whilst, with watch'd, the whilst, with watch and throbbing heart, the struggling For all of wonderful and wild Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful In these rude isles might fancy cult For thither came, in times afar, Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war The Norsemen, train'd to spoil blood,

Skill'd to prepare the raven's food Kings of the main their leaders bn Their barks the dragons of the wa And there, in many a stormy vale, The Scald had told his wondrons: turic column d grim idolati d grim le in his Youth, Harold, thyme Youth, Snake tremend ous curl'd, Snake circle girds the world; strous maids, whose hideous

he battle's bloody swell; me Datisded through the gloom le death-lights of the tomb, 1 the graves of warriors old, chions wrench'd from corpses' he deaf tomb with war's alarms. e the dead arise to arms! r and wonder all on flame, n's bowers young Harold came, by sweet glen and greenwood ee. i'd a milder minstrelsy; ething of the Northern spell ith the softer numbers well. XXIII.

HAROLD. ughty feat of arms I tell;

, listen, ladies gay!

he note, and sad the lay, mourns the lovely Rosabelle. moor the barge, ye gallant crew! gentle ladye, deign to stay! e in Castle Ravensheuch, mpt the stormy firth to-day. ackening wave is edged with hite: h and rock the sea-mews fly; rs have heard the Water-Sprite, screams forebode that wreck gh. ght the gifted Seer did view shroud swathed round ladye y thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch: ross the gloomy firth to-day?"t because Lord Lindesay's heir that Roslin leads the ball, my ladye-mother there nely in her castle-hall, * Inch, isle

"'Tis not because the ring they ride, And Lindesay at the ring rides well, But that my sire the wine will chide, If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle." – O'er Roslin all that dreary night, A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam; 'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light, And redder than the bright moonbeam. It glared on Roslin's castled rock, It ruddied all the copse-wood glen; 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak, And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden. Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud, Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie, Each Baron, for a sable shroud, Sheathed in his iron panoply, Seem'd all on fire within, around, Deep sacristy and altar's pale; Shone every pillar foliage-bound. And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high, Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair-So still they blaze, when fate is nigh The lordly line of high St Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold Lie buried within that proud chapelle; Each one the holy vault doth hold But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each St Clair was buried there, With candle, with book, and with knell;

But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung, The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay, Scarce mark'd the guests the darkened hall,

Though, long before the sinking day, A wondrous shade involved them all: It was not eddying mist or fog, Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog; Of no eclipse had sages told; And yet, as it came on apace, Each one could scarce his neighbour's face.

Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold.

A secret horror check'd the feast,
And chill'd the soul of every guest;
Even the high Dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast;
The clvish page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, mutter'd, "Found!
found! found!

XXV.

Then sudden, through the darken'd air A flash of lightning came;

So broad, so bright, so red the glare.

The castle seem'd on flame.
Glanced every rafter of the hall,
Glanced every shield upon the wall;
Each trophied beam, each sculptured
stone,

Were instant seen, and instant gone;
Full through the guests' bedazzled band
Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,
And fill'd the hall with smouldering
smoke.

As on the elvish page it broke.

It broke with thunder long and loud,

Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the proud,—

From sea to sea the larum rung; On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,

To arms the startled warders sprung.

When ended was the dreadful roar, The elvish dwarf was seen no more!

XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall, Some saw a sight not seen by all; That dreadful voice was heard by some, Cry, with loud summons, "GYLBIN, COME!"

And on the spot where burst the brand,

Just where the page had flung him down,

Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
And some the waving of a gown.
The guests in silence prayed and shook,
And terror dimm'd each lofty look.
But none of all the astonished train
Was so dismay'd as Deloraine:
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return;

For he was speechless, ghas Like him of whom the story Who spoke the spectre-houn-At length, by fits, he darkly to With broken hint, and shudder:

That he had seen right cert: A shape with amice wrapp'd as With a wrought Spanish baldt Like pilgrim from beyond th And knew—but how it matter It was the wizard, Michael Sci

YYVII

The anxious crowd, with horror All trembling heard the wondr No sound was made, no w spoke,

Till noble Angus silence bro And he a solemn sacred p Did to St Bride of Douglas That he a pilgrimage would To Melrose Abbey, for the s Of Michael's restless sprit

Then each, to ease his troubled To some bless'd saint his pradress'd:

Some to St Modan made their Some to St Mary of the Lowei Some to the Holy Rood of Lis Some to our Ladye of the Isle Each did his patron witness ma That he such pilgrimage would And monks should sing, and bell toll.

All for the weal of Michael's so While vows were ta'en, and were pray'd,

'Tis said the noble dame, disma Renounced, for aye, dark magic

XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell, Which after in short space befe. Nor how brave sons and daught Bless'd Teviot's Flower, and Craheir:

After such dreadful scene, 'twer To wake the note of mirth agai More meet it were to mark th Of penitence, and prayer d When pilgrim chiefs, in sad a Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

XXIX.

foot, and sackloth vest, nfolded on his breast, pilgrim go; s-by might hear uneath, voice, or high-drawn breath, all the lengthen'd row: ook, nor martial stride; heir glory, sunk their pride, their renown; slow, like ghosts they glide altar's hallow'd side, e they knelt them down : suppliant chieftains wave s of departed brave; letter'd stones were laid of their fathers dead ; a garnish'd niche around, and tortured martyrs n'd.

XXX.

p the dim aisle afar,
cowl and scapular,
white stoles, in order due,
athers, two and two,
procession came;
hoat, and book they bare,
canner, flourish'd fair
Redeemer's name.
prostrate pilgrim band
I Abbot stretch'd his hand,
as'd them as they kneel'd;
cross he signed them all,
I they might be sage in hall,
muste in field.
was sung, and prayers were

n requiem for the dead;
toll'd out their mighty peal,
parted spirit's weal;
n the office close
of intercession rose;
e echoing aisles prolong
burthen of the song—

LE, DIES ILLA,

LACCLUM IN FAVILLA;
pealing organ rung,
meet with sacred strain
my lay, so light and vain,
soly Fathers sung:—

XXXL

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the
dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay,

Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay, Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

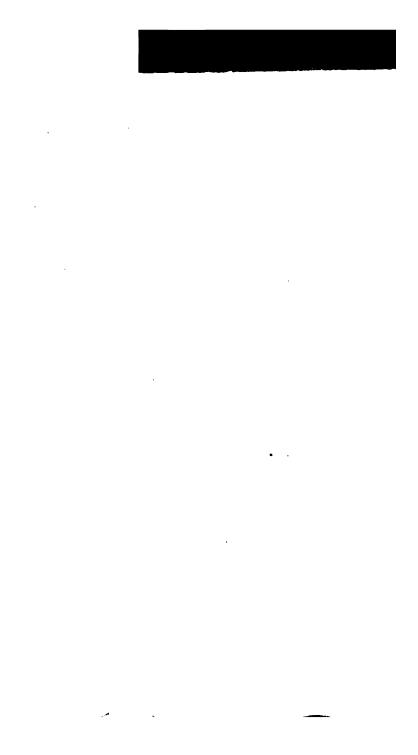
HUSH'D is the harp—the Minstrelgone. And did he wander forth alone? Alone, in indigence and age, To linger out his pilgrimage? No!—close beneath proud Newark's

Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There shelter'd wanderers, by the
blaze,

Oft heard the tale of other days; For much he loved to ope his door, And give the aid he begg'd before. So pass'd the winter's day; but still, When summer smiled on sweet Bow-

And July's eve, with balmy breath, Wav'd the blue-bells on Newark heath; When throstles sung in Hairhead-shaw, And corn was green on Carterhaugh, And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,

The aged Harper's soul awoke! Then would he sing achievements high, And circumstance of chivalry, Till the rapt traveller would stay, Forgetful of the closing day; And noble youths the strain to hear, Forsook the hunting of the deer; And Yarrow, as he roll'd along, Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.



MARMION:

A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

IN SIX CANTOS.

Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish Bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell!
LEYDER.

20

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY LORD MONTAGUE,

THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION

It is hardly to be expected, that an Author whom the public have home some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Author of Marmion must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning it tince he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation his first Poem may have procured him. The present story turns upon the adventures of a ficticious character; but is called a Tale of Fiodden Field the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which the design of the Author was, if possible, to apprize his readers, at the out date of his Story, and to prepare them for the manners of the Age in which Any Historical Narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, explan of a Romantic Tale; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the pop. The Lay of the Last Minstrel, that an attempt to paint the manne feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting so not be unacceptable to the Public.

The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with of Flodden, 9th September, 1513.

ASHESTIEL, 1808.

MARMION

success so brilliant and profitable as that which had been attained by it was only natural that a young and ambitious writer should be ckly to resume his addresses to the muse, especially in the circumhich Scott was placed. He saw before him little prospect of advanceprofession, for the practice of which he had never felt any inclination, continued to become more distasteful to him. Having to choose rature and law, he was ready to decide in favour of the former, had not ip which he obtained in Dec. 1799, and the reversion of the clerkship which was assigned to him a few years later, enabled him to take a se, to apply himself to letters without rendering himself dependent for on the profits of his pen. The good fortune which crowned his first in literature confirmed this resolution, and another poem was quickly With characteristic prudence Scott had determined not to be too hasty nd venture, and to bestow upon it the thought and polish which the I naturally expect from an author of his reputation. Some pecuniary ent on the part of his brother Thomas caused him to break this cautious Constable, in association with some of the London booksellers, was to pay down a thousand pounds for the unwritten poem, and Scott abled to assist his brother in his difficulties. Byron, unaware of the rpose to which Scott applied the money, affected to be shocked at the atture of the bargain. The publishers, however, were only too glad to be arrangement, and they were certainly no losers by their confidence y. Commenced in Nov. 1806, "Marmion" was ready for the press in Two thousand copies of the first edition in quarto, at a guinea were disposed of in a month. A second edition, of 3,000 copies, followed, and two other editions, each of the same extent, were called e end of 1809. By the beginning of 1836 as many as 50,000 copies

was the circulation of "Marmion," it can hardly be said to have been as time relish as the "Lay," yet it was in many respects an advance, who was very severe on the defects of the second poem, is disposed at if it has greater faults it has also greater beauties. "It has more our passages, and more ostentation of historical and antiquarian lore, so greater richness and variety, both of character and incident; and if sweetness and pathos in the softer passages, it has certainly more and force of colouring in the loftier and busier representations of action and force of colouring in the loftier and busier representations of action acknowledged, in the preface of 1830, one of the chief defects thalthough he endeavoured to justify it in a note. This was the of mean felony with so many noble qualities in the character of the ially as the crime belonged rather to a commercial than a proud, amount of the service of the language of the service of

oversight, and Scott owns that it ought to have been remedied or palliat "Yet I suffered the tree," he says, "to lie as it had fallen, being satisfied to

corrections, however judicious, have a bad effect after publication."

The letters prefixed to each canto were also a mistake in an artistic point view. Every one will agree with Southey in wishing them "at the end of volume, or the beginning, anywhere except where they are;" and the best adv we can give the reader is, not to allow them to interrupt his perusal of the pot but to regard them as independent pieces. Indeed, it was in this character if were originally intended to appear, and as such were advertised under the title "Six Epistles from Ettrick Forest." Of the persons to whom the letters addressed a few notes may be interesting. Mr. W. Stewart Rose was the and of "Letters from Rome," a translation of Ariosto, and other works—a gen cultivated man, whose social qualities were higher than his literary powers. not only met him frequently in London, but visited him at his marine villa, Gu more, in Hampshire. The Rev. John Marriott was tutor to Lord Scott, young heir of Buccleuch, to whom there is an allusion in the poem, and who a few days after it was published. William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinned was one of Scott's oldest and most valued friends. Lockhart describes very ford the difference in their character and temperament; Scott being strong, aci and passionately fond of rough bodily exercise, while Erskine was "a little me feeble make, who seemed unhappy when his pony got beyond a foot pace . . . • used to shudder when he saw a party equipped for coursing, as if murder wen the wind. His small, elegant features, hectic cheek, and soft hazel eyes, were index of the quick, sensitive gentle spirit within. He had the warm heart of woman, her generous enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses. A beautiful la scape, or a fine strain of music, would send the tears rolling down the cheek: though capable, I have no doubt, of exhibiting, had his duty called him to do the highest spirit of a hero or a martyr, he had very little command over his new amidst circumstances such as men of ordinary mould (to say nothing of iron fall like Scott's) regard with indifference." Slow advancement at the bar somew soured his temper; he shrank from general society, and moved only in a next circle of intimate friends. This retiring habit clung to him after he had obtain the long-coveted seat on the bench. He was at heart a generous, kindly His conversation, somewhat formal and precise, was rich in knowledge; and taste and keen criticism were very valuable to his friend. Mr. James Skena Rubislaw, near Aberdeen, was another early friend of Scott, who had encount him in his German studies, and shared his military enthusiasm in the days of expected invasion. Scott speaks of him in one of his letters as "distinguished his attainments as a draughtsman, and for his highly gentlemanlike feelings character. Admirable in all exercises, there entered a good deal of the cavalier his early character." Mr. George Ellis is well known as the editor of a number antiquarian works. He was a frequent correspondent and valued advise Richard Heber was brother of the Bishop and poet of the same m He was long Member of Parliament for the University of Oxford, and a met culture and social position. His knowledge of Middle Age literature extensive library were of great assistance to Scott in the compilation of Border Minstrelsy. Once, after a long convivial night in Edinburgh, he and S climbed to the top of Arthur's Seat in the moonlight, coming down to break with a rare appetite.

The topography of "Marmion" is so fully illustrated in the notes, that scarcely needful here to do more than indicate them:—Norham Castle, p. Lindisfarne, p. 510; Gifford Castle, p. 512; Crichtoun Castle, p. 514; the Boxe

5: Tantallon Castle, p. 517; Edinburgh Cross, p. 517. The route by mion" is carried to Edinburgh was made the subject of good-natured me of Scott's friends. "Why," said one of them, "did ever mortal England to Edinburgh, go by Gifford, Crichton Castle, Borthwick over the top of Blackford Hill? Not only is it a circuitous delous, wer was a road that way since the world was created." "That is a nt objection," replied Scott; "it was my good pleasure to bring Marmion, for the purpose of describing the places you have mentioned, and the lackford Hill—it was his business to find his road, and pick his steps he could." In the poem, however, another reason is suggested for soon:

"They might not choose the lowland road. For the Merse forayers were abroad, Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey, Had scarcely failed to bar their way."

ne suggestion of the friend who offered the above criticism (Mr. Guthrie Scott took his hero back by Tantallon.

MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

TO WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, Esq.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Po

NOVEMBER'S sky is chill and drear, November's leaf is red and sear: Late, going down the steepy linn, That hems our little gar len in, Low in its dark and narrow glen, You scarce the rivulet in ght ken, So thick the tangled greenwood grew, So feeble trib d the streamlet through: Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen,

Through buth and brier, no longer green, An angry brook, it sweeps the glade, Brawle over rock and wild cascade, And, foaming brown with doubled speed, Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red Upon our Forest hills is shed; No more, beneath the evening beam, Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam: Away hath passed the heather-bell That bloom'd so rich on Needpath Fell; Sallow his brow, and russet bare Are now the sister-heights of Yair. The sheep, before the pinching heaven, To shelter'd dale and down are driven, Where yet some faded herbage pines, And yet a watery sunbeam shines: In meek despondency they eye The wither'd sward and wintry sky, And far beneath their summer hill, Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill: The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold, And wraps him closer from the cold; His dogs no merry circles wheel, But, shivering, follow at his heel; A cowering glance they often cast, As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold and As lest lefits the mountain child, Feel the sad influence of the hour, And wail the daisy's vanished flow Their summer gambols tell, and m And anxious ask.—Will spring ret And birds and lambs again be gay And biossoms cathe the hawthorns

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's Again shall paint your summer bo Again the hawthern shall supply The garlands you delight to tie; The lambs upon the lea shall bout The wild birds carol to the round, And while you frelic light as they, Too short shall seem the summer

To mute and to material things New life revolving summer brings The genial call dead Nature hears And in her glory reappears, But oh! my country's wintry state What second spring shall renovate What powerful call shall bid arise The buried warlike and the wise; The mind that thought for Britain's The hand that grasp'd the victor s The vernal sun new life bestows Even on the meanest flower that b But vainly, vainly may he shine, Whereglory weeps o'er NELSON's sl And vainly pierce the solemn gloo That shrouds, O PITT, thy hall

Deep graved in every British her O never let those names depart! sons,—Lo, here his grave, died on Gadite wave; to the burning levin, t, resistless course was given. s country's foes were found, the fated thunder's sound, the bolt on yonder shore, ed, destroy'd,—and was no

m ye less his perish'd worth, he conqueror go forth, d that thunderbolt of war Hufnia, + Trafalgar; to guide such high emprize, weal was early wise; om the Almighty gave, s sins, an early grave! who, in his mightiest hour, dd the pride of power, he sordid lust of pelf, his Albion for herself; the frantic crowd amain ubjection's bursting rein, ld mood full conquest gain'd, e would not crush, restrain'd. r fierce zeal a worthier cause, t the freeman's arm, to aid eeman's laws.

ou but lived, though stripp'd ower,
in on the lonely tower,
it trump had roused the land,
or danger were at hand;
by the beacon light,
and kept course aright;
oud column, though alone,
in had propp'd the tottering
ie;
stately column broke,
light is quench'd in smoke,
t's silver sound is still,
allent on the hill!

how to his latest day, h, just hovering, claim'd his

dangerous post he stood;

† Copenhagen.

Each call for needful rest repell'd, With dying hand the rudder held, Till in his fall, with fateful sway, The steerage of the realm gave way! Then, while on Britain's thousand plains, One unpolluted church remains, Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around The bloody tocsin's maddening sound, But still, upon the hallow'd day, Convoke the swains to praise and pray; While faith and civil peace are dear, Grace this cold marble with a tear,—He, who preserved them, PITT, lies here!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy requiescat dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
For calents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employ'd, and wanted most;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below;
And, if thou mourn'st they could not
save

From error him he owns this grave, Be every harsh, thought suppress'd, And sacred be the last long rest.

Here, where the end of earthly things Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings; Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue, Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung:

sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
"All peace on earth, good-will to men;"
If ever from an English heart,
O, here let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record, that Fox a Briton died!
When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave,
Was barter'd by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,
The sullied olive-branch return'd,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nail'd her colours to the mast!

Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave A portion in this honour'd grave, And ne'er held marble in its trust Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endow'd,

How high they soar'd above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Look'd up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were
known

The names of PITT and Fox alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with
these,

The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
Where — taming thought to human
pride!---

The mighty chiefs sleep side by side. Drop upon Fox's grave the tear, 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier; 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier; O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound, And Fox's shall the notes rebound. The solemn echo seems to cry,—"Here let their discord with them die. Speak not for those a separate doom, Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb; But search the land of living men, Where wilt thou find their like agen?"

Rest, ardent Spirits! till the cries
Of dying Nature bid you rise;
Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
The leaden silence of your hearse;
Then, O, how impotent and vain
This grateful tributary strain!
Though not unmark'd from northern
clime,

Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme: His Gothic harp has o'er you rung; The Bard you deign'd to praise, your deathless names has sung. Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
My wilder'd fancy still beguile!
From this high theme how can I pi
Ere half unloaded is my heart!
For all the tears e'er sorrow drew,
And all the raptures fancy knew,
And all the keener rush of blood,
That throbs through bard in bard
mood,

Were here a tribute mean and low, Though all their mingled streams

Woe, wonder, and sensation high, In one spring-tide of ecstasy!—
It will not be—it may not last—
The vision of enchantment's past: Like frostwork in the morning ray,
The fancied fabric melts away;
Each Gothic arch, memorial-stone,
And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone
And, lingering last, deception dear,
The choir's high sounds die on my (
Now slow return the lonely down,
The silent pastures bleak and brown
The farm begirt with copsewood wi
The gambols of each frolic child,
Mixing their shrill cries with the to
Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,
Thus Nature disciplines her son:
Meeter, she says, for me to stray,
And waste the solitary day,
In plucking from yon fen the reed,
And watch it floating down the Two
Or idly list the shrilling lay,
With which the milkmaid cheers

way,
Marking its cadence rise and fail,
As from the field, beneath her pail,
She trips it down the uneven dale:
Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,
The ancient shepherd's tale to learn
Though oft he stop in rustic fear,
Lest his old legends tire the ear
Of one, who, in his simple mind,
May boast of book-learn'd taste refi

But thou, my friend, canst fitly to (For few have read romance so well How still the legendary lay O'er poet's bosom holds its sway;

e ancient minstrel strain his palsied hand in vain; our hearts at doughty deeds, s wrought in steely weeds, for fear and pity's sake; he Champion of the Lake rgama's fated house, Chapel Perilous, spells and demon's force, verse with the unburied corse; Dame Ganore's grace to move, Imwless was their love!) proud Tarquin in his den, full sixty knights; or when, ann, and unconfess'd, he Sangreal's holy quest, bering, saw the vision high, not view with waking eye.

ghtiest chiefs of British song of such legends to prolong:
ann through Spenser's elfinann,
in Milton's heavenly theme;
hen, in immortal strain,
it the Table Round again,
it ribald King and Court
toil on, to make them sport;
if for their niggard pay,
is souls, a looser lay,
is satire, song, and play;
if defrauded of the high design,
the God-given strength, and
arr'd the lofty line.

d by such names, well may we en, iwindled sons of little men, break a feeble lance ir fields of old romance; the moated castle's cell, ong through talisman and spell, While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept, Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept: There sound the harpings of the North, Till he awake and sally forth, On venturous quest to prick again, In all his arms, with all his train, Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf.

Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf, And wizard with his wand of might, And errant maid on palfrey white. Around the Genius weave their spells, Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells; Mystery, half veil'd and half reveal'd; And Honour, with his spotless shield; Attention, with fix'd eye; and Fear, That loves the tale she shrinks to hear; And gentle Courtesy; and Faith, Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death; And Valour, lion-mettled lord, Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement shown, A worthy meed may thus be won; Ytene's * oaks—beneath whose shade Their theme the merry minstrels made, Of Aspacart, and Bevis bold, And that Red King, † who, while of old, Through Boldrewood the chase he led, By his lov'd huntsman's arrow bled-Ytene's oaks have heard again Renew'd such legendary strain; For thou hast sung how He of Gaul, That Amadis so famed in hall, For Oriana, foil'd in fight The Necromancer's felon might; And well in modern verse hast wove Partenopex's mystic love : Hear, then, attentive to my lay, A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

* The New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

† William Rufus.

CANTO FIRST.

The Castle.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep, And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep, And Cheviot's mountains lone: The battled towers, the donjon keep, The loophole grates, where captives weep,

The flanking walls that round it sweep, In yellow lustre shone. The warriors on the turrets high, Moving athwart the evening sky, Seem'd forms of giant height: Their armour, as it caught the rays,

Flash'd back again the western blaze, In lines of dazzling light.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay, Now faded, as the fading ray

Less bright, and less, was flung; The evening gale had scarce the power To wave it on the Donjon Tower, So heavily it hung.

The scouts had parted on their search, The Castle gates were barr'd;

Above the gloomy portal arch, Timing his footsteps to a march,

The Warder kept his guard; Low humming, as he paced along, Some ancient Border gathering song.

A distant trampling sound he hears; He looks abroad and soon appears, O'er Horneliff-hill a plump * of spears. Beneath a pennon gay; A horseman, darting from the crowd, Like lightning from a summer cloud, Spurs on his mettled courser proud, Before the dark array. Beneath the sable palisade,

That closed the Castle barricade,

 This word properly applies to a flight of water-fowl; but is applied, by analogy, to a body of horse:—
"There is a knight of the North Country,
Which leads a lusty plump of spears."—
Flodden Field.

His bugle-horn he blew: The warder hasted from the wall And warn'd the Captain in the hall For well the blast he knew: And joyfully that knight did call. To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

"Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoi Bring pasties of the doe. And quickly make the entrance free And bid my heralds ready be, And every minstrel sound his glee,

And all our trumpets blow; And, from the platform, spare ye m To fire a noble salvo-shot

Lord MARMION waits below!" Then to the Castle's lower ward Sped forty yeomen tall,

The iron-studded gates unbarr'd, Raised the portcullis' ponderous ga The lofty palisade unsparr'd, And let the drawbridge fall.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion ro Proudly his red-roan charger trode. His helm hung at the saddlebow; Well by his visage you might know He was a stalworth knight, and ke And had in many a battle been. The scar on his brown cheek reveal A token true of Bosworth field; His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire, Show'd spirit proud, and prompt to Yet lines of thought upon his cheel Did deep design and counsel speak. His forehead, by his casque worn i His thick mustache, and curly hair, Coal black, and grizzled here and the But more through toil than age;

His square-turn'd joints, and stre of limb, Show'd him no carpet knight so tri

But in close fight a champion grim, In camps a leader sage.

VI.

he arm'd from head to heel,
d plate of Milan steel;
ong helm, of mighty cost,
ith burnish'd gold emboss'd;
plumage of the crest,
over'd on her nest,
gs outspread, and forward
ast:
a falcon, on his shield,
le in an azure field:
n legend bore aright,
rks at me, to brath to bight,
he charger's broider'd rein;
ns deck'd his arching mane;
thy housing's ample fold
t blue, and trapp'd with gold.

VII.

ame, and knightly sires;
d the gilded spurs to claim;
unld each a war-horse tame,
the bow, the sword could
bear the ring away;
the courteous precepts stored,
e in hall, and carve at board,
love-ditties passing rare,

rode two gallant squires,

em to a lady fair.

Lord Marmion's lance so

Lord Marmion's lance so

sampter-mules along,
ag palfrey, when at need
ease his battle-steed.
d trustiest of the four,
a forky pennon bore;
w's tail, in shape and hue,
e streamer glossy blue,
son'd sable, as before,
ag falcon seem'd to soar.

t-arms came at their backs,

ack, and jerkins blue, a broider'd on each breast, a their lord's behest: a for an archer good, me-craft by lake or wood;

peomen, two and two,

Each one a six-foot bow could bend, And far a cloth-yard shaft could send; Each held a boar-spear tough and strong, And at their belts their quivers rung. Their dusty palfreys, and array, Show'd they had march'd a weary way.

IX.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly arm'd, and order'd how,
The soldiers of the guard,
With musket, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the Castle-yard;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his linstock yare,
For welcome-shot prepared:
Enter'd the train, and such a clang,
As then through all his turrets rang,
Old Norham never heard.

X.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,
The trumpets flourish'd brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thun-lering welcome gave.
A blithe salute, in martial sort,
The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion cross'd the court,
He scatter'd angels round.
"Welcome to Norham, Marmion!
Stout heart, and open hand!
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land!"

XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hail'd Lord Marmion:
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town;
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks
weight,

All as he lighted down.

"Now, largesse, largesse," Lord Marmion,

Knight of the crest of gold! A blazon'd shield, in battle won, Ne'er guarded heart so bold.

XII.

They marshall'd him to the Castle-hall, Where the guests stood all aside, And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-call, And the heralds loudly cried,-"Room, lordlings, room for Lord Marmion, With the crest and helm of gold!

Full well we know the trophies won In the lists at Cottiswold: There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove

'Gainst Marmion's force to stand; To him he lost his lady-love,

And to the King his land. Ourselves beheld the listed field, A sight both sad and fair;

We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield, And saw his saddle bare:

We saw the victor win the crest He wears with worthy pride; And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,

His foeman's scutcheon tied. Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight! Room, room, ye gentles gay,

For him who conquer'd in the right, Marmion of Fontenaye!"

XIII.

Then stepp'd, to meet that noble Lord, Sir Hugh the Heron bold, Baron of Twisell, and of Ford, And Captain of the Hold. He led Lord Marmion to the deas, Raised o'er the pavement high, And placed him in the upper place-They feasted full and high: The whiles a Northern harper rude Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud, " How the fierce Thirwalls, and Ridleys all, Stout Willimondswick, And Hardriding Dick, And Hughic of Hawdon, and Will o the Wall,

 The cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights.

Have set on Sir Alba**ny Featherstonhe**n And taken his life at the Desdma shaw.'

Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could be The harper's barbarous lay; Yet much he praised the pains he to And well those pains did pay: For lady's suit and minstrel's strain. By knight should ne'er be heard in v

YIV. "Now, good Lord Marmion," H says, "Of your fair courtesy I pray you bide some little space, In this poor tower with me. Here may you keep your arms from t May breathe your war-horse well Seldom hath pass'd a week but gim Or feat of arms befell: The Scots can rein a mettled steed. And love to couch a spear ;-St George! a stirring life they lead That have such neighbours next. Then stay with us a little space, Our northern wars to learn; I pray you for your lady's grace!"-Lord Marmion's brow grew stem

XV.

The Captain mark'd his alter'd los And gave a squire the sign; A mighty wassel-bowl he took, And crown'd it high in wine. "Now pledge me here, Lord Mara But first I pray thee fair, Where hast thou left that page of I That used to serve thy cup of wim Whose beauty was so rare? When last in Raby towers we met. The boy I closely eyed, And often mark'd his cheeks were With tears he fain would hide: His was no rugged horse-boy's has To burnish shield or sharpen bear ()r saddle battle-steed; But meeter seem'd for lady fair, To fan her cheek or curl her hait

Or through embroidery, rich and

The slender silk to lead:

his ringlets gold, en he sigh'd, 's rugged fold oel its pride! en that lovely youth 's bower? page, in sooth, our?

could brook such jest;
ding eye,
g wrath suppress'd,
a reply;
aught'st so goodly fair,
ok the northern air.
thou wouldst learn,
indisfarn:
But, Heron, say,
dy lady gay
he hall to-day?
so fair and sage,
as pilgrimage?"—
t scorn, for fame
les of Heron's dame.

WIL

unreck'd, the taunt, tht replied, eathers gaily flaunt, to bide : d grated close, Hement and fosse, ksome tower; y lady bright d light, argaret's bower. ound in our hand, ir glove; find leash or band, oves to rove? soar her swing, n she has tired her

VIIL

al James's bride Heron bide, messenger, ngs prompt to bear; h court address'd, ing's behest, e in Appendix And pray you, of your grace, provide
For me and mine, a trusty guide.
I have not ridden in Scotland since
James back'd the cause of that mock
prince,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we razed old Aytoun

vrv

Tower."-

"For such-like need, my lord, I trow, Norham can find you guides enow; For here be some have prick'd as far, On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar; Have drunk the monks of St Bothan's ale,

And driven the beeves of Lauderdale; Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods, And given them light to set their hoods."—

XX.

"Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion cried. "Were I in warlike wise to ride, A better guard I would not lack, Than your stout forayers at my back; But, as in form of peace I go, A friendly messenger, to know, Why through all Scotland, near and far, Their King is mustering troops for war, The sight of plundering Border spears Might justify suspicious fears, And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil, Break out in some unseemly broil: A herald were my fitting guide; Or friar, sworn in peace to bide; Or pardoner, or travelling priest, Or strolling pilgrim, at the least."

XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,
And pass'd his hand across his face.—
"Fain would I find the guide you want,
But ill may spare a pursuivant,
The only men that safe can ride
Mine errands on the Scottish side:
And though a bishop built this fort,
Few holy brethren here resort;
Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
Since our last siege we have not seen:

The mass he might not sing or say, Upon one stinted meal a-day; So, safe he sat in Durham aisle, And pray'd for our success the while. Our Norham vicar, woe betide, Is all too well in case to ride; The priest of Shoreswood-he could rein The wildest war-horse in your train; But then, no spearman in the hall Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl. Friar John of Tillmouth were the man : A blithesome brother at the can, A welcome guest in hall and bower, He knows each castle, town, and tower, In which the wine and ale is good, 'Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood. But that good man, as ill befalls, Hath seldom left our castle walls, Since, on the vigil of St Bede, In evil hour, he cross'd the Tweed, To teach Dame Alison her creed. Old Bughtrig found him with his wife; And John, an enemy to strife, Sans frock and hood, fled for his life, The jealous churl hath deeply swore, That, if again he venture o'er, He shall shrieve penitent no more. Little he loves such risks, I know; Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board, Carved to his uncle and that lord, And reverently took up the word.—
"Kind uncle, woe were we each one, If harm should hap to brother John. He is a man of mirthful speech, Can many a game and gambol teach; Full well at tables can he play, And sweep at bowls the stake away. None can a lustier carol bawl, The needfulest among us all, When time hangs heavy in the hall, And snow comes thick at Christmas tide,

And we can neither hunt, nor ride
A foray on the Scottish side.
The vow'd revenge of Bughtrig rude,
May end in worse than loss of hood.
Let Friar John, in safety, still
In chimney-corner snore his fill,
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill:

Last night, to Norham there c Will better guide Lord Marmi "Nephew," quoth Heren, "b Well hast thou spoke; say say."—

XXIII.

"Here is a holy Palmer come, From Salem first, and last from One, that hath kiss'd the bless And visited each holy shrine, In Araby and Palestine; On hills of Armenie hath beer Where Noah's ark may yet be By that Red Sea, too, hath he Which parted at the prophet's In Sinai's wilderness he saw The Mount, where Israel heard 'Mid thunder-dint and flashing And shadows, mists, and given.

He shows St James's cockle-sl
Of fair Montserrat, too, can te
And of that Grot where Oli
Where, darling of each heart a
From all the youth of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie retired to God

XXIV.

"To stout Saint George of

merry,
Saint Thomas, too, of Canter
Cuthbert of Durham and Sain
For his sins' pardon hath he p
He knows the passes of the N
And seeks far shrines beyond th
Little he eats, and long will wi
And drinks but of the stream
This were a guide o'er moor at
But, when our John hath quaff
As little as the wind that blows
And warms itself against his n
Kens he, or cares, which
goes."—

XXV.

"Gramercy!" quoth Lord Ma "Full loath were I that Friar J That venerable man, for me Were placed in fear or jeopard

Palmer will me lead ce to Holy-Rood, d saint, I'll pay his meed, ockle-shell or bead, els fair and good. oly ramblers; still to charm a weary hill, romance, or lay : tale, or glee, or jest, erend, at the least, to cheer the way."-

XXVL

sir," young Selby said, n his lip he laid, knows much—perchance ld learn by holy lore. elf he's muttering, as at some unseen thing. listen'd at his cell; ds we heard, and, sooth to

on till morn, howe'er ortal could be near. thought I heard it plain, es spoke again. -I like it notath told us it is wrote, clear, and void of wrong, ke, and pray so long. sleeps before his beads d ten aves, and two

XXVII.

uoth Marmion; "by my fay, Il guide me on my way, great arch-fiend and be hemselves of company. a, gentle youth, to call to the Castle-hall." 'd Palmer came in place; wl o'erhung his face; mantle was he clad, keys, in cloth of red, and shoulders wrought; shell his cap did deck; around his neck Loretto brought; nere with travel tore, bottle, scrip, he wore;

The faded palm-branch in his hand Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in hall, Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall.

Or had a statlier step withal, Or look'd more high and keen; For no saluting did he wait, But strode across the hall of state, And fronted Marmion where he sate,

As he his peer had been. But his gaunt frame was worn with toil; His cheek was sunk, alas the while! And when he struggled at a smile,

His eye look'd haggard wild: Poor wretch! the mother that him bare, If she had been in presence there, In his wan face, and sun-burn'd hair,

She had not known her child. Danger, long travel, want, or woe, Soon change the form that best we know-

For deadly fear can time outgo, And blanch at once the hair; Hard toil can roughen form and face, And want can quench the eye's bright

grace, Nor does old age a wrinkle trace More deeply than despair. Happy whom none of these befall, But this poor Palmer knew them all.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask: The Palmer took on him the task, So he would march with morning tide, To Scottish court to be his guide. "But I have solemn vows to pay, And may not linger by the way, To fair St Andrews bound,

Within the ocean-cave to pray, Where good Saint Rule his holy lay, From midnight to the dawn of day, Sung to the billows' sound;

Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well, Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel.

And the crazed brain restore: Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring Could back to peace my bosom bring, Or bid it throb no more!

And now the midnight draught of sleep, Where wine and spices richly steep, In massive bowl of silver deep,

The page presents on knee. Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest, The Captain pledged his noble guest, The cup went through among the rest,

Who drained it merrily; Alone the Palmer pass'd it by, Though Selby press'd him courteously. This was a sign the feast was o'er; It hush'd the merry wassel roar,

The minstrels ceased to sound. Soon in the castle nought was heard, But the slow footstep of the guard, l'acing his sober round.

XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose: And first the chapel doors unclose;

Then, after morning rites were d (A hasty mass from Friar John,) And knight and squire had brok fast

On rich substantial repast, Lord Marmion's bugles blew to Then came the stirrup-cup in co Between the Baron and his host. No point of courtesy was lost; High thanks were by Lord M

paid, Solemn excuse the Captain made Till, filing from the gate, had pe That noble train, their Lon

Then loudly rung the trumpet ca Thunder'd the cannon from the And shook the Scottish shore Around the castle eddied slow.

Volumes of smoke as white as s And hid its turrets hoar: Till they roll'd forth upon the ai And met the river breezes there. Which gave again the prospect f

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

TO THE REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M. Ashestiel, Ettrich !

THE scenes are desert now, and bare, Where flourish'd once a forest fair, When these waste glens with copse were lined.

And peopled with the hart and hind, Yon Thorn—perchance whose prickly spears

Have fenced him for three hundred

While fell around his green compeers You lonely Thorn, would be could tell The changes of his parent dell, Since he, so grey and stubborn now, Waved in each breeze a sapling bough : Would he could tell how deep the shade A thousand mingled branches made; How broad the shadows of the oak, How clung the rowan* to the rock, # Mountain-ash.

And stop, against the moon to he The mountain-boar, on battle se His tusks upon my stem would 1 While doe, and roe, and red-deer Have bounded by, through gay

Mood"

name,)

And through the foliage show'd hi With narrow leaves and berries 1 What pines on every mountain sp O'er every dell what birches hun In every breeze what aspens sho What alders shaded every brook

"Here, in my shade," methinks he "The mighty stag at noon-tide le The wolf I've seen, a fiercer gan

(The neighbouring dingle bes

With lurching step around me p

ewark's riven tower, monarch's power : als muster'd round, hawk, and horn, and

the youth intent, s with crossbow bent; he brake the rangers

ld the ready hawk; green-wood trim, the gazehounds grim, bratchet's * bay, overt drove the prey, he broke away. rry bounds amain, nt greyhounds strain; ow from the bow, quebuss below; king hills reply, ound, and hunter's cry, ng lightsomely."

huntings, many tales lonely dales, ick and on Yarrow, utlaw drew his arrow. the that silvan court, een at humbler sport; ir pomp, and mean our

Marriott, was the same. u my greyhounds true ? there never flew, sh there never sprang, ot, or sure of fang, en each merry chase, ermitted space; resource in store, Gothic lore : memorable scene, talk between; ook, we paced along, d or its song. for now are still enanted Bowhill !+ thy mountains dun, rs the well-known gun, nest heart glows warm, a paternal farm,

Duke of Buccleuch on the

Round to his mates a brimmer fills, And drinks, "The Chieftain of the

No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers, Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers, Fair as the elves whom Janet saw By moonlight dance on Carterhaugh; No youthful Baron's left to grace The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase, And ape, in manly step and tone, The majesty of Oberon: And she is gone, whose lovely face Is but her least and lowest grace; * Though if to Sylphid Queen twere given To show our earth the charms of

Heaven, She could not glide along the air, With form more light, or face more fair. No more the widow's deafen'd ear Grows quick that lady's step to hear : At noontide she expects her not, Nor busies her to trim the cot : Pensive she turns her humming wheel, Or pensive cooks her orphans' meal; Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread, The gentle hand by which they're fed.

From Yair, -which hills so closely bind,

Scarce can the Tweed his passage find, Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,

Till all his eddying currents boil,-Her long-descended lord + is gone, And left us by the stream alone. And much I miss those sportive boys, \$\frac{1}{2}\$ Companions of my mountain joys, Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth, When thought is speech, and speech is

truth. Close to my side, with what delight They press'd to hear of Wallace wight, When, pointing to his airy mound, I call'd his ramparts holy ground !§ Kindled their brows to hear me speak; And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,

* Harriet, Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Duchess of Buccleuch. † The late Alexander Pringle, Esq. of Whyt-

I The sons of Mr. Pringle of Whythank.

§ On a high mountainous ridge above the farm of Ashestiel is a fosse called Wallace's

Despite the difference of our years, Return again the glow of theirs. Ah, happy boys! such feelings pure, They will not, cannot, long endure; Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide,

You may not linger by the side; For Fate shall thrust you from the shore, And Passion ply the sail and oar. Yet cherish the remembrance still, Of the lone mountain, and the rill; For trust, dear boys, the time will come, When fiercer transport shall be dumb, And you will think right frequently, But, well I hope, without a sigh, On the free hours that we have spent Together, on the brown hill's bent.

When, musing on companions gone, We doubly feel ourselves alone, Something, my friend, we yet may gain; There is a pleasure in this pain: It soothes the love of lonely rest, Deep in each gentler heart impress'd. 'Tis silent amid worldly toils, And stifled soon by mental broils; But, in a bosom thus prepared, Its still small voice is often heard, Whispering a mingled sentiment, 'Twixt resignation and content. Oft in my mind such thoughts awake, By lone Saint Mary's silent lake; Thou know'st it well, —nor fen, nor sedge,

Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge; Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink At once upon the level brink; And just a trace of silver sand Marks where the water meets the land. Far in the mirror, bright and blue, Each hill's huge outline you may view; Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare, Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there, Save where, of land, yon slender line Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine. Yet even this nakedness has power, And aids the feeling of the hour: Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy, Where living thing concealed might lie; Nor point, retiring, hides a dell, Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell:

There's nothing left to fancy's gas You see that all is loneliness: And silence aids—though the stee Send to the lake a thousand rills. In summer tide, so soft they was In sound but lulls the ear asker Your horse's hoof-tread sounds to So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or But well I ween the dead are non For though, in feudal strife, a for Hath lain Our Lady's chapel low Yet still, beneath the hallow'd so The peasant rests him from his to And, dying, bids his bones be ki Where erst his simple fathers pre

If age had tamed the passions' And fate had cut my ties to life, Here, have I thought, 'twere su dwell,

And rear again the chaplain's cel Like that same peaceful hermitae Where Milton long'd to spend hi 'Twere sweet to mark the setting On Bourhope's lonely top decay And, as it faint and feeble died On the broad lake, and mountain To say, "Thus pleasures fade at Youth, talents, beauty, thus deci And leave us dark, forlorn, and Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd t And think on Yarrow's faded Fl And when that mountain-sound I Which bids us be for storm prep The distant rustling of his wings As up his force the Tempest brit 'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors To sit upon the Wizard's grave-That Wizard-Priest's, whose bo thrust

From company of holy dust;
On which no sunbeam ever shim
(So superstition's creed divines)
Thence view the lake, with sulle
Heave her broad billows to the i
And mark the wild swans most gale,

Spread wide through mist their sail,

And ever stoop again, to lave Their hosoms on the surging wa

when against the driving hail ger might my plaid avail, my tonely home retire, ht my lamp, and trim my fire; conder o'er some mystic lay, wild tale had all its sway. the bittern's distant shrick, uncarthly voices speak, Gught the Wizard-Priest was ome. n again-his ancient home ! he my busy fancy range, so him fitting shape and strange, a the task my brow I clear'd ded to think that I had fear'd.

nef, "twere sweet to think such but escape from fortune's strife.) og most matchless good and and grateful sacrifice; n each hour to musing given, on the road to heaven.

whose heart is ill at ease. eful solitudes displease; o drown his bosom's jar elemental war: ick Palmer's choice had been and more savage scene,

Like that which frowns round dark

There eagles scream from isle to shore; Down all the rocks the torrents roar; O'er the black waves incessant driven, Dark mists infect the summer heaven; Through the rude barriers of the lake, Away its hurrying waters break, Faster and whiter dash and curl, Till down you dark abyss they hurl. Rises the fog-smoke white as snow, Thunders the viewless stream below, Diving, as if condemn'd to lave Some demon's subterranean cave, Who, prison'd by enchanter's spell, Shakes the dark rock with groan and

And well that Palmer's form and mien Had suited with the stormy scene, Just on the edge, straining his ken To view the bottom of the den, Where, deep deep down, and far within, Toils with the rocks the roaring linn; Then, issuing forth one foamy wave, And wheeling round the Giant's Grave, White as the snowy charger's tail Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriott, thy harp, on Isis strung, To many a Border theme has rung: Then list to me, and thou shalt know Of this mysterious Man of Woe.

CANTO SECOND.

The Conbent.

I,

which swept away the ham Castle roll'd, oud artillery spoke, flash, and thunder stroke, left the Hold.

seed alone, that breeze, Vorthumbrian seas, and strong igh Whitby's cloister'd

hbert's Holy Isle, along.

Upon the gale she stoop'd her side, And bounded o'er the swelling tide, As she were dancing home: The merry scamen laugh'd, to see

Their gallant ship so lustily Much

Furrow the green sea-foam. ach joy'd they in their honour'd For, on the deck, in chair of state,

The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed, With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

'Twas sweet to see these boly maids, Like birds escaped to greenwood shades, Their first flight from the cage, How timid, and how curious too, For all to them was strange and new, And all the common sights they view, Their wonderment engage. One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail, With many a benedicite; One at the rippling surge grew pale,

One at the rippling surge grew pale, And would for terror pray; Then shriek'd, because the sea-dog nigh, His round black head, and sparkling eye,

Rear'd o'er the foaming spray;
And one would still adjust her veil,
Disorder'd by the summer gale,
Perchance lest some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy;
Perchance, because such action graced
Her fair-turn'd arm and slender waist.
Light was each simple bosom there,
Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—
The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

III.

The Abbess was of noble blood, But early took the veil and hood, Ere upon life she cast a look, Or knew the world that she forsook. Fair too she was, and kind had been As she was fair, but ne'er had seen For her a timid lover sigh, Nor knew the influence of her eye. Love, to her ear, was but a name, Combined with vanity and shame; Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all Bounded within the cloister wall: The deadliest sin her mind could reach, Was of monastic rule the breach; And her ambition's highest aim To emulate Saint Hilda's fame. For this she gave her ample dower, To raise the convent's eastern tower; For this, with carving rare and quaint, She deck'd the chapel of the saint, And gave the relic-shrine of cost, With ivory and gems emboss'd. The poor her Convent's bounty blest, The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule Reform'd on Benedictine school;

Her cheek was pale, her f Vigils, and penitence au Had early quench'd the But gentle was the dame Though vain of her relig She loved to see her mai Yet nothing stern was sh And the nuns loved their Sad was this voyage to ti Summon'd to Lindisfarne There, with Saint Cuthbe And Tynemouth's Priore A chapter of Saint Bene-For inquisition stern and On two apostates from th And, if need were, to do

v

Nought say I here of Sis Save this, that she was y As yet a novice unprofess Lovely and gentle, but di She was betroth'd to one Or worse, who had disho Her kinsmen bade her gi To one, who loved her fo Herself, almost heart-bro Was bent to take the vest And shroud, within Saint. Her blasted hopes and w.

VI.

She sate upon the galley's
And seem'd to mark the v
Nay, seem'd, so fixed her
To count them as they gli
She saw them not—'twas
Far other scene her thoug
A sun-scorch'd desert, wa
Nor waves, nor breezes, m
There saw she, where
hand

O'er a dead corpse had he To hide it till the jackals To tear it from the scanty See what a woful look wa As she raised up her eyes

VII.

Lovely, and gentle, and d These charms might tam breast; e sung, and poets told, iry uncontroll'd, monarch of the wood, in, fair and good, i his savage mood. in the human frame ion's rage to shame: , by dark intrigue, avarice in league, d with their bowl and knife nourner's harmless life, was charged 'gainst those by inthbert's islet grey.

VIII.

vessel skirts the strand ous Northumberland; is, and halls, successive rise, e nuns' delighted eyes, nouth soon behind them lay, suth's priory and bay; , amid her trees, the hall on-Delaval; ne Blythe and Wansbeck

a through sounding woods; the tower of Widderington, any a valiant son; le their beads they tell Saint who own'd the cell; Alne attention claim, worth, proud of Percy's hey cross'd themselves, to

ng breakers sound so near, ng through the rocks, they

sorough's eavern'd shore; roud Bamborough, mark'd here, stle, huge and square, rock look'd grimly down, welling ocean frown; e coast they bore away, the Holy Island's bay.

IX.

now its flood-mark gain, in the Saint's domain : For, with the flow and ebb, its style Varies from continent to isle; Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day, The pilgrims to the shrine find way; Twice every day, the waves efface Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace. As to the port the galley flew, Higher and higher rose to view The Castle with its battled walls, The ancient Monastery's halls, A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile, Placed on the margin of the isle.

In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd, With massive arches broad and round, That rose alternate, row and row, On ponderous columns, short and low,

Built ere the art was known, By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk, The arcades of an alley'd walk To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls the heathen Dane
Had pour'd his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years
withstand

Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.

Not but that portions of the pile, Rebuilded in a later style, Show'd where the spoiler's hand had

been;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And moulder'd in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

Soon as they near'd his turrets strong,
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind,
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
And made harmonious close;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half-drown'd amid the breakers' roar,

According chorus rose:

Down to the haven of the Isle,
The monks and nuns in order file,
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim;
Banner, and cross, and relics there,
To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare;
And, as they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hymn.
The islanders, in joyous mood,
Rush'd emulously through the flood,
To hale the bark to land;
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,

And bless'd them with her hand.

Suppose we now the welcome said, Suppose the Convent banquet made:
All through the holy dome, Through cloister, aisle, and gallery, Wherever vestal maid might pry, Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye, The stranger sisters roam: Till fell the evening damp with dew, And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew, For there, even summer night is chill. Then, having stray'd and gazed their fill, They closed around the fire; And all, in turn, essay'd to paint The rival merits of their saint, A theme that ne'er can tire A holy maid; for, be it known, That their saint's honour is their own.

XIII.

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told, How to their house three Barons bold Must menial service do: While horns blow out a note of shame, And monks cry "Fye upon your name! In wrath, for loss of silvan game, Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."-"This, on Ascension-day, each year, While labouring on our harbour-pier, Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."-They told, how in their convent-cell A Saxon princess once did dwell, The lovely Edelfled. And how, of thousand snakes, each one Was changed into a coil of stone, When holy Hilda pray'd;

Themselves, within their holy boss Their stony folds had often found. They told, how sea-fowls' pinions i As over Whitby's towers they sail, And, sinking down, with flutterings i They do their homage to the saint.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughter To vie with these in holy tale; His body's resting-place of old, How oft their patron changed, they How, when the rude Dane burn'd

The monks fled forth from Holy u O'er northern mountain, marsh, moor.

From sea to sea, from shore to sho Seven years Saint Cuthbert's on they bore.

They rested them in fair Melrow
But though, alive, he loved it
Not there his relics might repose
For, wondrous tale to tell!
In his stone-coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tilmouth cell.

Nor long was his abiding there, For southward did the saint repair Chester-le-Street, and Rippon, san His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw

Hail'd him with joy and fear; And, after many wanderings past, He chose his lordly seat at last, Where his cathedral, huge and vas

Looks down upon the Wear: There, deep in Durham's Gothic si His relics are in secret laid;

But none may know the place, Save of his holiest servants three, Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,

Who share that wondrous grace

Who may his miracles declare!
Even Scotland's dauntless king, and
(Although with them they led
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
And Lodon's knights, all sheath
mail,

And the bold men of Teviotdale,)
Before his standard fled.

to vindicate his reign, lfreed's falchion on the Dane, 'd the Conqueror back again, ith his Norman bowyer band, to waste Northumberland.

XVI.

Saint Hilda's nuns would learn rock, by Lindisfarne, inhibert sits, and toils to frame-born beads that bear his name: les had Whitby's fishers told, d they might his shape behold, hear his anvil sound; m'd clang,—a huge dim form, at, and heard, when gathering toem night was closing round.

a as tale of idle fame, as of Lindisfarne disclaim.

XVII.

round the fire such legends go, erent was the scene of woe, in a secret aisle beneath, was held of life and death. is more dark and lone that vault, an the worst dungeon cell : Coiwulf built it, for his fault, penitence to dwell, e for cowl and beads, laid down non battle-axe and crown. m which, chilling every sense eeling, hearing, sight, all'd the Vault of Penitence, ading air and light, y the prelate Sexhelm, made of burial for such dead, ving died in mortal sin, not be laid the church within. now a place of punishment; e if so loud a shriek were sent, each'd the upper air, wers bless'd themselves, and said, irits of the sinful dead oan'd their torments there.

XVIII.

engh, in the monastic pile, I this penitential aisle Some vague tradition go, Few only, save the Abbot, knew Where the place lay; and still more few Were those, who had from him the clew

To that dread vault to go. Victim and executioner Were blindfold when transported there. In low dark rounds the arches hung, From the rude rock the side-walls

sprung;
The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor;
The mildew-drops fell one by one,
With tinkling plash upon the stone.
A cresset, in an iron chain,
Which served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seemed to strive,
As if it scarce might keep alive;
And yet it dimly served to show
The awful conclave met below.

XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three:
All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict
On iron table lay;

In long black dress, on seats of stone, Behind were these three judges shown

By the pale cresset's ray:
The Abbess of Saint Hilda's, there,
Sat for a space with visage bare,
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
And tear-drops that for pity fell,
She closely drew her veil:
Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
By her proud mien and flowing dress,

Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,
And she with awe looks pale:
And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight
Has long been quenched by age's night,
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,
Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace is shown,

Whose look is hard and stern,— Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style; For sanctity call'd, through the isle, The Saint of Lindisfarne.

XX.

Before them stood a guilty pair; But, though an equal fate they share, Antique chandelier. Vet one alone deserves our care.
Her sea a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lurd Marmion's folcon crest

She tried to hide the badge of blue Lord Marmion's falcon crest. But, at the Prioress' command, A monk undid the silken band, That tied her tresses fair,

And raised the bonnet from her head, And down her slender form they spread, In ringlets rich and rare.

Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,
Whom the church numbered with the
dead,

For broken vows, and convent fled.

XXI.

When thus her face was given to view, (Although so palid was her hue, It did a ghastly contrast bear To those bright ringlets glistering fair,) Her look composed, and steady eye, Bespoke a matchless constancy; And there she stood so calm and pale, That, but her breathing did not fail, And motion slight of eye and head, And of her bosom, warranted That neither sense nor pulse she lacks, You might have thought a form of wax, Wrought to the very life, was there; So still she was, so pale, so fair.

XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul, Such as does murder for a meed; Who, but of fear, knows no control, Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,

Feels not the import of his deed; One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires Beyond his own more brute desires. Such tools the tempter ever needs, To do the savagest of deeds; For them no vision'd terrors daunt, Their nights no fancied spectres haunt, One fear with them, of all most base, The fear of death,—alone finds place. This wretch was clad in frock and cowl, And shamed not loud to moan and howl,

His body on the floor to dash, And crouch, like hound beneath t lash;

While his mute partner, standing acs Waited her doom without a tear.

XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch mig

Well might her paleness terror speak For there were seen in that dark wal Two niches, narrow, deep and tall; Who enters at such grisly door, Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more. In each a slender meal was laid, Of roots, of water, and of bread: By each, in Benedictine dress, Two haggard monks stood motionlet Who, holding high a blazing torch, Show'd the grim entrance of the post Reflecting back the smoky beam, The dark-red walls and arches gleam Hewn stones and cement were display And building tools in order laid.

XXIV.

These executioners were chose, As men who were with mankind for And with despite and envy fired, Into the cloister had retired;

Or who, in desperate doubt of gra Strove, by deep penance, to efface Of some foul crime the stain; For, as the vassals of her will, Such men the Church selected stil

As either joy'd in doing ill,
Or thought more grace to gain,
If, in her cause, they wrestled down
Feelings their nature strove to own.
By strange device were they brou

They knew not how, nor knew where.

xxv.

And now that blind old Abbot rose, To speak the Chapter's doom, On those the wall was to enclose,

Alive, within the tomb; But stopp'd, because that woful Mai Gathering her powers, to speak essay Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain Her accents might no utterance gain t imperfect murmurs slip convulsed and quivering lip; ach attempt all was so still, m'd to hear a distant rill, ocean's swells and falls; agh this vault of sin and fear the sounding surge so near, est there you scarce could hear essive were the walls.

XXVI.

an effort sent apart
t that curilled to her heart,
int came to her eye,
ir dawn'd upon her cheek,
inid a flutter'd streak,
left on the Cheviot peak,
imm's stormy sky;
a her silence broke at length,
is spoke she gathered strength,
m'd herself to bear.
earful sight to see
a resolve and constancy,
a so soft and fair.

XXVII.

not to implore your grace, I. for one minute's space less might I sue: speak your prayers to gain leath of lingering pain, my sins, be penance vain, e your masses too,to a traitor's tale, convent and the veil; long years I bow'd my pride, oy in his train to ride; my folly's meed he gave, eited, to be his slave, and all beyond the grave .oung Clara's face more fair, her of broad lands the heir, s wows, his faith forswore, tance was beloved no more .old tale, and often told; did my fate and wish agree, and been read, in story old, iden true betray'd for gold, t loved, or was avenged, like

XXVIII.

"The King approved his favourite's aim; In vain a rival barr'd his claim, Whose fate with Clare's was plight, For he attaints that rival's fame With treason's charge—and on they

came,
In mortal lists to fight.
Their oaths are said,
Their prayers are pray'd,
Their lances in the rest are laid,

Their lances in the rest are laid, They meet in mortal shock; And, hark! the throng, with thundering

cry, Shout 'Marmion! Marmion! to the sky,

De Wilton to the block!'
Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide

When in the lists two champions ride, Say, was Heaven's justice here? When, loyal in his love and faith, Wilton found overthrow or death,

Beneath a traitor's spear?
How false the charge, how true he fell,
This guilty packet best can tell."—
Then drew a packet from her breast,
Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke the
rest.—

XXIX.

"Still was false Marmion's bridal staid;
To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.

'Ho! shifts she thus?' king Henry cried;

'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
If she were sworn a nun.'
One way remain'd—the King's command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd

For Clara and for me: This caitiff Monk, for gold, did swear, He would to Whitby's shrine repair, And, by his drugs, my rival fair

A saint in heaven should be. But ill the dastard kept his oath, Whose cowardice has undone us both,

XXX.

"And now my tongue the secret tells, Not that remorse my bosom swells, But to assure my soul that none Shall ever wed with Marmion. Had fortune my last hope betray'd,
This packet, to the King convey'd,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
Although my heart that instant broke. —
Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

XXXI.

"Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends!
The altars quake, the crosier bends,
The ire of a despotic King
Rides forth upon destruction's wing;
Then shall these vaults, so strong and
deep,

Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep; Some traveller then shall find my bones Whitening amid disjointed stones, And, ignorant of priests' cruelty, Marvel such relics here should be."

XXXII.

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air:

Back from her shoulders stream'd her
hair:

The locks, that wont her brow to shade, Stared up crectly from her head; Her figure seem d to rise more high; Her voice, despair's wild energy Had given a tone of prophecy. Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate; With stupid eyes, the men of fate Gazed on the light inspired form, And listen'd for the avenging storm; The judges felt the victim's dread; No hand was moved, no word was said,

Till thus the Abbot's doom was given Raising his sightless balls to heaven: "Sister, let thy sorrows cease; Sinful brother, part in peace!"

From that dire dungeon, place of door Of execution too, and tomb, Paced forth the judges three; Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell The butcher-work that there befel.

The butcher-work that there befell, When they had glided from the cell Of sin and misery.

XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey That conclave to the upper day; But, ere they breathed the fresher st. They heard the shrickings of despas,

And many a stifled groan: With speed their upward way they take (Such speed as age and fear can make And cross'd themselves for terror's and

As hurrying, tottering on: Even in the vesper's heavenly tone, They seem'd to hear a dying groun, And hade the passing knell to toll For welfare of a parting soul. Slow o'er the midnight wave it swang Northumbrian rocks in answer rung; To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd, His beads the wakeful hermit told, The Bamborough peasant raised I

head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the him
And quaked among the mountain fert
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

* See Note 33, on Stanza XXV.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

TO WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq.

LIKE April morning clouds, that pass, With varying shadow, o'er the grass, And imitate, on field and furrow, Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow; Like streamlet of the mountain north, Now in a torrent racing forth, Now winding slow its silver train, And almost slumbering on the plain; Like breezes of the Autumn day, Whose voice inconstant dies away, And ever swells again as fast, When the ear deems its murmur past; Thus various, my romantic theme This, winds, or sinks, a morning dream. Tet pleased, our eye pursues the trace Of Light and Shade's inconstant race: Pleased, views the rivulet afar, Weaving its maze irregular; And pleased, we listen as the breeze Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell I love the license all too well, In sounds now lowly, and now strong, To raise the desultory song?—

Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime,

Then, wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,

Some transient fit of lofty rhyme
To thy kind judgment seem'd excuse
Tor many an error of the muse,
Of hast thou said, "If, still mis-spent,
Thine hours to poetry are lent,
Go, and to tame thy wandering course,
Quaff from the fountain at the source;
Approach those masters, o'er whose tomb
Immortal laurels ever bloom:

Instructive of the feebler bard,

Still from the grave their voice is heard;

From them, and from the paths they
show'd,

Cloose honour'd guide and practised road:

Nor ramble on through brake and maze, With harpers rude, of barbarous days.

Askestiel, Ettrick Forest "Or deem'st thou not our later tim Yields topic meet for classic rhyme? Hast thou no elegiac verse For Brunswick's venerable hearse? What! not a line, a tear, a sigh, When valour bleeds for liberty?-Oh, hero of that glorious time. When, with unrivall'd light sublime,-Though martial Austria, and though The might of Russia, and the Gaul, Though banded Europe stood her foes The star of Brandenburgh arose ! Thou couldst not live to see her bean For ever quenched in Jena's stream. Lamented Chief!—it was not given To thee to change the doom of Heave And crush that dragon in its birth, Predestined scourge of guilty earth. Lamented Chief!-not thine the pow To save in that presumptuous hour, When Prussia hurried to the field, And snatched the spear, but left the shiel Valour and skill 'twas thine to try, And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die. Ill had it seem'd thy silver hair The last, the bitterest pang to share, For princedoms reft, and scutched riven,

And birthrights to usurpers given;
Thy lands, thy children's wrongs to fe
And witness woes thou couldst not her
On thee relenting Heaven bestows
For honour'd life an honour'd close;
And when revolves, in time's sure chang
The hour of Germany's revenge,
When, breathing fury for her sake,
Some new Arminius shall awake,
Her champion, ere he strike, shall con
To whet his sword on BRUNSWICH
tomb.

"Or of the Red-Cross hero * teach Dauntless in dungeon as on breach: Alike to him the sea, the shore, The brand, the bridle, or the oar: * Sir Sidney Smith. Alike to him the war that calls
Its votaries to the shatter'd walls,
Which the grim Turk, besmear'd with
blood,

Against the Invincible made good;
Or that, whose thundering voice could
wake

The silence of the polar lake, When stubborn Russ, and metal'd Swede, On the warp'd wave their death-game play'd;

Or that, where Vengeance and Affright Howl'd round the father of the fight, Who snatched, on Alexandria's sand, The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.*

"Or, if to touch such chord be thine, Restore the ancient tragic line, And emulate the notes that rung From the wild harp, which silent hung By silver Avon's holy shore, Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er; When she, the bold enchantress, + came, With fearless hand and heart on flame! From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,

And swept it with a kindred measure, Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove With Montfort's hate and Basil's love, Awakening at the inspired strain, Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again."

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,

With praises not to me belonging,
In task more meet for mightiest powers,
Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours.
But say, my Erskine, hast thou weigh'd
That secret power by all obey'd,
Which warps not less the passive mind,
Its source conceal'd, or undefined;
Whether an impulse, that has birth
Soon as the infant wakes on earth,
One with our feelings and our powers,
And rather part of us than ours;
Or whether filler term'd the sway
Of habit form'd in early day?
Howe'er derived, its force confest
Rules with despotic sway the breast,

Sir Ralph Abercromby.
 † Joanna Baillie.

And drags us on by viewless chain, While taste and reason plead in vaia. Look east, and ask the Belgian why, Beneath Batavia's sultry aky, He seeks not eager to inhale. The freshness of the mountain gale, Content to rear his whitened wall Beside the dank and dull canal? He'll say, from youth he loved to see The white sail gliding by the tree. Or see yon weather-beaten hind, Whose sluggish herds before him win Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged chaef His northern clime and kindred speak.

And England's wealth around him sound Ask, if it would content him well, At ease in those gay plains to dwell. Where hedge-rows spread a verden screen,

And spires and forests intervene,
And the neat cottage peeps between?
No! not for these would he exchange
His dark Lochaber's boundless range
Not for fair Devon's meads forsake
Bennevis grey, and Garry's lake.

Thus while I ape the measure wild Of tales that charm'd me yet a child, Rude though they be, still with the child Return the thoughts of early time; And feelings, roused in life's first day, Glow in the line, and prompt the lay. Then rise those crags, that mounts tower

Which charm'd my fancy's waken

Though no broad river swept along. To claim, perchance, heroic song; Though sigh'd no groves in summer gal. To prompt of love a softer tale; Though scarce a puny streamlet's spet Claim'd homage from a shepherd's red Yet was poetic impulse given, By the green hill and clear blue heave It was a barren scene, and wild, Where naked cliffs were rudely piled; But ever and anon between Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green; And well the lonely infant knew Recesses where the wall-flower green.

suckle loved to crawl crag and ruin'd wall. ch nooks the sweetest shade all its round survey'd; thought that shatter'd tower est work of human power; Il'd as the aged hind : strange tale bewitch'd my , who, with headlong force, 1 that strength had spurr'd · horse, ern rapine to renew, distant Cheviots blue, returning, fill'd the hall wassel-rout, and brawl. that still, with trump and y's broken arches rang; grim features, seam'd with rugh the window's rusty bars, by the winter hearth. heard of woe or mirth, lights, of ladies' charms, spells, of warriors' arms; zattles, won of old wight and Bruce the bold; ds of feud and fight, ring from their Highland ı clans, in headlong sway, he scarlet ranks away. h'd at length upon the floor, ht each combat o'er, shells, in order laid, inks of war display'd; still the Scottish Lion bore. scatter'd Southern fled

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace, Anew, each kind familiar face, That brighten'd at our evening fire! From the thatch'd mansion's grey-hair'd Wise without learning, plain and good, And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood; Whose eye, in age, quick, clear, and keen. Show'd what in youth its glance had been; Whose doom discording neighbours sought, Content with equity unbought: To him the venerable Priest. Our frequent and familiar guest, Whose life and manners well could paint Alike the student and the saint; Alas! whose speech too oft I broke With gambol rude and timeless joke: For I was wayward, bold, and wild, A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child; But half a plague, and half a jest, Was still endured, beloved, caress'd.

For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask The classic poet's well-conn'd task? Nay, Erskine, nay—On the wild hill Let the wild heath-bell flourish still; Cherish the tulip, prune the vine, But freely let the woodbine twine, And leave untrimm'd the eglantine: Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise Hath given fresh vigour to my lays; Since oft thy judgment could refine My flatten'd thought, or cumbrous line; Still kind, as is thy wont, attend, And in the minstrel spare the friend. Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale, Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my Tale!

CANTO THIRD.

The Postel, or Inn.

day Lord Marmion rode:
1 path the Palmer show'd,
streamlet winded still,
2 birches hid the rill,

They might not choose the Iowland road,
For the Merse forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.

Oft on the trampling band, from crown Of some tall clift, the deer look'd down; On wing of jet, from his repose In the deep heath, the black-cock rose; Sprung from the gorse the timid roe, Nor waited for the bending bow; And when the stony path began, By which the naked peak they wan, Up flew the snowy ptarmigan. The noon had long been pass'd before They gain'd the height of Lammermoor; Thence winding down the northern way Before them, at the close of day, Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

IL.

No summons calls them to the tower,
To spend the hospitable hour.
To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone;
His cautious dame, in bower alone,
Dreaded her castle to unclose,
So late, to unknown friends or foes,
On through the hamlet as they paced,
Before a porch, whose front was graced
With bush and flagon trimly placed,
Lord Marmion drew his rein:

Lord Marmion drew his rein:
The village inn seem'd large, though rude;

Its cheerful fire and hearty food
Might well relieve his train.
Down from their seats the horsemen
sprung,

With jingling spurs the court-yard rung; They bind their horses to the stall, For forage, food, and firing call, And various clamour fills the hall: Weighing the labour with the cost, Toils everywhere the bustling host.

TIT.

Soon by the chimney's merry blaze.

Through the rude hostel might you gaze;

Might see where in deals rook sleef

Might see, where, in dark nook aloof, The rafters of the sooty roof

Bore wealth of winter cheer; Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store, And gammons of the tusky boar,

And savoury haunch of deer.
The chimney arch projected wide;
Above, around it, and beside,

Were tools for housewifes' hand Nor wanted, in that martial day, The implements of Scottish fray,

The buckler, lance, and brand. Beneath its shade, the place of size On oaken settle Marmion sate, And view'd around the blazing he His followers mix in noisy mirth; Whom with brown ale, in jolly tic From ancient vessels ranged aside Full actively their host supplied.

IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial bre And laughter theirs at little jest; And oft Lord Marmion deigned to And mingle in the mirth they ma For though, with men of high de The proudest of the proud was he Yet, train'd in camps, he knew th To win the soldier's hardy heart. They love a captain to obey, Boisterous as March, yet fresh as With open hand, and brow as free Lover of wine and minstrelsy; Ever the first to scale a tower, As venturous in a lady's bower :-Such buxom chief shall lead his h From India's fires to Zembla's from

v.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff, Right opposite the Palmer stool His thin dark visage seen but half, Half hidden by his hood. Still fix'd on Marmion was his loo

Still fix'd on Marmion was his loo Which he, who ill such gaze brook,

Strove by a frown to quell; But not for that, though more than Full met their stern encountering g The Palmer's visage fell.

VI.

By fits less frequent from the crow Was heard the burst of laughter Is For still, as squire and archer star On that dark face and matted bes

Their glee and game declined. All gazed at length in silence drea Unbroke, save when in comrade's Some yeoman, wondering in his fe

Thus whisper'd forth his mind :

saw'st thou e'er such sight? cheek, his eye how bright, fire-brand's fickle light eath his cowl! ord he sets his eye; alfrey, would not I sullen scowl."

VII.

as to chase the awe d quell'd their hearts, who

ng fire-light show m and face of woe, apon a squire : know'st thou not some lay, ingering night away? by the fire."—

VIII.

"thus the youth rejoin'd, minstrel's left behind to to please your ear, matant's strains to hear. leftly can he strike, lover's lute alike; Valentine, no thrush om a spring-tide bush, her love-forn tune varbles to the moon. use, whate'er it be, a his melody, has, and billows stern, as of Lindisfarne. The strain of the stra

TX.

e Fitz-Eustace had, se was wild and sad; ard, in Scottish land, vasy harvest band, are the mountaineer, lains, the ripen'd ear, woice the notes prolong, orus swells the song; a'd, and stood still, an'd up the hill, the lament of men I for their native glen; now and would be such

's swampy ground,

Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake, Or wild Ontario's boundless lake, Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain, Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again!

X.

Song.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

Eleuloro, &c. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap O'er the false-hearted; His warm blood the wolf shall lap, Ere life be parted.

Shame and dishonour sit By his grave ever; Blessing shall hallow it,—

Never, O never! CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never !

It ceased, the melancholy sound; And silence sunk on all around. The air was sad; but sadder still It fell on Marmion's ear, And plain'd as if discrace and ill.

And plain'd as if disgrace and ill, And shameful death, were near. He drew his mantle past his face,

Between it and the band, And rested with his head a space Reclining on his hand.

His thoughts I scan not; but I ween, That, could their import have been seen,

The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,
Would scarce have wished to be their
prev.

For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

XIII.

High minds, of native pride and force, Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse! Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,

Thou art the torturer of the brave!
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they
feel.

Even while they writhe beneath the smart

Of civil conflict in the heart.

For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,

And, smiling to Fitz-Eustace, said—
"Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seem'd in mine car a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?

Say, what may this portend?"— Then first the Palmer silence broke, (The livelong day he had not spoke,) "The death of a dear friend."

XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye Ne'er changed in worst extremity; Marmion, whose soul could scantly brook,

Even from his King, a haughty look; Whose accent of command controll'd, In camps, the boldest of the bold;—

Thought, look, and utterance fail'd

Fall'n was his glance, and flush's brow:

For either in the tone, Or something in the Palmer's look, So full upon his conscience strook,

That answer he found none. Thus oft it haps, that when within They shrink at sense of secret sin,

A feather daunts the brave; A fool's wild speech confounds the And proudest princes veil their ey Before their meanest slave,

XV.

Well might he falter !—By his aid Was Constance Beverley betray'd Not that he augur'd of the doom, Which on the living closed the to But, tired to hear the desperate m Threaten by turns, beseech, upbra And wroth, because in wild despa She practised on the life of Clare Its fugitive the Church he gave, Though not a victim, but a slave; And deem'd restraint in convent # Would hide her wrongs, and her re Himself, proud Henry's favourite Held Romish thunders idle fear: Secure his pardon he might hold, For some slight mulct of penance; Thus judging, he gave secret way, When the stern priests surprised

His train but deem'd the favourite Was left behind, to spare his age; Or other if they deem'd, none dar To mutter what he thought and he Woe to the vassal, who durst pry Into Lord Marmion's privacy!

XVI.

His conscience slept—he deem'd

And safe secured in distant cell; But, waken'd by her favourite lay, And that strange Palmer's beding That fell so ominous and drear, Full on the object of his fear, To aid remorse's venom'd throes, Dark tales of convent-vengeance metals.

stance, late betray'd and scorn'd, y on his soul return'd; s when, at treacherous call, ber convent's peaceful wall, d with shame, with terror mute, alike, escape, pursuit, victorious o'er alarms, and blushes in his arms.

XVII.

he thought, "how changed at mien! inged these timid looks have urs of guilt, and of disguise, el'd her brow, and arm'd her of virgin terror speaks d that mantles in her cheeks : nd unfeminine, are there, or joy, for grief despair; e cause-for whom were given ice on earth, her hopes in thought he, as the picture stalk had left the rose ! should man's success remove charms that wake his love !person harsh and rude; it within the narrow cell, l her spirit chase and swell! ok the stern monastic laws ! ince how-and I the cause !nd scourge - perchance even re he rose to cry, "To horse !"e his Sovereign's mandate came, mp upon a kindling flame; ice he thought, "Gave I not ld be safe, though not at large? ret not, for their island, shred len ringlet from her head."

XVIII.

has in Marmion's bosom strove ince and reviving love, irlwinds, whose contending sway is Loch Vennachar obey, Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,

And, talkative, took up the word:
"Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you, who stray
From Scotland's simple land away,
To visit realms afar,
Full often learn the art to know
Of future weal, or future woe,

By word, or sign, or star;
Yet might a knight his fortune hear,
If, knight-like, he despises fear,
Not far from hence;—if fathers old
Aright our hamlet legend told."—
These broken words the menials move,
(For marvels still the vulgar love,)
And, Marmion giving license cold,
His tale the Host thus gladly told:—

XIX.

The Bost's Tale.

"A Clerk could tell what years have flown

Since Alexander fill'd our throne, (Third monarch of that warlike name,) And eke the time when here he came To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord: A braver never drew a sword; A wiser never, at the hour Of midnight, spoke the word of power: The same, whom ancient records call The founder of the Goblin-Hall. I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay Gave you that cavern to survey. Of lofty roof, and ample size, Beneath the castle deep it lies: To hew the living rock profound, The floor to pave, the arch to round, There never toil'd a mortal arm— It all was wrought by word and charm; And I have heard my grandsire say, That the wild clamour and affray Of those dread artisans of hell, Who labour'd under Hugo's spell, Sounded as loud as ocean's war Among the caverns of Dunbar.

XX.

"The King Lord Gifford's castle sought, Deep labouring with uncertain thought; Even then he muster'd all his bost, To meet upon the western coast;

For Norse and Danish galleys plied Their oars within the frith of Clyde. There floated Haco's banner trim, Above Norweyan warriors grim, Savage of heart, and large of limb; Threatening both continent and isle, Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle. Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground, Heard Alexander's bugle sound, And tarried not his garb to change, But, in his wizard habit strange, Came forth, -a quaint and fearful sight : His mantle lined with fox-skins white; His high and wrinkled forehead bore A pointed cap, such as of yore Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore: His shoes were mark'd with cross and

spell,
Upon his breast a pentacle;
His zone, of virgin parchment thin,
Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,
Bore many a planetary sign,
Combust, and retrograde, and trine;
And in his hand he held prepared,
A naked sword without a guard.

XXI.

"Dire dealings with the fiendish race Had mark'd strange lines upon his face: Vigil and fast had worn him grim, His eyesight dazzled seem'd and dim, As one unused to upper day; Even his own menials with dismay Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly Sire, In his unwonted wild attire; Unwonted, for traditions run, He seldom thus beheld the sun.-'I know,' he said-(his voice was hoarse, And broken seem'd its hollow force)-'I know the cause, although untold, Why the King seeks his vassal's hold: Vainly from me my liege would know His kingdom's future weal or woe: But yet, if strong his arm and heart, His courage may do more than art.

XXII.

"'Of middle air the demons proud, Who ride upon the racking cloud, Can read, in fix'd or wandering star, The issues of events afar; But still their sullen aid with Save when by mightier force Such late I summon'd to my And though so potent was t That scarce the deepest noo I deem'd a refuge from the Vet, obstinate in silence still The haughty demon mocks But thou, -who little know's As born upon that blessed n When yawning graves, and of Proclaim'd hell's empire over With untaught valour shalt Response denied to magic sy 'Gramercy,' quoth our Mon 'Place him but front to from And, by this good and hone The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's Soothly I swear, that, tide The demon shall a buffet bi His bearing bold the wizard And thus, well pleased, his new'd :-

'There spoke the blood of l

Forth pacing hence, at midt The rampart seek, whose cit Crests the ascent of yonder A southern entrance shalt it There halt, and there thy b And trust thine elfin foe to In guise of thy worst enemy Couch then thy lance, an steed—

Upon him! and Saint Georg If he go down, thou soon si Whate'er these airy sprites of If thy heart fail thee in the I am no warrant for thy life

XXIII

"Soon as the midnight bell Alone, and arm'd, forth rod To that old camp's deserted Sir Knight, you well migh mound,

Left-hand the town,—the P.
The trench, long since, in bloom
The moor around is brown:
The space within is green at
The spot our village childre
For there the earliest wild-flo

letide the wandering wight, ands its circle in the night! adth across, a bowshot clear, nple space for full career : to the four points of heaven, icep gaps are entrance given. thernmost our Monarch past, and blew a gallant blast; the north, within the ring, d the form of England's King, en, a thousand leagues afar, stine waged holy war : s like England's did he wield, ne leopards in the shield, is Syrian courser's frame, er's length of limb the same : fterwards did Scotland know, ward* was her deadliest foe.

XXIV.

sion made our Monarch start, n he mann'd his noble heart, the first career they ran, in Knight fell, horse and man; a splinter of his lance h Alexander's visor glance, red the skin-a puny wound. Ight leaping to the ground, ked blade his phantom foe I'd the future war to show. he saw the glorious plain, still gigantic bones remain, orial of the Danish war; if he saw, amid the field, h his brandish'd war-axe wield, strike proud Haco from his car, all around the shadowy Kings ric's grim ravens cower'd their wings d, that, in that awful night, er visions met his sight, owing future conquests far, uur sons' sons wage northern war; l city, tower and spire, and the midnight sky with fire, souting crews her navy bore, phant to the victor shore. gras may learned clerks explainthe wit of simple swain.

Edward L. surnamed Longshanks

XXV.

"The joyful King turn'd home again, Headed his host, and quell'd the Dane; But yearly, when return'd the night Of his strange combat with the sprite,,

His wound must bleed and smart; Lord Gifford then would gibing say, 'Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay The penance of your start.'

Long since beneath Dunfermline's nave, King Alexander fills his grave,

Our Lady give him rest! Yet still the knightly spear and shield The Elfin Warrior doth wield,

Upon the brown hill's breast;
And many a knight hath proved his chance,

chance,
In the charm'd ring to break a lance,
But all have foully sped;
Save two, as legends tell, and they
Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay,—
Gentles, my tale is said."

XXVL

The quaighs were deep, the liquor strong, And on the tale the yeoman-throng Had made a comment sage and long,

But Marmion gave a sign: And, with their lord, the squires retire; The rest around the hostel fire,

Their drowsy limbs recline:
For pillow, underneath each head,
The quiver and the targe were laid.
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,
Oppress'd with toil and ale, they snore:
The dying flame, in fitful change,
Threw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.

Apart, and nestling in the hay
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay;
Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen
The foldings of his mantle green:
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
Of sport by thicket, or by stream,
Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,
Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.
A cautious tread his slumber broke,
And, close beside him, when he woke,
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
Stood a tall form, with nodding plume;

*A wooden cup composed of staves hooped together.

But, ere his dagger Eustace drew, His master Marmion's voice he knew.—

XXVIII.

"Fitz-Eustace! rise,—I cannot rest;—Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,
And graver thoughts have chafed my
mood:

The air must cool my feverish blood;
And fain would I ride forth, to see
The scene of Elfin chivalry.
Arise, and saddle me my steed;
And, gentle Eustace, take good heed
Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves;
I would not, that the prating knaves
Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
That I could credit such a tale."—
Then softly down the steps they slid;
Eustace the stable door undid,
And, darkling, Marmion's steed array'd,
While, whispering, thus the Baron
said:—

XXIX.

"Didst never, good my youth, hear tell, That on the hour when I was born, Saint George, who graced my sire's chapelle,

Down from his steed of marble fell,
A weary wight forlorn?
The flattering chaplains all agree,
The champion left his steed to me.
I would, the omen's truth to show,
That I could meet this Elfin Foe!
Blithe would I battle, for the right
To ask one question at the sprite;
Vain thought! for elves, if elves there be,
An empty race, by fount or sea,
To dashing waters dance and sing,
Or round the green oak wheel their ring."
Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,
And from the hostel slowly rode.

XXX.

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad, And mark'd him pace the village road,

And listen'd to his horse's tramp Till, by the lessening sound, He judged that of the Pictish car Lord Marmion sought the rom Wonder it seem'd, in the squire's e That one, so wary held, and wise,-Of whom 'twas said, he scarce rece For gospel, what the church believe Should, stirr'd by idle tale. Ride forth in silence of the night. As hoping half to meet a sprite, Array'd in plate and mail. For little did Fitz-Eustace know, That passions, in contending flow, Unfix the strongest mind; Wearied from doubt to doubt to fle We welcome fond credulity, Guide confident, though blind. XXXI. Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,

But, patient, waited till he heard,

The foot-tramp of a flying steed,

At distance, prick'd to utmost speed

Come town-ward rushing on : First, dead, as if on turf it trode, Then, clattering on the village road In other pace than forth he yode,* Return'd Lord Marmion. Down hastily he sprung from selle, And, in his haste, wellnigh he fell; To the squire's hand the rein he the And spoke no word as he withdres But yet the moonlight did betray. The falcon-crest was soil'd with cla And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see By stains upon the charger's knee, And his left side, that on the moor He had not kept his footing sure. Long musing on these wondrous si At length to rest the squire reclines, Broken and short; for still, between Would dreams of terror intervene: Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark The first notes of the morning lark.

* Fode, used by old poets for west

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

TO JAMES SKENE, Esq.

re is the life which late we led?"
motley clown in Arden wood,
n burnorous Jaques with envy
view'd,
ven that clown could amplify,
is trite text, so long as I.
n years we now may tell,
we have known each other well;
riding side by side, our hand,
drew the voluntary brand;
sure, through many a varied scene,
ndness never came between.
these winged years have flown,
in the mass of ages gone;
hough deep mark'd, like all below,
chequer'd shades of joy and woe;
gh thou o'er realms and seas hast
ranged.

'd cities lost, and empires changed, e here, at home, my narrower ken ewhat of manners saw, and men; gh varying wishes, hopes, and fears, rd the progress of these years, now, days, weeks, and months but

recollection of a dream, ill we glide down to the sea abomless eternity.

em now it scarcely seems a day, e first I tuned this idle lay; as so often thrown aside, in leisure graver cares denied, anw, November's dreary gale, se voice inspir'd my opening tale, same November gale once more ris the dry leaves on Yarrow shore. we'd boughs streaming to the sky, more our naked birches sigh, blackhouse heights, and Ettrick Pen, e dom'd their wintry shrouds again: mountain dark, and flooded mead, formake the hanks of Tweed.

Askestiel, Ettrick Forest.

Earlier than wont along the sky,
Mix'd with the rack, the snow mists fly;
The shepherd, who in summer sun,
Had something of our envy won,
As thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen;—
He who, outstretch'd the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,
View'd the light clouds with vacant look,
Or slumber'd o'er his tatter'd book,
Or idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the lessen'd tide;—
At midnight now, the snowy plain
Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun, Through heavy vapours dark and dun; When thetired ploughman, dry andwarm, Hears, half-asleep, the rising storm; Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain, Against the casement's tinkling pane: The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox, To shelter in the brake and rocks, Are warnings which the shepherd ask To dismal and to dangerous task. Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain, The blast may sink in mellowing rain; Till, dark above, and white below, Decided drives the flaky snow, And forth the hardy swain must go. Long, with dejected look and whine, To leave the hearth his dogs repine; Whistling and cheering them to aid, Around his back he wreathes the plaid: His flock he gathers, and he guides, To open downs, and mountain-sides Where fiercest though the tempest blow, Least deeply lies the drift below. The blast, that whistles o'er the fells, Stiffens his locks to icicles; Oft he looks back, while streaming far, His cottage window seems a star,-Loses its feeble gleam, -and then Turns patient to the blast again,

And, facing to the tempest's sweep, Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep,

If fails his heart, if his limbs fail, Benumbing death is in the gale: His paths, his landmarks, all unknown, Close to the hut no more his own, Close to the aid he sought in vain, The morn may find the stiffen'd swain: The widow sees, at dawning pale, His orphans raise their feeble wail; And, close beside him, in the snow, Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe, Couches upon his master's breast, And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot, His healthy fare, his rural cot, His summer couch by greenwood tree, His rustic kim's * loud revelry, His native hill-notes tuned on high, To Marion of the blithesome eye; His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed, And all Arcadia's golden creed?

Changes not so with us, my Skene, Of human life the varying scene? Our youthful summer oft we see Dance by on wings of game and glee, While the dark storm reserves its rage, Against the winter of our age: As he, the ancient Chief of Troy, His manhood spent in peace and joy; But Grecian fires, and foud alarms, Call'd ancient Priam forth to arms. Then happy those, since each must drain His share of pleasure, share of pain,-Then happy those, beloved of Heaven, To whom the mingled cup is given; Whose lenient sorrows find relief, Whose joys are chasten'd by their grief. And such a lot, my Skene, was thine, When thou, of late, wert doom'd to twine,-

Just when thy bridal hour was by,—
The cypress with the myrtle tie.
Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,
And bless'd the union of his child,
When love must change its joyous cheer
And wipe affection's filial tear.

* The Scottish Harvest-home.

Nor did the actions next his end, Speak more the father than the fr Scarce had lamented Forbes paid The tribute to his Minstrel's shad The tale of friendship scarce was Ere the narrator's heart was cold-Far may we search before we find A heart so manly and so kind! But not around his honour'd urn, Shall friends alone and kindred m The thousand eyes his care had di Pour at his name a bitter tide; And frequent falls the grateful de-For benefits the world ne'er knew If mortal charity dare claim The Almighty's attributed name. Inscribe above his mouldering cla "The widow's shield, the orphan's Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, My verse intrudes on this sad ther For sacred was the pen that wrote "Thy father's friend forgot thou n And grateful title may I plead, For many a kindly word and deed To bring my tribute to his grave: 'Tis little-but 'tis all I have.

To thee, perchance, this ram

Recalls our summer walks again; When, doing nought,—and, to true.

Not anxious to find aught to do,—
The wild unbounded hills we rang
While oft our talk its topic change
And, desultory as our way,
Ranged, unconfined, from grave te
Even when it flagg'd, as oft will de
No effort made to break its trance
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too;
Thou gravely labouring to pourtra
The blighted oak's fantastic spray
I spelling o'er, with much delight,
The legend of that antique knight
Tirante by name, yclep'd the Whi
At either's feet a trusty squire,
Pandour and Camp, with eyes of
Jealous, each other's motions view
And scarce suppress'd their ancient

* Camp was a favourite dog of the Pi bull-terrier of extraordinary sagacity. erock whistled from the cloud; am was lively, but not loud; e white thorn the May-flower

fragrance round our head : el lived more merrily he blossom'd bough, than we.

lithesome nights, too, have been

interstript the summer's bowers. re heard, what now I hear, blast sighing deep and drear, fires were bright, and lamps

eam'd gay, ies tuned the lovely lay; was held a laggard soul, unn'd to quaff the sparkling bowl. whose absence we deplore, athes the gales of Devon's shore, er miss'd, bewail'd the more; n, and I, and dear-loved Rae, whose name I may not say, -

For not Mimosa's tender tree Shrinks sooner from the touch than he, In merry chorus well combined, With laughter drown'd the whistling wind.

Mirth was within; and Care without Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout. Not but amid the buxom scene Some grave discourse might intervene-Of the good horse that bore him best, His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest: For, like mad Tom's, our chiefest care, Was horse to ride, and weapon wear. Such nights we've had; and, though the game

Of manhood be more sober tame, And though the field-day, or the drill, Seem less important now-yet still Such may we hope to share again. The sprightly thought inspires my strain! And mark, how like a horseman true, Lord Marmion's march I thus renew.

CANTO FOURTH.

The Camp.

E, I said, did blithely mark notes of the merry lark. dly Marmion's bugles blew, h their light and lively call, groom and yeoman to the stall. ling they came, and free of heart, soon their mood was changed; laint was heard on every part, something disarranged. amour'd loud for armour lost; awl'd and wrangled with the host; cet's bones," cried one, "I fear, the false Scot has stolen my lount, Lord Marmion's second

a steed wer with sweat and mire; the rated horse-boy sware, ht he dress'd him sleek and fair.

While chafed the impatient squire like

thunder, Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,-"Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all! Bevis lies dying in his stall: To Marmion who the plight dare tell, Of the good steed he loves so well?" Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw The charger panting on his straw; Till one who would seem wisest, cried,-"What else but evil could betide, With that cursed Palmer for our guide? Better we had through mire and bush Been lantern-led by Friar Rush."

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but ghess'd,

Nor wholly understood, His comrades' clamorous plaints suppress'd;

He knew Lord Marmion's mood.

Him, ere he issued forth, he sought, And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,

And did his tale display Simply, as if he knew of nought To cause such disarray. Lord Marmion gave attention cold, Nor marvell'd at the wonders told, l'ass'd them as accidents of course, And bade his clarions sound to horse.

riı.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the

Had reckon'd with their Scottish host; And, as the charge he cast and paid, "Ill thou deservest thy hire," he said; "Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight? Fairies have ridden him all the night,

And left him in a foam! I trust that soon a conjuring band, With English cross, and blazing brand, Shall drive the devils from this land,

To their infernal home:
For in this haunted den, I trow,
All night they trample to and fro."—
The laughing host look'd on the hire,—
"Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
And if thou comest among the rest,
With Scottish broadsword to be blest,
Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo."
Here stay'd their talk,—for Marmion
Gave now the signal to set on.
The l'almer showing forth the way,
They journey'd all the morning day.

IV.

The green-sward way was smooth and good,

Through Humbie's and through Saltoun's wood;

A forest glade, which, varying still, Here gave a view of dale and hill, There narrower closed, till over head A vaulted screen the branches made. "A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace said; "Such as where errant-knights might see Adventures of high chivalry; Might meet some damsel flying fast, With hair unbound, and looks aghast; And smooth and level course were here, In her defence to break a spear.

Here, too, are twilight nooks and de And oft, in such, the story tells, The damsel kind, from danger freed, Did grateful pay her champion's non He spoke to cheer Lord Marni mind;

Perchance to show his lore design'd.
For Eustace much had pored
Upon a huge romantic tome,
In the hall-window of his home,
Imprinted at the antique dome

Of Caxton, or De Worde, Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in 1 For Marmion answer'd nought again

V.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shril In notes prolong'd by wood and hi

Were heard to echo far: Each ready archer grasp'd his bow, But by the flourish soon they know. They breathed no point of war. Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,

Lord Marmion's order speeds the l Some opener ground to gain; And scarce a furlong had they rod

And scarce a furlong had they rook
When thinner trees, receding, shot
A little woodland plain.
Just in that advantageous glade,

Just in that advantageous glade, The halting troop a line had made. As forth from the opposing shade Issued a gallant train.

VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose So late the forest echoes rang; On prancing steeds they forward pa With scarlet mantle, azure vest; Each at his trump a banner wore, Which Scotland's royal scutcheon Heralds and pursuivants, by name Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothay, In painted tabards, proudly showi Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glo Attendant on a King-at-arms,

Attendant on a King-at-arms,
Whose hand the armorial trun
held,

That feudal strife had often quell'e When wildest its alarms.

VII.

He was a man of middle age; In aspect manly, grave, and sag

King's errand come; he glances of his eye, rating, keen, and sly ssion found its home; h of that satiric rage, bursting on the early stage, the vices of the age, broke the keys of Rome. -white palfrey forth he paced; of maintenance was graced the proud heron-plume, is steed's shoulder, loin, and ousings swept the ground, cotland's arms, device, and older'd round and round. ble tressure might you see, by Achaius borne, tle and the fleur-de-lis, allant unicorn. the King's armorial coat, e the dazzled eye could note, plours, blazon'd brave. which his title gave; hich well beseem'd his state, arm'd, around him wait. thy name in high account, still thy verse has charms, ad Lindesay of the Mount, Lion King-at-arms!

VIII.

om his horse did Marmion ing, e saw the Lion-King; he stately Baron knew the courtesy was due, all James himself had crown'd, a temples placed the round tland's ancient diadem: its brow with hallow'd wine, is finger given to shine hlematic gem. and greetings duly made, thus his message said:—Sootland's King hath deeply are mit faith with Henry more, ly hath forbid resort; and to his royal court;

knows Lord Marmion's name,

And honours much his warlike fame, My liege hath deem'd it shame, and lack Of courtesy, to turn him back; And, by his order, I, your guide, Must lodging fit and fair provide, Till finds King James meet time to see The flower of English chivalry."

IV

Though inly chafed at this delay, Lord Marmion bears it as he may. The Palmer, his mysterious guide, Beholding thus his place supplied,

Sought to take leave in vain: Strict was the Lion-King's command, That none, who rode in Marmion's band,

Should sever from the train:
"England has here enow of spies
In Lady Heron's witching eyes:"
To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,
But fair pretext to Marmion made.
The right-hand path they now decline,
And trace against the stream the Tyne.

X

At length up that wild dale they wind, Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank;

For there the Lion's care assign'd A lodging meet for Marmion's rank. That Castle rises on the steep

Of the green vale of Tyne: And far beneath, where slow they creep, From pool to eddy, dark and deep, Where alders moist, and willows weep,

You hear her streams repine. The towers in different ages rose; Their various architecture shows The builder' various hands.

The builders' various hands;
A mighty mass, that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.

Crichtoun! though now thy miry court But pens the lazy steer and sheep, Thy turrets rude, and totter'd Keep, Have been the minstrel's loved resort. Oft have I traced, within thy fort,

Of mouldering shields the mystic sense, Scutcheons of honour, or pretence, Quarter'd in old armorial sort,

Remains of rude magnificence.

Nor wholly yet had time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair:
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,
Whose twisted notes, with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruin'd stair.
Still rises unimpair'd below,
The court-yard's graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row and row
Of fair hewn facets richly show
Their pointed diamond form,
Though there but houseless cattle go,
To shield them from the storm.
And, shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilom were captives
pent,

The darkness of thy Massy More; *
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,

May trace, in undulating line, The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII.

Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,
As through its portal Marmion rode;
But yet 'twas melancholy state
Received him at the outer gate;
For none were in the Castle then,
But women, boys, or aged men.
With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing
dame,

To welcome noble Marmion, came; Her son, a stripling twelve years old, Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold; For each man that could draw a sword Had march'd that morning with their lord,

Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died On Flodden, by his sovereign's side: Long may his Lady look in vain! She ne'er shall see his gallant train Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.

'Twas a brave race, before the name Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

XIII.

And here two days did Marmion rest,
With every rite that honour claims,
Attended as the King's own guest;
Such the comman i of Royal James,
Who marshall'd then his land's array,
Upon the Borough-moor that lay.

"The pit, or prison vault.—See Appendix.

Perchance he would not foeman's Upon his gathering host should partial full prepared was every band. To march against the English land. Here while they dwelt, did Lindwitt

Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit; And, in his turn, he knew to print Lord Marmion's powerful mind wise.—

Train'd in the lore of Rome and G And policies of war and peace.

XIV.

It chanced, as fell the second night.

That on the battlements they we And, by the slowly fading light,

Of varying topics talked;

Of varying topics talked;
And, unaware, the Herald-bard
Said, Marmion might his toil
spared,

In travelling so far;
For that a messenger from heaves
In vain to James had counsel giw
Against the English war:
And, closer question'd, thus he to
A tale, which chronicles of old
In Scottish story have enroll'd:—

xv.

Sir Babid Findesug's Ci

"Of all the palaces so fair, Built for the royal dwelling,

In Scotland far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linner's tu

How blithe the blackbird's lay The wild-buck bells from ferny b The coot dives merry on the lake The saddest heart might pleasure

To see all nature gay.

But June is, to our Sovereign der
The heaviest month in all the yer
Too well his cause of grief you ke
June saw his father's overthrow.

Woe to the traitors, who could b
The princely boy against his Kin
Still in his conscience burns the I
In offices as strict as Lent,
King James's June is ever spent.

XVL

ast this ruthful month was come, inlithgow's holy dome ing, as wont, was praying; or his royal father's soul, ters sung, the bells did toll, shop mass was sayingthe year brought round again the luckless king was slainrine's aisle the Monarch knelt, keloth-shirt and iron belt, with sorrow streaming; im, in their stalls of state, de's Knight-Companions sate, anners o'er them beaming. there, and, sooth to tell d with the jangling knell, hing where the sunbeams fell, the stain'd aming; I marked what next befell, 'd as I were dreaming. nom the crowd a ghostly wight, rown, with cincture white; ead bald, his head was bare, ng at length his yellow hair. ck me not, when, good my en I saw his placid grace, le majesty of face, nn bearing, and his pace ely gliding on,me ne'er did limner paint n image of the Saint, po'd the Virgin in her faint,red Apostle John!

XVII.

p'dbefore the Monarch's chair, of with rustic plainness there, at le reverence made; it nor body, bow'd nor bent, ne desk his arm he leant, write like these he said, write—but never tone d through vein, and nerve, and ne t—ther sent me from afar, to warn three not to war,—

Woe waits on thine array;
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware:
God keep thee as he may!'—
The wondering Monarch seem'd to
seek
For answer, and found none;
And when he raised his head to speak,
The monitor was gone,
The Marshal and myself had cast
To stop him as he outward pass'd;

But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast, He vanish'd from our eyes, Like sunbeam on the billow cast, That glances but, and dies."

XVIII.

While Lindesay told his marvel strange, The twilight was so pale, He mark'd not Marmion's colour

He mark'd not Marmion's colour change, While listening to the tale;

But, after a suspended pause, The Baron spoke:—"Of Nature's laws So strong I held the force,

That never superhuman cause Could e'er control their course; And, three days since, had judged your

Was but to make your guest your game. But I have seen, since past the Tweed, What much has changed my sceptic creed,

And made me credit aught—" He staid,

And seem'd to wish his words unsaid:
But, by that strong emotion press'd,
Which prompts us to unload our breast,
Even when discovery's pain,

To Lindesay did at length unfold The tale his village host had told,

At Gifford, to his train.

Nought of the Palmer says he there,
And nought of Constance, or of Clare;
The thoughts which broke his sleep, he
seems

To mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread My burning limbs, and couch'd my head: Fantastic thoughts returned;
And, by their wild dominion led,
My heart within me burn'd.
So sone was the delirious goad,
I took my steed, and forth I rode,
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
Soon reach'd the camp upon the wold.
The southern entrance I pass'd through,
And halted, and my bugle blew.
Methought an answer met my ear,
Vet was the blast so low and drear,
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.

XX.

"Thus judging, for a little space I listen'd, ere I left the place;
But scarce could trust my eyes,
Nor yet can think they serv'd me true,
When sudden in the ring I view,
In form distinct of shape and hue,
A mounted champion rise.—
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,
In single fight, and mix'd affray,
And ever, I myself may say,
I lave borne me as a knight;
But when this unexpected foe
Seem'd starting from the gulf below,—
I care not though the truth I show,—
I trembled with affright;
And as I placed in rest my spear,

XXI.

My hand so shook for very fear,

I scarce could couch it right.

"Why need my tongue the issue tell? We ran our course, —my charger fell;—What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?.

I roll'd upon the plain.

High o'er my head, with threatening hand,

The spectre shook his naked brand,—
Yet did the worst remain:
My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—
Not opening hell itself could blast

Their sight, like what I saw!
Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—
A face could never be mistook!
I knew the stern vindictive look,
And held my breath for awe.

I saw the face of one who, fled
To foreign climes, has long been de
I well believe the last;
For ne'er, from vizor raised, did:

A human warrior, with a glare
So grimly and so ghast.
Thrice o'er my head he shook theb

But when to good Saint George In (The first time e'er I ask'd his aid He plunged it in the sheath;

And, on his courser mounting light
He seem'd to vanish from my sigh
The moonbeam droop'd, and de
night

Sunk down upon the heath.—
'Twere long to tell what cause I
To know his face, that met met
Call d by his hatred from the gr

To cumber upper air:
Dead or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy."

XXII.

Marvell'd Sir David of the Mount Then, learn'd in story, 'gan recom Such chance had happ'd of old, When once, near Norham, then fight

A spectre fell of fiendish might, In likeness of a Scottish knight, With Brian Bulmer bold.

The aid of his baptismal vow.

"And such a phantom, too, 'tis as With Highland broadsword, target plaid,

And fingers red with gore, Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade, Or where the sable pine-trees shad Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslai Dromouchty, or Glenmore.* And yet whate'er such legends say, Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,

On mountain, moor, or plain, Spotless in faith, in bosom bold, True son of chivalry should hold These midnight terrors vain:

*See the traditions concerning the acalled *Lhamdeary*, or Bloody-hand, in a on Canto iii., Appendix, Note 40.

om have such spirits power

, save in the evil hour,
ailt we meditate within,
our unrepented sin."—
armion turn'd him half aside,
oe to clear his voice he tried,
press'd Sir David's hand,
press'd Sir David's hand,
offit, at length, in answer said,
e their farther converse staid,
ordering that his band
owne them with the rising day,
and s camp to take their way,
was the King's command.

XXIII.

ey took Dun-Edin's road, and trace each step they trode: nok, nor dell, nor rock, nor tone, the path to me unknown. ight it boast of storied lore; sing such disgression o'er, t that their route was laid he furry hills of Braid. an'd the glen and scanty rill, mb'd the opposing bank, until in'd the top of Blackford Hill.

XXIV.

ford! on whose uncultured reast, song the broom, and thorn, and thin, and the song the condition of the city crowd, from his steeple jangling loud, at Giles's mingling din, from the summit to the plain, all the hill with yellow grain; do'er the landscape as I look, it do I see unchanged remain, the rude cliffs and chiming the summer of the rude cliffs and chiming the rude cliffs and chim

WYE.

ment far the change has been, Marmion, from the crown aford, saw that martial scene the bent so brown: Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough-moor below,
Upland, and dale, and down:—
A thousand, did I say? I ween,
Thousands on thousands, there were
seen.

That chequer'd all the heath between
The streamlet and the town;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular;
Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green:
In these extended lines there lay,
A martial kingdom's vast array.

XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire edge,
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge;
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come;
The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,
Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,

And charger's shrilling neigh;
And see the shifting lines advance
While frequent flash'd, from shield and
lance,

The sun's reflected ray.

XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing smoke declare
To embers now the brands decay'd,
Where the night-watch their fires had
made.

They saw, slow rolling on the plain, Full many a baggage-cart and wain, And dire artillery's clumsy car, By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war; And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,*

And culverins which France had given. Ill-omen'd gift! the guns remain The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

* Seven culverins so called, cast by one Borthwick.

XXVIII.

Nor mark'd they less, where in the air 🐧 than said are kinners for interfolia is Various in state, festie, and had Green, rangame, purple, red, and 11. ...

Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and

We 1210,

Seroll, person, seroll, bandrill® there. Our the paulions flew. Highert and midinger, was descried.

The royal bonner floating wide: The staff, a pane-tree, strong and straight.

Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone, Which still in memory is shown.

Yet bent beneath the standard's weight

Whene'er the western wind unroll'd, With toil, the huge and cumbrous

And gave to view the dazzling field, Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield, The ruddy bon ramp'd in gold.

XXIX.

Land Marmion view'd the landscape bright,

He view'd it with a chief's delight,-Until within him burn'd his heart, And lightning from his eye did part,

 Λ_n on the battle-day; timeleglance did falcon never dart,

When stooping on his prey. "the well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said, Thy King from warfare to dissuade

Were but a vain essay: I'm, by 5t George, were that host mine,

Not power infernal, nor divine, thould once to peace my soul incline, Lill I had dumin'd their armour's shine In glorious battle-fray!"

Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood,and yet 'twere good, " Fan is the sight, That Kings would think withal,

When peace and wealth their land has blew.'d,

The better to sit still at rest, I han tree, perchance to fall."

to had these fendal ensigns intimated the date or or rank of those entitled to display them.

XXX

Still to the spot Lord Marmion For fairer scene he ne'er survey's When sated with the martial sl That peopled all the plain belo The wantering eye could over And mark the distant city glo With gloomy splendour red Fir on the smoke-wreaths, hu 5.∵**w**,

That round her sable turrets fl The meming beams were sh And singed them with a lustre Like that which streaks a th cloud.

Such dusky grandeur clothed the Where the huge Castle holds its And all the steep slope down,

Whose ridgy back heaves to the Piled deep and massy, close and Mine own romantic town! But northward far, with purer bl

On Ochil mountains fell the rays And as each heathy top they kis It gleam'd a purple amethyst. Yonder the shores of Fife you si Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-

And, broad between them roll The gallant Frith the eye might Whose islands on its bosom float Like emeralds chased in gold.

Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely p As if to give his rapture vent, The spur he to his charger lent, And raised his bridle hand, And making demi-volte in air, Cried, "Where's the coward tha

not dare To fight for such a land!" The Lindesay smiled his joy to s Nor Marmion's frown repress'd l

XXXI.

Thus while they look'd, a flourish Where mingled trump, and claric And fife, and kettle-drum, And sacbut deep, and psaltery, And war-pipe with discordant c And cymbal clattering to the sk Making wild music bold and his Did up the mountain come;

Ist the bells, with distant chime, toll'd the hour of prime, has the Lindesay spoke: damour still the war-notes when g to mass his way has ta'en, Katharine's of Sienne, tapel of Saint Rocque, they speak of martial fame; remind of peaceful game, blither was their cheer, in Falkland-woods the air, anone his steed should spare, which foremost might repair thownfall of the deer.

XXXII.

ss," he said,—"when looking rth, on Empress of the North her hilly throne; ce's imperial bowers, le, proof to hostile powers, ly halls and holy towers—a," he said, "I moan, what woe mischance may bring, these merry bells may ring

The death-dirge of our gallant King;
Or with the larum call
The burghers forth to watch and ward,
'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard
Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall,—
But not for my presaging thought,
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!
Lord Marmion, I say nay;
God is the guider of the field,
He breaks the champion's spear and shield,—
But thou thyself shalt say,
When joins yon host in deadly stowre,
That England's dames must weep in bower,

Her monks the death-mass sing;
For never saw'st thou such a power
Led on by such a King."—
And now, down winding to the plain,
The barriers of the camp they gain,
And there they made a stay.—
There stays the Minstrel, till he fling
His hand o'er every Border string,
And fit his harp the pomp to sing,
Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,

In the succeeding lay.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

TO GEORGE ELLIS, Esq.

Edinburgh.

ark December glooms the day, a our antumn joys away; cert and scant the sunbeam tows.

weary waste of snows, ad profitless regard, on on a needy bard; wan occupation's done, the chimney rests the gun, in idle trophy, near, prouch, fishing-rod, and spear; ry terrier, rough and grim, hound, with his length of limb, der, now employ'd no more, our parlour's narrow floor; his stall the impatient steed ordern'd to rest and feed; mo our snow-encircled home,

es the hardiest step to roam,

Since path is none, save that to bring The needful water from the spring; When wrinkled news-page, thrice conn'd o'er,

Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
And darkling politician, cross'd,
Inveighs against the lingering post,
Andanswering housewife sore complains
Of carriers' snow-impeded wains;
When such the country cheer, I come,
Well pleased, to seek our city home;
For converse, and for books, to change
The Forest's melancholy range,
And welcome, with renew'd delight,
The busy day and social night.

Not here need my desponding rhyme Lament the ravages of time, As erst by Newark's riven towers, And Ettrick stripp'd of ferest bowers. True,- Caledonia's Queen is changed. Since on her dusky summit ranged, Within its steepy limits pent, By bulwark, line, and battlement. And flanking towers, and laky flood, Guarded and garrison'd she stood, Denying entrance or resort, Save at each tall embattled port; Above whose arch, suspended, hung Portcullis spiked with iron prong. That long is gone, -but not so long, Since, early closed, and opening late, Jealous revolved the studded gate, Whose task, from eve to morning tide, A wicket churlishly supplied. Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow, Dun-Edin! O, how alter'd now, When safe amid thy mountain court Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport, And liberal, unconfined, and free, Flinging thy white arms to the sea, For thy dark cloud, with umber'd lower, That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower, Thou gleam'st against the western ray Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

Not she, the Championess of old, In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd, She for the charmed spear renown'd, Which forced each knight to kiss the ground,—

Not she more changed, when, placed at

What time she was Malbecco's guest,* She gave to flow her maiden vest; When from the corslet's grasp relieved, Free to the sight her bosom heaved; Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile, Erst hidden by the aventagle; And down her shoulders graceful roll'd Her locks profuse, of paly gold. They who whilom, in midnight fight, Had marvell'd at her matchless might, No less her maiden charms approved, But looking liked, and liking loved. The sight could jealous pangs beguile, And charm Malbecco's cares a while; And he, the wandering Squire of Dames, Forgot his Columbella's claims, And passion, erst unknown, could gain * See "The Fairy Queen," book iii. canto ix.

The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane Nor durst light Paridel advance, Bold as he was, a looser glance. She charm'd, at once, and tame heart,

Imcomparable Britomarte!

So thou, fair City! disarray'd Of battled wall, and rampart's air As stately seem'st, but lovelier far Than in that panoply of war. Nor deem that from thy fenceless t Strength and security are flown; Still, as of yore, Queen of the No Still canst thou send thy children Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call Thy burghers rose to man thy wal Than now, in danger, shall be thi Thy dauntless voluntary line; For fosse and turret proud to stan Their breasts the bulwarks of the Thy thousands, train'd to martial Full red would stain their native: Ere from thy mural crown there i The slightest knosp, or pinnacle. And if it come, —as come it may, Dun-Edin! that eventful day, Renown'd for hospitable deed, That virtue much with Heaver

plead,
In patriarchal times whose care
Descending angels deign'd to sha
That claim may wrestle blessings
On those who fight for The Good
Destined in every age to be
Refuge of injured royalty;
Since first, when conquering York
To Henry meek she gave repose,
Till late, with wonder, grief, and
Great Bourbon's relics, sad she s

Truce to these thoughts!—
they rise,
How gladly I avert mine eyes,
Bodings, or true or false, to char
For Fiction's fair romantic range
Or for tradition's dubious light,
That hovers 'twixt the day and n
Dazzling alternately and dim,
Her wavering lamp I'd rather tri
Knights, squires, and lovely dames
Creation of my fantasy,

e abroad on reeky fen,
e of mists invading men.—
s not more the night of June
1 December's gloomy noon?
nlight than the fog of frost?
we say, which cheats the most?

o shall teach my harp to gain of the romantic strain, melo-Norman tones whilere n the royal Henry's ear, enuclere call'd, for that he loved trel, and his lay approved? I these lingering notes redeem, on Oblivion's stream; as from the Breton tongue inslated, Blondel sung?— Time's ravage to repair, e the dying Muse thy care; en his seythe her hoary foe ing for the final blow, pon from his hand could wring, k Iris glass, and shear his wing, reviving in his strain, le poet live again; ho canst give to lightest lay dantic moral gay, the dullest theme bid flit of unexpected wit; hanour'd, and beloved,of thy magic art,

To win at once the head and heart, — At once to charm, instruct, and mend, My guide, my pattern, and my friend!

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
Be long thy pleasing task,—but, O!
No more by thy example teach,
—What few can practise, all can
preach,—
With even patience to endure
Lingering disease, and painful cure,
And boast affliction's pangs subdued
By mild and manly fortitude.
Enough, the lesson has been given:

Forbid the repetition, Heaven!

Come listen, then! for thou hast known,
And loved the Minstrel's varying tone,
Who, like his Border sires of old,
Waked a wild measure rude and bold,
Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot plain,
With wonder heard the northern strain.
Come listen! bold in thy applause,
The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws;
And, as the ancient art could stain
Achievements on the storied pane,
Irregularly traced and plann'd,
But yet so glowing and so grand,—
So shall he strive, in changeful hue,
Field, feast, and combat, to renew,
And loves, and arms, and harpers' glee,
And all the pomp of chivalry.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Court.

7

in has left the hills of Braid; rier guard have open made decay bade) the palisade, closed the tented ground; en the warders backward drew, ried pikes as they rode through, is ample bound, the Scottish warriors there, a Southern band to stare, by with their wonder rose, such well-appointed foes; Such length of shafts, such mighty bows, So huge, that many simply thought, But for a vaunt such weapons wrought; And little deem'd their force to feel, Through links of mail, and plates of steel, When rattling upon Flodden vale, The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

II.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view Glance every line and squadron through; And much he marvell'd one small land Could marshal forth such various band: For men-at-arms were here, Heavily sheathed in mail and plate, Like iron towers for strength and weight, On Flemish steeds of bone and height, With battle-axe and spear.

Young knights and squires, a lighter train, Practised their chargers on the plain, By aid of leg, of hand, and rein, Each warlike feat to show,

To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain, And high curvett, that not in vain The sword sway might descend amain On foeman's casque below.

He saw the hardy burghers there
March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,
For vizor they wore none,

For vizor they wore none,

Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight;

But burnish'd were their corslets bright,

Their brigantines, and gorgets light,

Like very silver shone.

Long pikes they had for standing fight, Two-handed swords they wore, And many wielded mace of weight, And bucklers bright they bore.

III.

On foot the yeoman too, but dress'd In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,

With iron quilted well;
Each at his back (a slender store)
His forty days' provision bore,
As feudal statutes tell.

His arms were halbert, axe, or spear, A crossbow there, a hagbut here,

A dagger-knife, and brand.

Sober he seem'd, and sad of cheer,

As loath to leave his cottage dear,

And march to foreign strand;

Or musing, who would guide his steer,
To till the fallow land.

Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye Did aught of dastard terror lie;

More dreadful far his ire, Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name, In eager mood to battle came, Their valour like light straw on flame,

A fierce but fading fire.

IV

Not so the Borderer:—bred to war, He knew the battle's din afar, And joy'd to hear it swell. His peaceful day was slothful case Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could p

Like the loud slogan yell. On active steed, with lance and his The light-arm'd pricker plied histman

Let nobles fight for fame; Let vassals follow where they lead, Burghers, toguard their townships, b But war's the Borderer's game.

To sleep the day, maraud the night

O'er mountain, moss, and moor Joyful to fight they took their way Scarce caring who might win the d Their booty was secure.

These, as Lord Marmion's train p

Look'd on at first with careless ey Nor marvell'd aught, well taugi know

The form and force of English bor But when they saw the Lord array In splendid arms, and rich brocad Each Borderer to his kinsman said "Hist. Ringan! seest thou ther

"Hist, Ringan! seest thou ther Canst guess which road they'll h ward ride?—

O! could we but on Border side, By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide Beset a prize so fair!

That fangless Lion, too, their guid Might chance to lose his glistering! Brown Maudlin, of that doublet p Could make a kirtle rare."

v.

Next, Marmion mark'd the Celtic Of different language, form, and f A various race of man;

Just then the Chiefs their tribes an And wild and garish semblance m The chequer'd trews, and belted p And varying notes the war-pipes b

To every varying clan; Wild through their red or sable he Look'd out their eyes with savage:

On Marmion as he pass'd;
Their legs above the knee were be
Their frame was sinewy, short, ands
And harden'd to the blast;
Of taller rose the chief; they

Of taller race, the chiefs they own Were by the eagle's plumage know

ted Red-deer's undress'd hide iry buskins well supplied; reful bonnet deck'd their head: n their shoulders hung the plaid; word of unwieldy length, proved for edge and strength, ded targe they wore, ers, bows, and shafts, -but O! s the shaft, and weak the bow, t which England bore. -men carried at their backs ent Danish battle-axe. and a wild and wondering cry, his guide rode Marmion by. re their clamouring tongues, as ring sea-fowl leave the fen, their cries discordant mix'd, and yell'd the pipes betwixt.

ough the Scottish camp they h'd the City gate at last, I around, a wakeful guard, orgbers kept their watch and they cause of jealous fear, encamp'd, in field so near, erer and the Mountaineer. di the lastling streets they go, live with martial show: turn, with dinning clang, wrer's anvil clash'd and rang; the swarthy smith, to wheel that arms the charger's heel; or falchion, to the side grindstone was applied. n, and squire, with hurrying street, and lane, and marketnor, or casque, or sword; rghers, with important face, ed each new-come lord, his lineage, told his name, wing, and his warlike fame. led to lodging meet, high o'grlook'd the crowded aust the Baron rest, the bour of vesper tide,

And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—
Such was the King's behest.

Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
A banquet rich, and costly wines,
To Marmion and his train;
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,
And following Lindesay as he leads,
The palace-halls they gain.

VII.

Old Holy-rood rung merrify,
That night, with wassell, mirth, and glee;
King James within her princely bower
Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's power,
Summon'd to spend the parting hour;
For he had charged, that his array
Should southward march by break of day.
Well loved that splendid monarch aye
The banquet and the song,

By day the tourney, and by night The merry dance, traced fast and light, The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,

The revel loud and long.
This feast outshone his banquets past;
It was his blithest—and his last.
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the Court a dancing ray;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing;
There ladies touched a softer string;
With long-ear'd cap, and motley vest,
The licensed fool retail'd his jest;
His magic tricks the juggler plied;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
While some, in close recess apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart,

Nor courted them in vain; For often, in the parting hour, Victories Love asserts his power

O'er coldness and disdain; And flinty is her heart, can view To battle march a lover true— Can hear, perchance, his last adieu, Nor own her share of pain.

VIII.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,

Although, his courtesy to show, He doff'd, to Marmion bending low, His broider'd cap and plume. For royal was his garb and mien, His cloak, of crimson velvet pilel,

His cloak, of crimson velvet piled, Trimm'd with the fur of martin wild; His vest of changeful satin sheen,

The dazzled eye beguiled; His gorgeous collar hung adown, Wrought with the badge of Scotland's

The thistle brave, of old renown:
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldric bright;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was button'd with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength, or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dve,

His short curl'd beard and hair. Light was his footstep in the dance, And firm his stirrup in the lists;

And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

I said he joy'd in banquet bower; But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange, How suddenly his cheer would change,

His look o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.
Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er
Forward he rush'd, with double glee,
Into the stream of revelry:
Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside;
But feels the quickening spur applied,

And, straining on the tighten'd re Scours doubly swift o'er hill and

x

O'er James's heart, the courtiers is ringh the Heron's wife held in To Scotland's Court she came, To be a hostage for her lord, Who Cessford's gallant heart had

Who Cessford's gallant heart had And with the King to make accor Had sent his lovely dame. Nor to that lady free alone

Did the gay King allegiance own For the fair Queen of France Sent him a turquois ring and glov

And charged him, as her knight an For her to break a lance; And strike three strokes with S

brand, And march three miles on Southro And bid the banners of his band

In English breezes dance.
And thus, for France's Queen he
His manly limbs in mailed vest;
And thus admitted English fair
His inmost counsels still to share
And thus, for both, he madly plan
The ruin of himself and fand!

And yet, the sooth to tell, Nor England's fair, nor France's (Were worth one pearl-drop, bright sheen,

From Margaret's eyes that fell, His own Queen Margaret, who, in gow's bower,

All lonely sat, and wept the weary

XI.

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow p
And weeps the weary day,
The war against her native soil,
Her Monarch's risk in battle broil
And in gay Holy-rood, the while,
Dame Heron rises with a smile
Upon the harp to play.

Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er The strings her fingers flew: And as she touch'd and tuned the

Ever her bosom's rise and fall
Was plainer given to view;
For, all for heat, was laid aside
Her wimple, and her hood untied.

first she pitch'd her voice to sing, n glanced her dark eye on the King, I then around the silent ring; I laugh'd, and blush'd, and oft did say pretty oath, by Yea, and Nay, She could not, would not, durst not play! At length, upon the harp, with glee, Mingled with arch simplicity, A soft, yet lively, air she rung, While thus the wily lady sung:—

XII.

LOCHINVAR.

Zudy Beron's Song.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmid, and he rode all alone.
Se faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone, He swam the Eske river where ford there was none; But ere he alighted at Netherby gate, The bride had consented, the gallant came late; For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war, Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall, Among bride's men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all: Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword, [For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,) "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war, Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;— Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide— And now am I come, with this lost love of mine, To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine. There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far, That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up, He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup. She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh, With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper d, ""Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear, When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near; So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung, So light to the saddle before her he sprung! "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur; They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan; Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran: There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee, But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see. So daring in love, and so dauntless in war, Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

XIII.

The monarch o'er the siren hung, And beat the measure as she sung; And, pressing closer, and more near, He whisper'd praises in her ear. In loud applause the courtiers vied; And ladies wink'd, and spoke aside.

The witching dame to Marmion threw A glance, where seem'd to reign The pride that claims applauses due, And of her royal conquest too,

A real or feign'd disdain:
Familiar was the look, and told,
Marmion and she were friends of old.
The King observed their meeting eyes,
With something like displeased surprise;
For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
Even in a word, or smile, or look.
Straight took he forth the parchment
broad,

Which Marmion's high commission show'd:

"Our Borders sack'd by many a raid, Our peaceful liegemen robb'd," he said; "On day of truce our Warden slain, Stout Barton kill'd, his vassals ta'en— Unworthy were we here to reign, Should these for vengeance cry in vain; Our full defiance, hate, and scorn, Our herald has to Henry borne."

XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood, And with stern eye the pageant view'd: I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore, Who coronet of Angus bore, And, when his blood and heart were high, Did the third James in camp defy, And all his minions led to die
On Lauder's dreary flat:
Princes and favourites long grew t
And trembled at the homely name

Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat; The same who left the dusky vale Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,

Its dungeons, and its towers,
Where Bothwell's turrets brave th
And Bothwell bank is blooming a

To fix his princely bowers.

Though now, in age, he had laid (
His armour for the peaceful gown,

And for a staff his brand,
Yet often would flash forth the fire
That could, in youth, a monarch's
And minion's pride withstand;
And even that day, at council box
Unapt to soothe his sovereign's n

Against the war had Angus stoo And chafed his royal lord.

XV.

His giant form, like ruin'd towe Though fall'n its muscles' brawny v Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, gaunt,

Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to be His locks and beard in silver grew His eyebrows kept their sable hue. Near Douglas when the Monarch s His bitter speech he thus pursued: "Lord Marmion, since these letter That in the North you needs must While slightest hones of peace are

While slightest hopes of peace re Uncourteous speech it were, and s To say—Return to Lindisfarne,

Until my herald come again,—

st you on Tantallon Hold : ost shall be the Douglas bold,unlike his sires of old. rs their motto on his blade, lazon o'er his towers display'd; es his sovereign to oppose, an to face his country's foes.

I bethink me, by St Stephen,
this morn to me was given the first-fruits of the war, a galley from Dunbar, y of the maids of Heaven. our guard, these holy maids fe return to cloister shades, tile they at Tantallon stay, for Cochran's soul may say." th the slaughter'd favourite's e Monarch's brow there came of ire, remorse and shame.

XVI.

nought could Angus speak ; ad heart swell'd wellnigh to aside, and down his check ing tear there stole. the Monarch sudden took, his kind heart could not brook: by the Bruce's soul, y hanty speech forgive ! s doth his spirit live, of the Douglas old, nay say of you,king did subject hold, more free, in war more bold, nder and more true : e, Douglas, once again."-e the King his hand did strain, an's tears fell down like rain. be moment Marmion tried, ner'd to the King aside : such tears unwonted plead short from dubious deed! Il weep a bramble's smart, see her sparrow part, for a woman's heart : waits a country, when se tears of bearded men. what omen, dark and high, uglas wets his manly eye !

XVII.

Displeased was James, that stranger view'd

And tamper'd with his changing mood. "Laugh those that can, weep those that

Thus did the fiery Monarch say, "Southward I march by break of day; And if within Tantallon strong, The good Lord Marmion tarries long, Perchance our meeting next may fall At Tamworth, in his castle-hall."— The haughty Marmion felt the taunt, And answer'd, grave, the royal vaunt : "Much honour'd were my humble home, If in its halls King James should come; But Nottingham has archers good, And Yorkshire men are stern of mood; Northumbrian prickers wild and rude. On Derby hills the paths are steep; In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep; And many a banner will be torn, And many a knight to earth be borne, And many a sheaf of arrows spent, Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent:

Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you may!"

The Monarch lightly turn'd away, And to his nobles loud did call,-"Lords, to the dance, -a hall ! a hall !" . Himself his cloak and sword flung by, And led Dame Heron gallantly; And minstrels, at the royal order, Rung out—"Blue Bonnets o'er the Border."

XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell What to Saint Hilda's maids befell, Whose galley, as they sail'd again To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en. Now at Dun-Edin did they bide, Till James should of their fate decide;

And soon, by his command, Were gently summon'd to prepare To journey under Marmion's care, As escort honour'd, safe, and fair, Again to English land.

* The ancient cry to make room for a dance, or pageant.

The Abbess told her chaplet o'er, Nor knew which saint she should implore;

For, when she thought of Constance,

sore
She fear'd Lord Marmion's mood.
And judge what Clara must have felt!
The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt,
Had drunk De Wilton's blood.
Unwittingly, King James had given,
As guard to Whitby's shades.

The man most dreaded under Heaven
By these defenceless maids:
Yet what petition could avail,
Or who would listen to the tale
Of woman, prisoner, and nun,
'Mid bustle of a war begun?
They deem'd it hopeless to avoid
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

XIX.

Their lodging, so the King assign'd, To Marmion's, as their guardian, join'd; And thus it fell, that, passing nigh, The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,

Who warn'd him by a scroll,
She had a secret to reveal,
That much concern'd the Church's weal,
And health of sinner's soul;
And, with deep charge of secrecy,
She named a place to meet,

Within an open balcony, That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,

Above the stately street; To which, as common to each home, At night they might in secret come.

XX.

At night, in secret, there they came, The Palmer and the holy Dame. The moon among the clouds rose high, And all the city hum was by. Upon the street, where late before Did din of war and warriors roar, You might have heard a pobble fell

You might have heard a pebble fall, A beetle hum, a cricket sing, An owlet flap his boding wing (On Giles's steeple tall. The antique buildings, climbing high, Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky, Were here wrapt deep in shade;

There on their brows the moont broke,

Through the faint wreathes of sil

And on the casements play'd.

And other light was none to see,
Save torches gliding far,
Before some chieftain of degree,

Who left the royal revelry
To bowne him for the war.—
A solemn scene the A bless choses

A solemn scene the Abbess chose; A solemn hour, her secret to disclose

XXI.

"O, holy Palmer!" she began, "For sure he must be sainted men. Whose blessed feet have trod the gre Where the Redeemer's tomb is for For His dear Church's sake, my tol Attend, nor deem of light avail Though I must speak of worldly low How vain to those who wed above? De Wilton and Lord Marmion work Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood; (Idle it were of Whitby's dame, To say of that same blood I came And once, when jealous rage was hi Lord Marmion said despiteously, Wilton was traitor in his heart. And had made league with Ma Swart,

When he came here on Simmel's particle And only cowardice did restrain. His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain.

And down he threw his glove thing

Was tried, as wont, before the King Where frankly did De Wilton own. That Swart in Gueldres he had known. And that between them them there are some scroll of courteous complimed For this he to his castle sent; But when his messenger return'd, Judge how De Wilton's fury barn'd For in his packet there were laid Letters that claim'd disloyal aid, And proved King Henry's cause

tray'd.

His fame, thus blighted, in the fit
He strove to clear, by spear and shis
To clear his fame in vain he strove,
For wondrous are His ways above!

nne form was unobserved; prayer, or faith, heswerved; ild guiltless champion quail, plessed ordeal fail?

TIXX

who now De Wilton saw loom'd to suffer law, own'd in vain, he had the scrolls in care, aiden, passing fair, him with a beverage rare; no faith could gain. lone he credence won, than wed Marmion, Hilda's shrine repair, louse her livings fair, stal vot'ress there. from the earth was given, to the paths of heaven. a lovelier maid, d her in Whitby's shade, Saxon Edelfied; nce of earthly strain, her lover's loss es a sorrow vain, murs at the cross. er heritage;—it goes e banks of Tame; of grain the reaper mows, s rich the heifer lows, er and huntsman knows lands for the game. it to Saint Hilda dear, umble vot'ress here. a deadly sin. poil'd before mine eyes, farmion such a prize sent should win ; boisterous Monarch sworn, all from our house be torn; cause have I to fear, doth Lord Marmion bear.

XXIII.

ner, helpless, and betray'd r, I claim thine aid, ep that thou hast trod e and grotto dim, tyr's tortured limb, nt, and seraphim, Church of God! For mark:—When Wilton was betray'd, And with his squire forged letters laid, She was, alas! that sinful maid

By whom the deed was done,—
O! shame and horror to be said!—
She was a perjured nun!
No clerk in all the land, like her,
Traced quaint and varying character.
Perchance you may a ma. vel deem,

That Marmion's paramour (For such vile thing she was) should scheme

Her lover's nuptial hour;
But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,
As privy to his honour's stain,
Illimitable power:

For this she secretly retain'd
Each proof that might the plot reveal,
Instructions with his hand and seal;
And thus Saint Hilda deign'd,

Through sinners' perfidy impure, Her house's glory to secure, And Clare's immortal weal,

VIIV

"'Twere long, and needless, here to tell, How to my hand these papers fell; With me they must not stay. Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true: Who knows what outrage he might do, While journeying by the way?—O, blessed Saint, if e'er again I venturous leave thy calm domain, To travel or by land or main,

Deep penance may I pay!— Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer: I give this packet to thy care, For thee to stop they will not dare;

And O! with cautious speed,
To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,
That he may show them to the King:
And, for thy well-earn'd meed,
Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine
A weekly mass shall still be thine,
While priests can sing and read

While priests can sing and read.— What ail'st thou?—Speak!"—For as he took

The charge, a strong emotion shook His frame; and, ere reply, They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone, Like distant clarion feebly blown, That on the breeze did die; And loud the Abbess shriek'd in fear, "Saint Withold, save us!-What is here!

Look at yon City Cross! See on its battled tower appear l'hantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear, And blazon'd banners toss!"-

XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone, Rose on a turret octagon; (But now is razed that monument, Whence royal edict rang, And voice of Scotland's law was sent In glorious trumpet-clang (): be his tomb as lead to lead, Upon its dull destroyer's head!-A minstrel's malison is said.)-Then on its battlements they saw A vision, passing Nature's law, Strange, wild, and dimly seen; Figures that seem to rise and die, Gibber and sign, advance and fly, While nought confirm'd could ear or eye Discern of sound or mien. Yet darkly did it seem, as there Heralds and pursuivants prepare, With trumpet sound, and blazon fair, A summons to proclaim; But indistinct the pageant proud, As fancy forms of midnight cloud, When flings the moon upon her shroud A wavering tinge of flame; It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud, From midmost of the spectre crowd, This awful summons came:-

XXVI.

"Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer, Whose names I now shall call, Scottish, or foreigner, give ear! Subjects of him who sent me here, At his tribunal to appear, I summon one and all: I cite you by each deadly sin, That e'er hath soil'd your hearts within; I cite you by each brutal lust, That e'er defiled your earthly dust,-By wrath, by pride, by fear, By each o'er-mastering passion's tone, By the dark grave, and dying groan!

Then thunder'd forth a roll of name The first was thine, unhappy Jame Then all thy nobles came; Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Ar Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Ly Why should I tell their separate si Each chief of birth and same, Of Lowland, Highland, Border, I Fore-doom'd to Flodden's carnage Was cited there by name; And Marmion, Lord of Fontenay Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye; De Wilton, erst of Aberley, The self-same thundering voice did: But then another spoke: "Thy fatal summons I deny And thine infernal Lord defy Appealing me to Him on High, Who burst the sinner's yoke. At that dread accent, with a screa Parted the pageant like a dream, The summoner was gone.

Prone on her face the Abbess fell, And fast, and fast, her beads did t Her nuns came, startled by the ye And found her there alone. She mark'd not, at the scene aghs What time, or how, the Palmer; XXVII. Shift we the scene.—The camp doth Dun-Edin's streets are empty n Save when, for weal of those they To pray the prayer, and vow the The tottering child, the anxious fi The grey-hair'd sire, with pious c To chapels and to shrines repair-Where is the Palmer now? and w The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare Bold Douglas! to Tantallon fair They journey in thy charge: Lord Marmion rode on his right I The Palmer still was with the bar Angus, like Lindesay, did comma

That none should roam at large

But in that Palmer's alter'd mien A wondrous change might now be

Freely he spoke of war, Of marvels wrought by single har

When forty days are pass'd and go

I cite you, at your Monarch's throu To answer and appear."

native land; high, as if he plann'd e deerl afar. d he feed and stroke, his sable frocke, nettle bold provoke, r quell his pride. that never one Lord Marmion, ly ride.

CXVIII.

s march behind, there

vern'd fair, Hilda's Dame, uns, and Clare. Lord Marmion sought; to aggravate s suspicious hate; he thought, om the nuns removed, of kinsmen loved, enry's self approved, had wrought, kering flame, that dies an'd by looks and sighs, at lady's eyes; etch his wide command lara's ample land : Wilton with him vied, ang of humbled pride calousy supplied, that meanness won I to think upon, to hate the cause, burst through honour's

twas her alone, that vault of stone.

XXIX.

close at hand they saw town, and lofty Law, e them pause a while, le pile, view'd, afar, he Lambie Isle, noe or war, ell, forth came merable Dame, t Hilda's Abbess rest With her, a loved and honour'd guest, Till Douglas should a bark prepare To waft her back to Whitby fair. Glad was the Abbess, you may guess, And thank'd the Scottish Prioress; And tedious were to tell, I ween, The courteous speech that pass'd between.

O'erjoy'd the nuns their palfreys leave; But when fair Clara did intend, Like them, from horseback to descend,

Fitz-Eustace said,—"I grieve, Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart, Such gentle company to part;—

Think not discourtesy, But lords' commands must be obey'd; And Marmion and the Douglas said,

That you must wend with me.
Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
Which to the Scottish Earl he show'd,
Commanding that, beneath his care,
Without delay, you shall repair
To your good kinsman, Lord FitzClare."

XXX.

The startled Abbess loud exclaim'd; But she, at whom the blow was aim'd, Grew pale as death, and cold as lead,— She deem'd she heard her death-doom

"Cheer thee, my child!" the Abbess said.

"They dare not tear thee from my hand, To ride alone with armed band."—

"Nay, holy mother, nay," Fitz-Eustace said, "the lovely Clare Will be in Lady Angus' care,

In Scotland while we stay; And, when we move, an easy ride Will bring us to the English side, Female attendance to provide

Befitting Gloster's heir; Nor thinks, nor dreams, my noble lord, By slightest look, or act, or word,

To harass Lady Clare. Her faithful guardian he will be, Nor sue for slightest courtesy

That e'en to stranger falls,
Till he shall place her, safe and free,
Within her kinsman's halls."

He spoke, and blush'd with earnest grace; His faith was painted on his face. And Clare's worst fear relieved. The Lady Abbess loud exclaim'd On Henry, and the Houglas blamed, Entreated, threaten'd, grieved; To martyr, saint, and prophet pray'd, Against Lord Marmion inveigh'd, And call'd the Prioress to aid, To curse with candle, bell, and book. Her head the grave Cistertian shook: "The Douglas, and the King," she said, 'In their commands will be obey'd; Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall The maiden in Tantallon hall."

XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain, Assumed her wonted state again,-For much of state she had, -Composed her veil, and raised her head, And—"Bid," in solemn voice she said, "Thy master, bold and bad, The records of his house turn o'er, And, when he shall there written see, That one of his own ancestry Drove the Monks forth of Coventry, Bid him his fate explore! Prancing in pride of earthly trust, His charger hurl'd him to the dust, And, by a base plebeian thrust, He died his band before. God judge 'twixt Marmion and me; He is a Chief of high degree, And I a poor recluse; Yet oft, in holy writ, we see Even such weak minister as me May the oppressor bruise: For thus, inspired, did Judith slay The mighty in his sin, And Jael thus, and Deborah "-Here hasty Blount broke in: "Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band; St Anton' fire thee! wilt thou stand All day, with bonnet in thy hand, To hear the lady preach? By this good light! if thus we stay, Lord Marmion, for our fond delay, Will sharper sermon teach. Come, d'on thy cap, and mount thy horse; The Dame must patience take per-force."—

XXXII.

"Submit we then to force," said
"But let this barbarous lord desp
His purposed aim to win;
Let him take living, land, and lif

But to be Marmion's wedded wife In me were deadly sin: And if it be the King's decree, That I must find no sanctuary.

And if it be the King's decree,
That I must find no sanctuary,
In that inviolable dome,
Where even a homicide might co
And safely rest his head,
Though at its open portals stood

Though at its open portals stood.

Thirsting to pour forth blood for
The kinsmen of the dead;

Yet one asylum is my own Against the dreaded hour; A low, a silent, and a lone, Where kings have little power. One victim is before me there.— Mother, your blessing, and in pra Remember your unhappy Clare! Loud weeps the Abbess, and bes

Kind blessings many a one: Weeping and wailing loud arose, Round patient Clare, the clamorou Of every simple nun.

His eyes the gentle Eustace dried And scarce rude Blount the sight bide.

Then took the squire her rein, And gently led away her steed, And, by each courteous word and To cheer her strove in vain.

XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band has
When o'er a height they pass'd
And, sudden, close before them a
His towers, Tantallon vast;
Broad, massive, high, and stretchi
And held impregnable in war,
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean
The fourth did battled walls ench
And double mound and fosse.

And double mound and rosse.

By narrow drawbridge, outworks 1.

Through studded gates, an entranc

To the main court they cross.

It was a wide and stately square: Around were lodgings, fit and fai And towers of various form, projected far, quadrangular, p, there turret high, ight the sky, rder could descry an-storm.

—The princely care ould I declare, eption fair? s say, Tantallon came, or fleeter fame, ag day?

rd King James had

and Ford; and then, tle strong was ta'en. 'd Marmion; his monarch's hand Northumberland: ws there came, inactive lay, ees away, lying off the day y dame.— Such acts to chronicles I yield; Go seek them there and see; Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,

And not a history.—
At length they heard the Scottish host
On that high ridge had made their
post,

Which frowns o'er Milfield Plain, And that brave Surrey many a band Had gather'd in the Southern land, And march'd into Northumberland,

And camp at Wooler ta'en.
Marmion, like charger in the stall,
That hears, without, the trumpet-call,
Began to chale, and swear.

Began to chafe, and swear:—
"A sorry thing to hide my head
In castle, like a fearful maid,

When such a field is near!
Needs must I see this-battle-day:
Death to my fame if such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away!
The Douglas, too, I wot not why,
Hath 'bated of his courtesy:
No longer in his halls I'll stay."
Then bade his band they should array
For march against the dawning day.

NTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

To RICHARD HEBER, Esq.

Mertoun-House, Chistmas.

They make such barbarous mirth the while,

As best might to the mind recall The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

the wind is chill; it will, stmas merry still, i the new-born year estal cheer: he savage Dane e mead did drain; his galleys drew, pirate crew ; pine-built hall. xes deck'd the wall, e half-dress'd steer ; sable beer; al jest, were thrown , and marrow-bone, im delight, out the joys of fight. , would they hie, heir red locks fly, the blazing pile,

And well our Christian sires of old Loved when the year its course had roll'd, And brought blithe Christmas, back again, With all his hospitable train.

Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung:
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the baron's hall

In yawal, tenant, serf, and all; Power laid his rod of rule aside, And Ceremony doff'd his pride. The heir, with roses in his shoes, That night might village partner choose; The Lord, underogating, share The vulgar game of "post and pair." All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight, And general voice, the happy night, That to the cottage, as the crown, Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, Went roaring up the chimney wide; The huge hall-table's oaken face, Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace, Hore then upon its massive board No mark to part the squire and lord. Then was brought in the lusty brawn, By old blue-coated serving-man; Then the grim boar's head frown'd on

high, Crested with bays and rosemary. Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell. How, when, and where, the monster fell; What dogs before his death he tore, And all the baiting of the boar. The wassel round, in good brown bowls, Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls. There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by l'lum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie; Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce, At such high tide, her savoury goose. Then came the merry maskers in, And carols roar'd with blithesome din; If unmelodious was the song, It was a hearty note, and strong. Who lists may in their mumming see Traces of ancient mystery; White shirts supplied the masquerade, And smutted cheeks the visors made; But, O! what maskers, richly dight, Can boast of bosoms half so light! England was merry England, when Old Christmas brought his sports again. 'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest

ale; 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale; A Christmas gambol oft could cheer The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,

Some remnants of the good ok And still, within our valleys he We hold the kindred title dear Even when, perchance, its fi claim

To Southron ear sounds empty For course of blood, our prover Is warmer than the mountain-s And thus, my Christmas still I Where my great-grandsire cam With amber beard, and flaxen And reverend apostolic air-The feast and holy-tide to shar And mix sobriety with wine, And honest mirth with thought Small thought was his, in after E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme The simple sire could only bos That he was loyal to his cost; The banish'd race of kings rev And lost his land,—but kept h

In these dear halls, where welc Is with fair liberty combined: Where cordial friendship gives And flies constraint the magic Of the fair dame that rules the Little we heed the tempest dre While music, mirth, and socia Speed on their wings the passi And Mertoun's halls are fair e When not a leaf is on the bou Tweed loves them well, and tu As loath to leave the sweet do And holds his mirror to her fa-And clips her with a close eml Gladly as he, we seek the done And as reluctant turn us home

How just that, at this time Mythoughtsshould, Heber, tur For many a merry hour we've And heard the chimes of midnic Cease, then, my friend! a mom And leave these classic tomes i Of Roman and of Grecian lor Sure mortal brain can hold no These ancients, as Noll Bluff n "Were pretty fellows in their But time and tide o'er all previ On Christmas eve a Christmas Of wonder and of war-" Pro What I leave the lofty Latian:

ose, her verse's charms, ash of rusty arms: or Limbo lost, aror and ghost, ich I"-Nay, Heber dear, ich my charter, hear ; n aids, alas ! no more, many-languaged lore, y:-in realms of death Alcides' wraith; Thracia's shore, murder'd Polydore; in Livy cross, locatus Bos. duly speaks that ox, he price of stocks; ome republican, ommon-councilman.

have their omens drear, wild of woe and fear, ook—the peasant see, of Glendowerdy, e spirit's Blasted Tree." er, whose red claymore u'd on Maida's shore, iday morn, look pale, I a fairy tale: engeful Elfin King, at day his grassy ring: man ken, ong the sons of men.

dear Heber, pass along owers of Franchémont, n eagle's nest in air, stream and hamlet fair? vaults, the peasants say, sure buried lay, ugh rapine and through

ord of Franchémont.

(is holted hard,

its, its constant guard;

ck his horn is hung,

his belt is slung;

his blood-hounds lie;

for his gloomy eye,

ring glance no heart can

in brake did sound,

To chase the fiend, and win the prize, In that same dungeon ever tries An aged Necromantic Priest; It is an hundred years at least, Since 'twixt them first the strife begun, And neither yet has lost nor won. And oft the Conjuror's words will make The stubborn Demon groan and quake; And oft the bands of iron break, Or bursts one lock, that still amain, Fast as 'tis open'd, shuts again. That magic strife within the tomb May last until the day of doom, Unless the Adept shall learn to tell The very word that clench'd the spell, When Franch'mont lock'd the treasure cell.

An hundred years are pass'd and gone, And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may Excuse for old Pitscottie say; Whose gossip history has given My song the messenger from Heaven, That warn'd, in Lithgow, Scotland's

King, Nor less the infernal summoning; May pass the Monk of Durham's tale, Whose Demon fought in Gothic mail; May pardon plead for Fordun grave, Who told of Gifford's Goblin-Cave. But why such instances to you, Who, in an instant, can renew Your treasured hoards of various lore. And furnish twenty thousand more? Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest, While gripple owners still refuse To others what they cannot use; Give them the priest's whole century, They shall not spell you letters three; Their pleasure in the books the same The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem. Thy volumes, open as thy heart, Delight, amusement, science, art, To every ear and eye impart; Yet who, of all who thus employ them, Can like the owner's self enjoy them ?-But, hark ! I hear the distant drum ! The day of Flodden Field is come.-Adieu, dear Heber! life and health, And store of literary wealth!

CANTO SIXTH.

The Battle.

1

With great events were on the gale, And each hour brought a varying tale, And the demeanour, changed and cold, Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold, And, like the impatient steed of war, He smuff'd the battle from afar; And hopes were none, that back again Herald should come from Terouenne, Where England's King in leaguer lay, Before decisive battle-day; Whilst these things were, the mournful

Clare
Did in the Dame's devotions share:
For the good Countess ceaseless pray'd
To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,
And, with short interval, did pass
Fromprayer to book, from book to mass,
And all in high Baronial pride,—
A life both dull and dignified;—
Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd
Upon her intervals of rest,
Dejected Clara well could bear
The formal state, the lengthen'd prayer,
Though dearest to her wounded heart
The lours that she might spend apart.

II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep Hung o'er the margin of the deep. Many a rude tower and rampart there Repell'd the insult of the air, Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky, Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by. Above the rest, a turret square Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear, Of sculpture rude, a stony shield; The Bloody Heart was in the Field, And in the chief three mullets stood, The cognizance of Douglas blood. The turret held a narrow stair, Which, mounted, gave you access where A parapet's embattled row I id seaward round the castle go. Sometimes in dizzy steps descending, Sometimes in narrow circuit bending, Sometimes in platform broad extending, Its varying circle did combine

Bulwark, and bartisan, and line,
And bastion, tower, and vantage-or
Above the booming ocean leant
The far projecting battlement;
The billows burst, in ceaseless flow
Upon the precipice below.
Where'er Tantallon faced the land
Gate-works, and walls, were str
mann'd;
No need woon the see sist side.

No need upon the sea-girt side; The steepy rock, and frantic tide, Approach of human step denied; And thus these lines, and ramparts Were left in deepest solitude.

III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clar Would to these battlements repair, And muse upon her sorrows there,

And list the sea-bird's cry;
Or slow, like noontide ghost, would
Along the dark grey bulwarks' sid
And ever on the heaving tide

Look down with weary eye. Oft did the cliff, and swelling main Recall the thoughts of Whitby's far A home she neer might see again;

For she had laid adown, So Douglas bade, the hood and ve And frontlet of the cloister pale,

And Benedictine gown:

It were unseemly sight, he said,
A novice out of convent shade.—

Now her bright locks, with sunny!
Again adorn'd her brow of snow;
Her mantle rich, whose borders, r
A deep and fretted broidery bound
In golden foldings sought the grou
Of holy ornament, alone
Remain'd a cross with ruby stones.

Remain'd a cross with ruby stone; And often did she look

On that which in her hand she bow With velvet bound, and broider'd Her breviary book.

In such a place, so lone, so grim, At dawning pale, or twilight dim, It fearful would have been

in work-day world, was seen so witching fair.

IV.

ing thus, at evening tide, a gliding sail she spied, ing, thought-" The Abbess, does to her home repair; ful rule, where Duty, free, d in hand with Charity; Devotion's tranced glow glimpse of heaven bestow, nraptured sisters see n, and deep mystery; orm of Hilda fair, upon the sunny air, g on her votaries' prayer. fore, to my duller eye, e Saint her form deny! at, sear'd by sinful scorn, could neither melt nor burn? warm affections low, that taught them first to glow? Abbess, well I knew, kindness grateful due, ould brook the mild command, thy simple maiden band. ent now! condemn'd to bide om this dark tyrant's pride .on has to learn, ere long, ant mind, and hate of wrong, to a feeble girl, De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl: tem, a sapling weak, hall bend, although he break.

177

-what makes this armour

Targe, corslet, helm ;—she view'd them near.—

"The breast-plate pierced !—Ay, much I fear,

Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,

That hath made fatal entrance here,
As these dark blood-gouts say.—
Thus Wilton! Oh! not corslet's ward,
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,
Could be thy manly bosom's guard,

On you disastrous day!"
She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—
WILTON himself before her stood!
It might have seem'd his passing ghost,
For every youthful grace was lost;
And joy unwonted, and surprise,
Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—
Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such scene in words:
What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?
Far less can my weak line declare

Each changing passion's shade; Brightening to rapture from despair, Sorrow, surprise, and pity there, And joy, with her angelic air, And hope, that paints the future fair,

Their varying hues display'd:
Each o'er its rival's ground extending,
Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,
Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,
And mighty Love retains the field,
Shortly I tell what then he said,
By many a tender word delay'd,
And modest blush, and bursting sigh,
And question kind, and fond reply:—

VI.

De Wilton's History.

"Forget we that disastrous day,
When senseless in the lists I lay,
Thence dragg'd,—but how I cannot
know,
For sense and recollection fled,—

I found me on a pallet low,
Within my ancient beadsman's shed.

1.2

Austin, --Remember'st thou, my Clare, How thou didst blush, when the old man, When first our infant love began,

Said we would make a matchless pair?—

Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled From the degraded traitor's bed,— He only held my burning head, And tended me for many a day, While wounds and fever held their sway. But far more needful was his care, When sense return'd to wake despair;

For I did tear the closing wound, And dash me frantic on the ground, If e'er I heard the name of Clare.
At length, to calmer reason brought, Much by his kind attendance wrought,

With him I left my native strand, And, in a Palmer's weeds array'd, My hated name and form to shade,

I journey'd many a land;
No more a lord of rank and birth,
But mingled with the dregs of earth.
Of Austin for my reson fear'd

Oft Austin for my reason fear'd, When I would sit, and deeply brood On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,

Or wild mad schemes uprear'd.
My friend at length fell sick, and said,
God would remove him soon:
And, while upon his dying bed,

He begg'd of me a boon—

If e'er my deadliest enemy

Beneath my brand should conquer'd lie,

Even then my mercy should awake,

And spare his life for Austin's sake.

VII.

"Still restless as a second Cain,
To Scotland next my route was ta'en,
Full well the paths I knew.
Fame of my fate made various sound,
That death in pilgrimage I found,
That I had perish'd of my wound,—

None cared which tale was true:
And living eye could never guess
De Wilton in his Palmer's dress;
For now that sable slough is shed,
And trimm'd my shaggy beard and head,
I scarcely know me in the glass.
A chance most wondrous did provide,
That I should be that Baron's guide—
I will not name his name!—

Vengeance to God alone belongs; But, when I think on all my wron My blood is liquid flame! And ne'er the time shall I forget, When, in a Scottish hostel set, Dark looks we did exchange: What were his thoughts I cannot! But in my bosom muster'd Hell Its plans of dark revenge.

WITT

"A word of vulgar augury,
That broke from me, I scarce knew
Brought on a village tale;
Which wrought upon his moody s
And sent him armed forth by nigh

I borrow'd steed and mail,
And weapons, from his sleeping h
And, passing from a postern do
We met, and counter'd hand to ha
He fell on Gifford moor.

For the death-stroke my brand I (O then my helmed head he knew, The Palmer's cowl was gone,)
Then had three inches of my blad The heavy debt of vengeance paid My hand the thought of Austin str

I left him there alone.—
O good old man! even from the g
Thy spirit could thy master save:
If I had slain my foeman, ne'er
Had Whitby's Abbess, in her feat,
Given to my hand this packet dear
Of power to clear my injured fame,
And vindicate De Wilton's namePerchance you heard the Abbess to
Of the strange pageantry of Hell,

That broke our secret speech— It rose from the infernal shade, Or featly was some juggle play'd,

A tale of peace to teach.

Appeal to Heaven I judged was be
When my name came among the n

IX.

"Now here, within Tantallon Hol To Douglas late my tale I told, To whom my house was known of Won by my proofs, his falchion by This eve anew shall dub me knigh These were the arms that once did The tide of fight on Otterburne. larry Hotspur forced to yield,
the Dead Douglas won the field.
Angus gave—his armourer's care,
orn, shall every breach repair;
ought, he said, was in his halls,
scient armour on the walls,
ged chargers in the stalls,
women, priests, and grey-hair'd
men;
est were all in Twisel glen.
ow I watch my armour here,
or of arms, till midnight's near;
once again a belted knight,
Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

*

e soon again we meet, my Clare! aron means to guide thee there: is reveres his King's command, wald he take thee from his band, here thy kinsman, Surrey, too, five De Wilton justice due. neeter far for martial broil, more "—"O Wilton! must we ew-found happiness again, it fate of arms once more? there not an humble glen, ere we, content and poor, build a cottage in the shade, herd thou, and I to aid task on dale and moor !eddening brow !- too well I know, en thy Clare can peace bestow, le falsehood stains thy name: n to fight! Clare bids thee go! can a warrior's feelings know, weep a warrior's shame; ted Earl Gilbert's spirit feel, the spars upon thy heel, the with thy brand of steel, send thee forth to fame!"

XI

night, upon the rocks and bay, idmight moonbeam slumbering lay, our dits silver light, and pure, th loop-hole, and through embrarure,

on Tantallon tower and hall;

But chief where arched windows wide Illuminate the chapel's pride, The sober glances fall.

Much was their need; though seam'd with scars,

Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
Though two grey priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
You could not by their blaze descry

The chapel's carving fair.

Amid that dim and smoky light,

Chequering the silvery moonshine bright,

A bishop by the altar stood, A noble lord of Douglas blood, With mitre sheen, and rocquet white. Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye But little pride of prelacy; More pleased that, in a barbarous age, He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page, Than that beneath his rule he held The bishopric of fair Dunkeld. Beside him ancient Angus stood, Doff'd his furr'd gown, and sable hood: O'er his huge form and visage pale, He wore a cap and shirt of mail; And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand Upon the huge and sweeping brand Which wont of yore, in battle fray, His foeman's limbs to shred away, As wood-knife lops the sapling spray. He seem'd as, from the tombs around

Rising at judgment-day, Some giant Douglas may be found In all his old array; So pale his face, so huge his limb, So old his arms, his look so grim.

XIL

Then at the altar Wilton kneels, And Clare the spurs bound on his heels; And think what next he must have fell, At buckling of the falchion belt!

And judge how Clara changed her hue, While fastening to her lover's side A friend, which, though in danger tried, He once had found untrue!

Then Douglas struck him with his blade:
"Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
I dub thee knight.

Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir! For King, for Church, for Lady faix, See that thou fight."— And Bishop Gawain, as he rose, Said—"Wilton! grieve not for thy woes, Disgrace, and trouble;

For He, who honour best bestows, May give thee double."— De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he must— "Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust

That Douglas is my brother!"—
"Nay, nay," old Angus said, "not so;
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,

Thy wrongs no longer smother.

I have two sons in yonder field;
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
Upon them bravely—do thy worst;
And foul fall him that blenches first!"

XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day, When Marmion did his troop array To Surrey's camp to ride; He had safe-conduct for his band, Beneath the Royal seal and hand,

And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd in an under tone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."—
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might plain," he
said,

"Of cold respect to stranger guest, Sent hither by your King's behest,

While in Tantallon's towers I staid; Part we in friendship from your land, And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—But Douglas round him drew his cloak, Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still

Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."—

XIV.

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire, And shook his very frame for ire, And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spe

To cleave the Douglas' head I And, first, I tell thee, haughty Pee, He, who does England's message in Although the meanest in her state, May well, proud Angus, be thy mai And, Douglas, more I tell thee here

Even in thy pitch of pride, Here in thy hold, thy vassals near, (Nay, never look upon your lord, And lay your hands upon your swort

I tell thee, thou 'rt defied! And if thou said'st, I am not peer To any lord in Scotland here, Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"— On the Earl's cheek the flush of rag O'ercame the ashen hue of age: Fierce he broke forth,—" And da thou then

To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed
go?—

No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no Up drawbridge, grooms—what, W der, ho!

Let the portcullis fall."—
Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was
need,

And dash'd the rowels in his steed, Like arrow through the archway spra The ponderous grate behind him ru To pass there was such scanty room The bars, descending, razed his plu

xv.

The steed along the drawbridge fies
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reach'd
band,

He halts, and turns with clenched he And shout of loud defiance pours, And shook his gauntlet at the towe "Horse! horse!" the Douglas c "and chase!"

But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:

messenger he came,
most unworthy of the name.—
forged! Saint Jude to speed!
knight so fool a deed!
he heart it liked me ill,
King praised his clerkly skill.
Saint Bothan, son of mine,
wain, ne'er could pen a line:
I, and I swear it still,
boy-bishop fret his fill.—
try mend my fery mood!
ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
to slay him where he stood.
of him too," he cried:
an he speak, and fairly ride,
thim a warrior tried."
is his mandate he recalls,
wly seeks his castle halls.

XVI.

in Marmion's journey wore; his passion's gust was o'er, oss'd the heights of Stanrigp more closely there he scann'd, s'd the Palmer from the band.or not," young Blount did say, oth, it was in strange array."at array ?" said Marmion, quick. light long, with clink and bang, my couch did hammers clang; the falling drawbridge rang, n a loop-hole while I peep, the-Cat came from the Keep, in a gown of sables fair, of the morning air; when that was blown aside. shirt of mail I spied, ibald won in bloody work, the Saracen and Turk : ht it hung not in the hall ; a some marvel would befall. 1 I saw them saddled lead viot forth, the Earl's best steed; less horse, though something old, n his paces, cool and bold, he Sheriff Sholto say, did much the Master pray im on the battle-day;

But he preferr'd"—"Nay, Henry, cease!
Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—
Eustace, thou hear'st a brain—I pray.

Eustace, thou bear'st a brain-I pray What did Blount see at break of day?"-

XVII.

"In brief, my lord, we both descried (For then I stood by Henry's side) The Palmer mount, and outwards ride, Upon the Earl's own favourite steed: All sheathed he was in armour bright,

All sheathed he was in armour bright, And much resembled that same knight, Subdued by you in Cotswold fight:

Lord Angus wish'd him speed."—
The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
A sudden light on Marmion broke;—
"Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"
He mutter'd; "'Twas nor fay nor ghost
I met upon the moonlight wold,
But living man of earthly mould,—

O dotage blind and gross! Had I but fought as wont, one thrust Had laid De Wilton in the dust,

My path no more to cross.— How stand we now?—he told his tale To Douglas; and with some avail;

'Twas therefore gloom'd his rugged brow.—

Will Surrey dare to entertain, 'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and

vain?
Small risk of that, I trow.
Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun;
Must separate Constance from the Nun—
O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!
A Palmer too!—no wonder why
I felt rebuked beneath his eye:
I might have known there was but one,
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion,"

XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed

His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed, Where Lennel's convent closed their march;

(There now is left but one frail arch, Yet mourn thou not its cells; Our time a fair exchange has made; Hard by, in hospitable shade,

A reverend pilgrim dwells, Well worth the whole Bernardine brood, That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.) Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there Give Marmion entertainment fair, And lodging for his train and Clare. Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower, To view afar the Scottish power,

Encamp'd on Flodden edge: The white pavilions made a show, Like remnants of the winter snow,

Along the dusky ridge. Long Marmion look'd:—at length his eye Unusual movement might descry

Amid the shifting lines : The Scottish host drawn out appears, For, flashing on the hedge of spears The eastern sunbeam shines.

Their front now deepening, now extend-

ing; Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending, Now drawing back, and now descending, The skilful Marmion well could know, They watch'd the motions of some foe, Who traversed on the plain below.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge The Scots beheld the English host Leave Barmore-wood, their evening

And heedful watch'd them as they

cross'd

The Till by Twisel Bridge. High sight it is, and haughty, while They dive into the deep defile; Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall, Beneath the castle's airy wall.

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree, Troop after troop are disappearing; Troop after troop their banners rearing, Upon the eastern bank you see. Still pouring down the rocky den,

Where flows the sullen Till, And rising from the dim-wood glen, Standards on standards, men on men,

In slow succession still,

And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch, And pressing on, in ceaseless march, To gain the opposing hill.

That morn, to many a trumpet clang, Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;

And many a chief ot birth Saint Helen! at thy founta Thy hawthorn glade, which In spring-tide bloom so lavi Had then from many an axe To give the marching colum

And why stands Scotland ic Dark Flodden! on thy airy Since England gains the pas And struggles through the d What checks the fiery soul Why sits that champion of

Inactive on his steed, And sees, between him and Between him and Tweed

strand.

His host Lord Surrey lead What 'vails the vain kni brand ?-

O, Douglas, for thy leading Fierce Randolph, for thy O for one hour of Wallace Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rul And cry-"Saint Andrew and Another sight had seen that From Fate's dark book a lea-And Flodden had been

bourne !-The precious hour has pass'd And England's host has gain' Wheeling their march, and c Around the base of Flodden

XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marm Fitz-Eustace shouted loud an "Hark! hark! my lord, an En And see ascending squadrons Between Tweed's river and

Foot, horse, and cannon :- hay My basnet to a prentice cap,

Lord Surrey's o'er the Til Yet more! yet more!-how They file from out the hawth And sweep so gallant by!

With all their banners bravel And all their armour flashi Saint George might waken from

To see fair England's stands

prate," quoth Blount, it best, ir lord's behest." brow Lord Marmion

e our band array'd; be quickly cross'd, in Lord Surrey's host, unes,—as well I trust ill, and fight he must, behind our lines le the battle joins."

XXII.

t on horseback threw, bbot bade adieu; isten to his prayer, t the helpless Clare, weed his band he drew, us the flood they view, in the falcon's claw, rield to please a daw; v the Abbot awe, I bide with me." angerous ford, and deep, Tweed Leat's eddies

desperately; ent will he bide, room, before him ride; I he stems the tide, gallantly, are upon her horse, ed her rein, ved the current's course, downward driven per

bank they gain; aggling, came to shore, night, the train; ad his yew-bow bore, in vain; day that every string, d, should sharply ring. Lord Marmion staid, a steed, his men array'd, moved his band, rey's rear-guard won, cross of Stone, ck standing lone, ld command.

XXIIL

Hence might they see the full array Of either host, for deadly fray; Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west,

And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation pass'd
From the loud cannon mouth;
Not in the close successive rattle,
That breathes the voice of modern battle,

But slow and far between.—
The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid:
"Here, by this Cross," he gently said,
"You well may view the scene.
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!—
Thou wilt not?—well,—no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,

With ten pick'd archers of my train; With England if the day go hard, To Berwick speed amain.— But if we conquer, cruel maid, My spoils shall at your feet be laid,

When here we meet again."
He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid's despair,
Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire; but spurr'd amain,
And, dashing through the battle plain,

XXIV.

His way to Surrey took.

"-The good Lord Marmion, by my life!

Welcome to danger's hour!—
Short greeting serves in time of strife:—
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,

My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;
Lord Dacre, with his horseman light,
Shall be in rearward of the fight,
And succour those that need it most.

Now, gallant Marmion, well I know, Would gladly to the vanguard go; Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there, With thee their charge will blithely share; There fight thine own retainers too, Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."— "Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said, Nor farther greeting there he paid; But, parting like a thunderbolt, First in the vanguard made a halt,

Where such a shout there rose
Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry
Up Flodden Mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

xxv.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill;
On which, (for far the day was spent,)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view:
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay!
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But see! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
And sudden, as he spoke,

From the sharp ridges of the hill, All downward to the banks of Till, Was wreathed in sable smoke. Volumed and fast, and rolling far, The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,

As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread

alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,

Told England, from his mountain-throne King James did rushing come.—

Scarce could they hear, or see their foes, Until at weapon-point they close.— They close, in clouds of smoke and dust, With sword sway and with langue thrust

With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust; And such a yell was there, Of sudden and portentous birth, As if men fought upon the carth,

And fiends in upper air;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.

Long look'd the anxious squires; their eye Could in the darkness nought descry.

XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast Aside the shroud of battle cast;

And, first, the ridge of mingled spe Above the brightening cloud appear And in the smoke the pennons flew, As in the storm the white sea-mew. Then mark'd they, dashing broad and The broken billows of the war, And plumed crests of chieftains best Floating like foam upon the wave;

But nought distinct they see: Wide raged the battle on the plain; Spears shook, and falchions fat

amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like ram
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose as
Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high They saw Lord Marmion's falcon and And stainless Tunstall's banner which And Edmund Howard's lion bright, Still bear them bravely in the fight;

Although against them come, Of gallant Gordons many a one, And many a stubborn Badenoch-m And many a rugged Border clan, With Huntly, and with Home,

XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while, Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle; Though there the western mountain Rush'd with bare bosom on the spa And flung the feeble targe aside, And with both hands the broads plied,

'Twas vain:—But Fortune, on the r With fickle smile, cheer'd Scoth fight.

Then fell that spotless banner white The Howard's lion fell; Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon fet

Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon for With wavering flight, while fiercer; Around the battle-yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now
now high,

The pennon sunk and rose; As bends the bark's mast in the gal When rent are rigging, shrouds, and It waver'd 'mid the foes.

Blount the view could bear: and all its saints! I swear, t see it lost! e, you with Lady Clare ır beads, and patter prayer, – to the host.' fray he rode amain, y all the archer train. outh, with desperate charge, space, an opening large,ued banner rose,closed the war around, ree, rooted from the ground, mong the foes. ice mounted too: - yet staid, leave the helpless maid, ist as shaft can fly, his eyes, his nostrils spread, ein dangling from his head, d saddle bloody red, rmion's steed rush'd by; ze, maddening at the sight, nd sign to Clara cast, he would return in haste, ed into the fight.

XXVIII.

what the maiden feels. at dreadful hour alone: er reason stoops, or reels; e a courage, not her own, r mind to desperate tone. i van of England wheels; said, as loud in air t roar'd," Is Wilton there?"or, madden'd by despair, die,-" Is Wilton there?" raight up the hill there rode men drench'd with gore, arms, a helpless load, I knight they bore. strain'd the broken brand; e smear'd with blood and

among the horses' feet, hield, and helmet beat, set and plumage gone, aughty Marmion!... his armour did unlace, in his ghastly face, Saint George, he's gone!

That spear-wound has our master sped, —
And see, the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion."—
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
Heopes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air, Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :— "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace

where? Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare! Redeem my pennon,—charge again! Cry—' Marmion to the rescue!' Last of my race, on battle-plain That shout shall ne'er be heard again !-Yet my last thought is England's—fly, To Dacre bear my signet ring: Tell him his squadrons up to bring. Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie; Tunstall lies dead upon the field, His life-blood stains the spotless shield: Edmund is down: - my life is reft; The Admiral alone is left. Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,— With Chester charge, and Lancashire, Full upon Scotland's central host, Or victory and England's lost.— Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly! Leave Marmion here alone-to die. They parted, and alone he lay; Clare drew her from the sight away, Till pain rung forth a lowly moan,

And half he murmur'd, —" Is there none, Of all my halls have nurst, Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring Of blessed water from the spring, To slake my dying thirst!"

XXX.

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish ring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man,

She stoop'd her by the runnel's side, But in abhorrence backward drew; For, origing from the mountain's side, Where raged the war, a dark-red tide Was curdling in the streamlet blue. Where shall she turn !- behold her mark A little fountain cell, Where water, clear as diamond-spark, In a stone basin fell. Above, some half-worn letters say, Drint . meary . pilgrim . brint . anb . prap . for . the . kind . soul . of . Epbil . Grap . Calhe . built . this . cress . and . mell . She fill'd the helm, and back she hied, And with surprise and joy espied A Monk supporting Marmion's head; A pious man, whom duty brought

To dubious verge of battle fought, To shrieve the dying, bless the dead. XXXI. Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave, And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave-" Is it the hand of Clare," he said, "Or injured Constance, bathes my head?" Then, as remembrance rose, "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer! I must redress her woes. Short space, few words, are mine to spare; Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"
"Alas!" she said, "the while,— O, think of your immortal weal! In vain for Constance is your zeal; —died at Holy Isle."— Lord Marmion started from the ground, As light as if he felt no wound; Though in the action burst the tide, In torrents, from his wounded side. "Then it was truth," he said-"I knew That the dark presage must be true. I would the Fiend, to whom belongs The vengeance due to all her wrongs, Would spare me but a day! For wasting fire, and dying groan, And priests slain on the altar stone Might bribe him for delay. It may not be !-- this dizzy trance-Curse on you base marauder's lance, And doubly cursed my failing brand! A sinful heart makes feeble hand." Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,

Monk. by the trembling Monk.

XXXII.

With fruitless labour, Clara boun And strove to stanch the gushing with Monk, with unavailing cares Exhausted all the Church's praye Ever, he said, that, close and naval A lady's voice was in his ear, And that the priest he could not!

For that she ever sung, "In the lost battle, borne down by the Where mingles war's rattle with p

of the dying!"

So the notes rung;—
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel
Shake not the dying sinner's and
O, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;

O, think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been
And many a sinner's parting seen

But never aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail.
Now trebly thundering swell'd the
And—STANLEY! was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spre

And fired his glazing eye: With dying hand, above his head, He shook the fragment of his bla And shouted "Victory!— Charge, Chester, charge! On, St

on!"
Were the last words of Marmion

By this, though deep the evening Still rose the battle's deadly swell For still the Scots, around their l Unbroken, fought in desperate ri Where's now their victor vaward

Where Huntly, and where Ho O for a blast of that dread horn, On Fontarabian echoes borne,

That to King Charles did come When Rowland brave, and Olivi And every paladin and peer, On Roncesvalles died!

Such blast might warn them, not is To quit the plunder of the slain, And turn the doubtful day again, While yet on Flodden side, Afar, the Royal Standard flies, And round it toils, and bleeds, an aledonian pride!
the wish—for far away,
poil and havoc mark their way,
hal's Cross the plunderers stray,
is," cried the Monk, "away!"
laced her on her steed,
her to the chapel fair,
limouth upon Tweed.
I the night they spent in prayer,
he dawn of morning, there
her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV. ey left the dark'ning heath, perate grew the strife of death. lish shafts in volleys hail'd, ong charge their horse assail'd; ank, and rear, the squadrons the Scottish circle deep, ought around their King. though thick the shafts as snow, charging knights like whirlbill-men ply the ghastly blow, ken was the ring; born spear-men still made good rk impenetrable wood, pping where his comrade stood, stant that he fell. ght was there of dastard flight; a the serried phalanx tight, fought like noble, squire like night, ulessly and well; darkness closed her wing r thin host and wounded King. Iful Surrey's sage commands

rriessly and well;
rr darkness closed her wing
to thin host and wounded King.
Iffal Surrey's sage commands
k from strife his shatter'd bands;
from the charge they drew,
ntain-waves, from wasted lands,
p back to ocean blue.
d their loss his foemen know;

ing, their Lords, their mightiest aw, sized from the field as snow, streams are swoln and south

sinds blow,
ives in silent dew,
exchoes heard the ceaseless plash,
e many a broken band,
r'd, through her currents dash,

To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong;
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of Flodden's fatel field.
Of Flodden's fatel field.

Of Flodden's fatal field, Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear, And broken was her shield!

XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side:— There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride, Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one: The sad survivors all are gone.— View not that corpse mistrustfully, Defaced and mangled though it be; Nor to yon Border castle high, Look northward with upbraiding eye; Nor cherish hope in vain,

That, journeying far on foreign strand, The Royal Pilgrim to his land

May yet return again. He saw the wreck his rashness wrought; Reckless of life, he desperate fought,

And fell on Flodden plain:
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,
Beseem'd the Monarch slain.
But, O! how changed since yon blithe
night!—

Gladly I turn me from the sight, Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale:—Fitz-Eustace' care
A pierced and mangled body bare
To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;
And there, beneath the southern aisle,
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear,
(Now vainly for its sight you look;
"Twas levell'd, when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral storm'd and took;
But, thanks to Heaven, and good Saint
Chad!

A guerdon meet the spoiler had!)
There erst was martial Marmion found,
His feet upon a couchant hound,

His hands to heaven upraised;

And all around, on scutcheon rich, And tablet carved, and fretted niche,

Ilis arms and feats were blazed.

And yet, though all was carved so fair,

And priest for Marmion breathed the

prayer,

The last Lord Marmion lay not there. From Ettrick woods, a peasant swain Follow'd his lord to Flodden plain,—One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay In Scotland mourns as "wede away: Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied, And dragg'd him to its foot, and died, Close by the noble Marmion's side. The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd the slain, And thus their corpses were mista'en; And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb, The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show
LordMarmion's nameless grave, and low.
They dug his grave e'en where he lay,
But every mark is gone;
Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple Cross of Sybil Gray,
And broke her font of stone;
But yet out from the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still,

Oft halts the stranger there, For thence may best his curious eye The memorable field descry;

And shepherd boys repair To seek the water-flag and rush, And rest them by the hazel bush,

And plait their garlands fair;
Nor dream they sit upon the grave
That holds the bones of Marmion
brave.—

When thou shalt find the little hill, With thy heart commune, and be still. If ever, in temptation strong, Thou left'st the right path for the wrong; If every devious step, thus trod, Still led thee further from the road; Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom On noble Marmion's lowly tomb; But say, "He died a gallant knight, With sword in hand, for England's right."

I do not rhyme to that dull elf, Who cannot image to himself,

That, all through Flodden's dismal ni Wilton was foremost in the fight; That, when brave Surrey's steed wass 'Twas Wilton mounted him again; 'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest he Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood! Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall, He was the living soul of all; That, after fight, his faith made pl He won his rank and lands again: And charged his old paternal shield With bearings won on Flodden Field Nor sing I to that simple maid, To whom it must in terms be said. That King and kinsmen did agree, To bless fair Clara's constancy; Who cannot, unless I relate, Paint to her mind the bridal's state: That Wolsey's voice the blessing sp More, Sands, and Denny, pass'd the That Bluff King Hal the curtain d And Catherine's hand the stocking the And afterwards, for many a day, That it was held enough to say, In blessing to a wedded pair, "Love they like Wilton and like Class

T'Enboy.

TO THE READER.

WHY then a final note prolong. ()r lengthen out a closing song, Unless to bid the gentles speed Who long have listed to my rede? To Statesmen grave, if such may d To read the Minstrel's idle strain. Sound head, clean hand, and piercing And patriotic heart—as PITT! A garland for the hero's crest, And twined by her he loves the best To every lovely lady bright, What can I wish but faithful knight To every faithful lover too, What can I wish but lady true? And knowledge to the studious sage: And pillow to the head of age. To thee, dear school-boy, whom my Has cheated of thy hour of play, Light task, and merry holiday! To all, to each, a fair good night. And pleasing dreams, and slumbers lie

THE LADY OF THE LAKE:

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

· TO

THE MOST NOBLE

JOHN JAMES MARQUIS OF ABERCORN,

Be. Be. Be

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

ARGUMENT.

The Scene of the following Poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Lin the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The time of Action include and the transactions of each Day occupy a Canto.

1868-

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

years separated Scott's second poetical venture from his first; but the Lake" followed "Marmion" after an interval of little more than a years. Scott has told us himself the alarm of his aunt, " when she heard that editating another appeal to public favour, lest he should in any way injure popularity he had already achieved, or, in her own words, lest standing e got a severe fall if he attempted to climb higher. "And a favourite, L sententiously, " will not be permitted to stumble with impunity." But thout being guilty of any overweening self-confidence, had taken the of his powers, and felt that he might safely make the effort. Besides, he that he held his distinguished position as the most successful poet of the much the same condition as the champion of the prize-ring holds the belt being always ready to show proofs of his skill. The result fully justified dy of the Lake" possessed merits of its own, which raised his reputation.

Leffrey's prediction has been perfectly fulfilled, that the "Lady of the would be "oftener read hereafter than either of the former;" and it is y acknowledged to be, in Lockhart's words, "the most interesting, , picturesque, and graceful of his great poems." acquaintance with the Highlands dated from his boyhood. He had hem before his sixteenth year, and repeatedly returned thither. His first tion to the scenery of the "Lady of the Lake" was curious enough. red it, " riding in all the dignity of danger, with a front and rear-guard, led arms." He was then a writer's apprentice, or, in English phrase, an s clerk, and had been despatched by his father to enforce the execution of instrument against some Maclarens, refractory tenants of Stewart of Appin. ed force with which he was attended, consisting of a serjeant and six men Highland regiment lying in Stirling Castle, proved unnecessary, for no was offered. The Maclarens had decamped, and Scott afterwards that they went to America. That such an escort should have been deemed however, gives one an idea of what the Highlands and the inhabitants m at a time so close upon our own day. In the course of his successive to the Highlands, Scott made himself thoroughly acquainted with their He not only became familiar with the people, but, as one of his said, even the goats might have claimed him as an old friend. With chaic conscientiousness, however, when he conceived the idea of the " Lady Lake," he did not trust to the impressions thus acquired to guide him in riptions of scenery, which form one of the chief charms of the poem, and even now, one of the most minute and faithful hand-books to the region the drama of Ellen and the Knight of Snowdoun is enacted. He made a our, in order to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of the story,

^{*} Miss Christian Rutherford, his mother's sister.

and a hot gallop from the banks of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle 1 the time which was allotted to King James for his flight after the com Roderick Dhu. This "fiery progress" was otherwise well known to I principal land-marks were so many hospitable mansions where he has welcome and grateful guest—Blairdrummond, the residence of Lord Ochtertyre, that of John Ramsay, tl e antiquary; and Kier, the seat of the family (now represented by Sir William Maxwell, M.P.). The usual row tourist reverses that of FitzJames's desperate ride. Starting from "grey with her towers and town," he leaves behind him the Abbey Craig, the the Wallace monument, and crosses the Forth and the Allan. The sea mentioned are all in this neighbourhood, while further on are Doune, ruined castle, once the residence of the Duke of Albany, and afterwards of Mary, and Deanstown, where there are now extensive cotton-mills. Skii Teith, the traveller sees, on the north bank, Lanrick Castle, formerly the the chieftain of Clan-Gregor (Sir Evan Murray), and soon reaches Combich is now the favourite head-quarters of those who wish to make en into the region which Scott rendered at once famous and fashionable. (2,882 feet) rises on the north; Ben-a'an (1800) is further west, and Eq. 386) appears to the south. At the eastern extremity of Loch Verwhere it contracts into the river Teith, is Coilantogle, the scene of the between King James and Rhoderick Dhu. This was the limit of the clustered restrements of the mysterious stranger.

"The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd."

The last lines refer to the supposed traces of Roman occupation in the on the haugh of Callander, and also near the railway station, which I name of the Roman Camp. It is, however, still matter of controversy these embankments are of human or of natural origin. At the other end Vennachar, which is five miles long, is the muster-place of Clan Alpine—Mead. The sudden revelation of the ambuscade is supposed to take place farther to the westward, when

"Instant through copse and heath arose Bonnets and spears, and bended bows; On right, on left, above, below, Sprung up at once the lurking foe."

Within a mile "Duncraggan's huts" appear, where Malise surrenders t cross to the young Angus, by the side of his father's bier, while the wai coronach for the dead is mingled with lamentations for the orphan's c About a mile up Glenfinias (once a royal deer forest, and still inhabited exclusively by Stewarts), which here opens on the right, is the waterfall pours down

"- that huge cliff, whose ample verge Tradition calls the hero's targe,"

^{*} St. Bride's Chapel, where Angus gives up the cross to Norman, the bridegroom, stan side of the Teith, near Loch Lubnaig, while the rest of the course was by Loch Voil, Loc to the source of Balvaig, a smathwards down Strath-Gartney.

w is reported to have found shelter, and where the white bull was ch the chieftain sought an augury. The Brig of Turk, said to take a ferocious boar which long haunted the spot, comes next; and then gives access to the Trosachs, skirts the north shore of Loch Achray

aurel Field), "between the precipice and brake," ne name "Trosachs" is often loosely applied to the whole region ch Katrine and the adjoining lakes, it belongs, strictly speaking, only

ween Loch Achray and Loch Katrine. is, or Bristled Territory, as the word signifies in Gaelic, now form to one of the chief passes of the Grampians; but formerly it was a progress of all, save the most alert and enterprising travellers. ratively recent time a ladder of branches and roots of trees, sussteep crag, afforded the only means of traversing the defile.

> "No pathway met the wanderer's view, Unless he climbed with footing nice A far projecting precipice; The broom's tough roots his ladder made, The hazel saplings lent their aid."

ance of the complete manner in which Scott has identified himself rict, that the defile at the end of the Trosachs is known as Bea-(so called from a skirmish between the Highlanders and a party troops, in which one of the latter was killed), although the real pass is at some distance to the east, on the old road. It was in the of the Trosachs that Fitzjames's "gallant grey" sank exhausted; point out this and the spots where the other incidents of the poem as having occurred with as careful an identification as if they had historic localities. The savage tumultuous wildness of the Trosachs ore striking by, and in turn enhances, the rich loveliness of Loch a suddenly appears in sight at a turn in the road. At the eastern e a projecting spit of land forms

"A narrow inlet still and deep, Affording scarce such breadth of brim As served the wild-duck's brood to swim."

also, blocks the prospect. It is only by a rude scramble over the rection of the old road that the point can be reached from which ld the lake and its islets. Some lower eminences afford a partial usually from the little steamer which plies during the season that at scene is disclosed to the tourist in its full extent. The lake ten miles in length, and two in average breadth, and is of a windform. Towards the west its shores are rocky and precipitous, and thed with dense copse-wood. The silver strand where the royal sees Ellen, lies to the left of the road-

" A beach of pebbles bright as snow."

h its tangled screen, lies in front, and a little lodge, answering to in the poem, was some years back to be found there. It was acci-I, however, and the hidden bower, like the heroine who lived there, applied by the imagination. In other respects Scott's picture is for do the guides forget to call forth the echo which answered Fitz-

There are other islands besides this, and on one of them are the stle of Macgregor. On the south side of the lake, opposite to Coir-nan-Uriskan, or Goblin's Cave, where Douglas hid himself

with his daughter, a vast circular hollow in the mountain, some few yard diameter at the top, which gradually narrows towards the bottom. It is end on all sides by steep cliffs, while brushwood and boulders hide the mouth of cavern. The Urisks, from whom the place derives its name, were shaggy im the Brownie kind.

The Pass of Cattle, or Bealach-nam-bo (so called from the herds which cattle-lifters used to drive this way), which may be reached either throug opening in the cave or by another path, is higher up. Scott declared this t "the most sublime piece of scenery that the imagination can conceive;" although much of its imposing effect has departed since the axe was laid to overhanging timber on Benvenue, it has still a wild grandeur which, in a

degree, justifies the eulogium.

When Scott first spoke of taking Rokeby as the scene of a poem, his f Morritt jocularly declared that he should at once raise the rent of an inn or estate as some compensation for the rush of tourists which might be expecte follow the publication of the poem. The effect of the "Lady of the Lake" it respect was certainly such as to justify the anticipation. The poem happene appear in May, and before July the Trosachs had been invaded by a hor pleasure-travellers. Crowds started for Loch Katrine. The little inns scat at intervals along the high roads were filled to overflowing; and numerous tages were turned into taverns. Shepherds and gillies suddenly found thems able to make what they deemed splendid fortunes, by acting as guides to vi who wished to compare the realities of nature with the poetical descriptions v had so enchanted them. It is stated as a fact that from the year in which "Lady of the Lake" was published, the post-horse duty in Scotland rose i extraordinary degree, and even continued to do so regularly for some time: wards, as successive editions of the poem appeared, and as the circle of re-The seclusion of the Lower Highlands was at an end. Before: grew wider. made the region fashionable, the Trosachs were only a vague name to most t townspeople of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Here and there a sportsman in sear grouse and capercailzie, or a man of business on some chance errand, ven among those wilds; but the ordinary holiday-tourist never dreamed of turning steps in that direction. But no sooner did the poem appear than not only \$ but English, thronged to the Trosachs, which indeed quickly became more far to the latter, notwithstanding the long distance and tedious journey, that Welsh hills which were comparatively close at hand. Such an influx of vis most of them wealthy, and willing to pay well for the comforts and luxur which they were accustomed at home, could not fail to have a marked effect o condition of the natives. Their primitive simplicity, as well as perhaps in some their primitive honesty, has departed, but contact with strangers has quiel their intelligence, and widened their ideas, as well as filled their pockets. money thus brought into the country has been applied, not only to improving accommodation for travellers, but to the development of various industries, st the route of the tourist may now for the most part be traced not merely by natural beauties through which it passes, but by a thriving and busy populati

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIRST.

The Chase

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Mufiling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep!

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd;
For still the burden of thy ministrelsy

Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye,

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray; O wake once more! though scarce my skill command Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay: Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away, And all unworthy of thy nobler strain, Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway, The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain. Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

estag at eve had drunk his fill, are danced the moon on Monan's rill, deep his midnight lair had made toe Glenartney's hazel shade; when the sun his beacon red kindled on Benvoirlich's head, deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay

faint, from farther distance borne, heard the clanging hoof and horn. II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call, "To arms! the foemen storm the wall," The antler'd monarch of the waste Sprung from his heathery couch in haste. But, ere his fleet career he took, The dew-drops from his flanks he shook; Like crested leader proud and high, Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky; A moment gazed adown the dale, A moment snuff'd the tainted gale, A moment listen'd to the cry,

She stoop'd her by the runnel's side, But in abhorrence backward drew; For, oozing from the mountain's side,

Where raged the war, a dark-red tide Was curdling in the streamlet blue. Where shall she turn !--behold her mark

A little fountain cell, Where water, clear as diamond-spark,

In a stone basin fell. Above, some half-worn letters say,

Drink . wrary . pilgrim . brink . and . prap . For . the . kind . soul . of . Spbil . Grap . ERbe . built . this . cross . and . well .

She fill'd the helm, and back she hied, And with surprise and joy espied

A Monk supporting Marmion's head; A pious man, whom duty brought To dubious verge of battle fought, To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave, And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave-"Is it the hand of Clare," he said, "Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"

Then, as remembrance rose, -"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer! I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words, are mine to spare; Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"-"Alas!" she said, "the while,-O, think of your immortal weal!

In vain for Constance is your zeal; —died at Holy Isle."-

Lord Marmion started from the ground, As light as if he felt no wound; Though in the action burst the tide, In torrents, from his wounded side. "Then it was truth," he said-"I knew That the dark presage must be true.-I would the Fiend, to whom belongs The vengeance due to all her wrongs, Would spare me but a day!

For wasting fire, and dying groan, And priests slain on the altar stone

Might bribe him for delay. It may not be !- this dizzy trance-Curse on you base marauder's lance, And doubly cursed my failing brand! A sinful heart makes feeble hand. Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk, Supported by the trembling Monk.

XXXII.

With fruitless labour, Clara boun And strove to stanch the gushing w The Monk, with unavailing cares Exhausted all the Church's praye Ever, he said, that, close and near A lady's voice was in his ear, And that the priest he could not

For that she ever sung, " In the lost battle, borne dozen by the Where mingles war's rattle with

of the dying!"

So the notes rung;—
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel Shake not the dying sinner's san O, look, my son, upon yon sign Of the Redeemer's grace divine;

O, think on faith and bliss !-By many a death-bed I have been And many a sinner's parting sees But never aught like this.

The war, that for a space did fail Now trebly thundering swell'd th And—STANLEY! was the cry; A light on Marmion's visage sprt

And fired his glazing eye: With dying hand, above his head

He shook the fragment of his bla And shouted "Victory!— Charge, Chester, charge! On, St on!

Were the last words of Marmion XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening Still rose the battle's deadly swel For still the Scots, around their Unbroken, fought in desperate ri Where's now their victor vaward

Where Huntly, and where Ho O for a blast of that dread horn, On Fontarabian echoes borne.

That to King Charles did come When Rowland brave, and Olivi And every paladin and peer. On Roncesvalles died!

Such blast might warn them, not i To quit the plunder of the slain, And turn the doubtful day again,

While yet on Flodden side. Afar, the Royal Standard flies, And round it toils, and bleeds, an edonian pride!
wish—for far away,
Il and havoc mark their way,
I'a Cross the plunderers stray.
"cried the Monk, "away!"
ced her on her steed,
er to the chapel fair,
south upon Tweed.
he night they spent in prayer,
dawn of morning, there
er kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV. left the dark'ning heath, rate grew the strife of death. h shafts in volleys hail'd, charge their horse assail'd; k, and rear, the squadrons e Scottish circle deep, ght around their King. ugh thick the shafts as snow, arging knights like whirlds go, I-men ply the ghastly blow, m was the ring; em spear-men still made good impenetrable wood, ing where his comrade stood, ant that he fell. was there of dastard flight; ight like noble, squire like ssly and well; arkness closed her wing hin host and wounded King. al Surrey's sage commands om strife his shatter'd bands; n the charge they drew, in-waves, from wasted lands, ack to ocean blue. heir loss his foemen know; their Lords, their mightiest d from the field as snow, ams are swoln and south is blow. s in silent dew. hard the ceaseless plash, any z broken band, through her currents dash,

To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong;
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,

Of Flodden's fatal field, Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear, And broken was her shield!

XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side:— There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride, Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one: The sad survivors all are gone.— View not that corpse mistrustfully, Defaced and mangled though it be; Nor to yon Border castle high, Look northward with upbraiding eye;

Nor cherish hope in vain, That, journeying far on foreign strand, The Royal Pilgrim to his land

May yet return again. He saw the wreck his rashness wrought; Reckless of life, he desperate fought,

And fell on Flodden plain:
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,
Beseem'd the Monarch slain.
But, O! how changed since yon blithe
night!—

Gladly I turn me from the sight, Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale:—Fitz-Eustace' care
A pierced and mangled body bare
To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;
And there, beneath the southern aisle,
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear,
(Now vainly for its sight you look;
'Twas levell'd, when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral storm'd and took;
But, thanks to Heaven, and good Saint
Chad!

A guerdon meet the spoiler had i)
There erst was martial Marmion found,
His feet upon a couchant hound,
His hands to heaven upraised;

The wanderer's eye could barely view The summer heaven's delicious blue; So wondrous wild, the whole might seem The scenery of a fairy dream,

XIIL

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep A narrow inlet, still and deep Affording scarce such breadth of brim As served the wild duck's brood to swim. Lost for a space, through thickets veering, But broader when again appearing, Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face Could on the dark-blue mirror trace; And farther as the Hunter stray'd, Still broader sweep its channels made. The shaggy mounds no longer stood, Emerging from entangled wood. But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float, Like castle girdled with its moat; Yet broader floods extending still Divide them from their parent hill, Till each, retiring, claims to be An islet in an inland sea.

XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen, No pathway meets the wanderer's ken, Unless he climb, with footing nice, A far projecting precipice. The broom's tough roots his ladder made, The hazel saplings lent their aid; And thus an airy point he won, Where, gleaming with the setting sun, One burnish'd sheet of living gold, Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd, * In all her length far winding lay, With promontory, creek, and bay, And islands that, empurpled bright, Floated amid the livelier light, And mountains, that like giants stand, To sentinel enchanted land. High on the south, huge Benvenue † Down on the lake in masses threw Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,

The fragments of an earlier world;

* Loch-Ketturin is the Celtic pronunciation. In his notes to The Fair Maid of Perth, the author has signified his belief that the lake was named after the Catterins, or wild robbers, who haunted its shores.

† Benvenue is literally the little mountain i.e. as contrasted with Benledi and Benlomond. A wildering forest feather'd of His ruin'd sides and summit While on the north, through Ben-an heaved high his forel

XV.

From the steep promontory;
The stranger, raptured and a
And, "What a scene were here
"For princely pomp, or cl
pride!

On this bold brow, a lordly t In that soft vale, a lady's bo On yonder meadow, far awa The turrets of a cloister grey How blithely might the bugl Chide, on the lake, the linge How sweet, at eve, the lover Chime, when the groves we mute!

And, when the midnight m

Her forehead in the silver we How solemn on the ear wou. The holy matins' distant hur While the deep peal's common Should wake, in yonder islet A sainted hermit from his ce To drop a bead with every ke And bugle, lute, and bell, as Should each bewilder'd strar To friendly feast, and lighter

TVT

"Blithe were it then to wand But now,—beshrew yon nim Like that same hermit's, thin The copse must give my ever Some mossy bank my couch Some rustling oak my canopy Yet pass we that; the war at Give little choice of resting p A summer night, in greenwo Were but to-morrow's merrin But hosts may in these wilds Such as are better miss'd that To meet with Highland plune Were worse than loss of steed I am alone; -my bugle strair May call some straggler of the Or, fall the worse that may be Ere now this falchion has bee

XVIL

arce again his horn he wound, lo ! forth starting at the sound, inderneath an aged oak, anted from the islet rock, sel guider of its way, skiff shot to the bay, ound the promontory steep deep line in graceful sweep, g, in almost viewless wave, eping willow twig to lave, iss, with whispering sound and slow. ach of pebbles bright as snow. at had touch'd this silver strand, the Hunter left his stand. ood conceal'd amid the brake, this Lady of the Lake. aiden paused, as if again ought to catch the distant strain. earl up-raised, and look intent. e and ear attentive bent, cks flung back, and lips apart, pnument of Grecian art, ning mood, she seem'd to stand, ardian Naiad of the strand.

XVIII.

er did Grecian chisel trace mh, a Naiad, or a Grace, form, or lovelier face ! hough the sun, with ardent frown, lightly tinged her cheek with ortive toil, which, short and light, red her glowing hue so bright, too in hastier swell to show limpses of a breast of snow: bough no rule of courtly grace sared mood had train'd her pace,more light, a step more true, rom the heath-flower dash'd the e slight harebell raised its head, from her airy tread: sough upon her speech there hung sents of the mountain tongue,alver sounds, so soft, so dear, mer held his breath to hear !

Note on Canto III., stanza c.

XIX.

A chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid; Her satin snood,* her silken plaid, Her golden brooch such birth betray'd. And seldom was a snood amid Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid, Whose glossy black to shame might bring The plumage of the raven's wing; And seldom o'er a breast so fair, Mantled a plaid with modest care, And never brooch the folds combined Above a heart more good and kind. Her kindness and her worth to spy, You need but gaze on Ellen's eye; Not Katrine, in her mirror blue, Gives back the shaggy banks more true, Than every free-born glance confess'd The guileless movements of her breast; Whether joy danced in her dark eye, Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh, Or filial love was glowing there, Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer, Or tale of injury call'd forth The indignant spirit of the North. One only passion unreveal'd, With maiden pride the maid conceal'd, Yet not less purely felt the flame ;-O! need I tell that passion's name!

YY

Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne:—
"Father!" she cried; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
A while she paused, no answer came,—
"Malcolm, was thine the blast?" the
name

Less resolutely utter'd fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
"A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alarm'd, with hasty oar,
Push'd her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gain'd between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
(So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)
Then safe, though flutter'd and amazed,
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fty.

XXI.

On his bold visage middle age Had slightly press'd its signet sage, Yet had not quench'd the open truth And fiery vehemence of youth; Forward and frolic glee was there, The will to do, the soul to dare, The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire, Of hasty love, or headlong ire. His limbs were cast in manly mould, For hardy sports or contest bold; And though in peaceful garb array'd, And weaponless, except his blade, His stately mien as well implied A high-horn heart, a martial pride, As if a Baron's crest he wore, And sheathed in armour trode the shore. Slighting the petty need he show'd, He told of his benighted road; His ready speech flow'd fair and free, In phrase of gentlest courtesy; Yet seem'd that tone, and gesture bland, Less used to sue than to command.

XXII.

A while the maid the stranger eyed, And, reassured, at length replied, That Highland halls were open still To wilder'd wanderers of the hill. " Nor think you unexpected come To you lone isle, our desert home; Before the heath had lost the dew, This morn, a couch was pull'd for you; On yonder mountain's purple head Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled, And our broad nets have swept the mere, To furnish forth your evening cheer."-"Now, by the rood, my lovely maid, Your courtesy has err'd," he said; "No right have I to claim, misplaced, The welcome of expected guest. A wanderer, here by fortune tost, My way, my friends, my courser lost, I ne'er before, believe me, fair, Have ever drawn your mountain air, Till on this lake's romantic strand, I found a fay in fairy land!"-

XXIII.

"I well believe," the maid replied,
As her light skiff approach'd the side,—

"I well believe, that ne'er before Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's si But yet, as far as yesternight, Old Allan-Bane foretold your pligit A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye inter Was on the vision'd future bent. He saw your steed, a dappled grey Lie dead beneath the birchen way Painted exact your form and mien, Your hunting suit of Lincoln green That tassell'd horn so gaily gilt, That falchion's crooked blarle and That cap with heron plumage trim And yon two hounds so dark and He bade that all should ready be, To grace a guest of fair degree; But light I held his prophecy, And deem'd it was my father's how Whose echoeso'er the lake were bo

XXIV.

The stranger smiled:—"Since to home

A destined errant-knight I come, Announced by prophet sooth and a Doom'd, doubtless, for achievement I'll lightly front each high emprise, For one kind glance of those bright Permit me, first, the task to guide Your fairy frigate o'er the tide." The maid, with smile suppress'd an The toil unwonted saw him try; For seldom sure, if e'er before, His noble hand had grasp'd an our Yet with main strength his stroke

And o'er the lake the shallop flew With heads erect, and whimpering The hounds behind their passage p Nor frequent does the bright oar b The darkening mirror of the lake, Until the rocky isle they reach, And moor their shallop on the bea

xxv.

The stranger view'd the shore area 'Twas all so close with copsewood be Nor track nor pathway might deck That human foot frequented there. Until the mountain-maiden show'd A clambering unsuspected road,

ed through the tangled screen, d on a narrow green, eping birch and willow round long fibres swept the ground, retreat in dangerous hour, f had framed a rustic bower.

XXVI.

odge of ample size, of structure and device; aterials, as around man's hand had readiest found. their boughs, their hoar trunks e hatchet rudely squared, e walls their destined height, oak and ash unite; s and clay and leaves combined ach crevice from the wind. r pine-trees, overhead, der length for rafters spread, er'd heath and rushes dry russet canopy. ward, fronting to the green, ertipo was seen, ative pillars borne, in fir with bark unshorn, en's hand had taught to twine nd Idean vine, tris, the favour'd flower asts the name of virgin-bower, hardy plant could bear rine's keen and searching air. in this porch she staid, to the stranger said, en and on thy lady call, the enchanted hall !"

XXVIL

the threshold—and a clang steel that instant rang. In the threshold—and a clang steel that instant rang. In the threshold—in the threshold, for vain alarm he blush'd, the floor he saw display'd, the din, a naked blade from the abeath, that careless age age huge antiers swung;

und, the walls to grace,

hies of the fight or chase !

A target there, a bugle here, A battle-axe, a hunting spear, And broadswords, bows, and arrows

With the tusk'd trophies of the boar. Here grins the wolf as when he died, And there the wild-cat's brindled hide. The frontlet of the elk adorns, Or mantles o'er the bison's horns; Pennons and flags defaced and stain'd, That blackening streaks of blood retain'd, And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white, With otter's fur and seal's unite, In rude and uncouth tapestry all, To garnish forth the silvan hall.

XXVIII.

The wondering stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon raised:—
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.
And as the brand he poised and sway'd,
"I never knew but one," he said,
"Whose stalwart arm might brook to
wield

A blade like this in battle-field."
She sigh'd, then smiled and took the word;

"You see the guardian champion's sword:

As light it trembles in his hand, As in my grasp a hazel wand; My sire's tall form might grace the part Of Ferragus, or Ascabart; But in the absent giant's hold Are women now, and menials old."

XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court,
To whom, though more than kindred
knew,

Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unask'd his birth and name.
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,

And from his deadliest foeman's door Unquestion'd turn, the banquet o'er. At length his rank the stranger names, "The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-

James;
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fall'n in such turmoil,
And he, God wot, was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning with Lord Moray's train
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripp'd his comrades, miss'd the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wander'd here."

XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn require The name and state of Ellen's sire. Well show'd the elder lady's mien, That courts and cities she had seen; Ellen, though more her looks display'd The simple grace of sylvan maid, In speech and gesture, form and face, Show'd she was come of gentle race. 'Twere strange in ruder rank to find Such looks, such manners, and such mind. Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave, Dame Margaret heard with silence grave; Or Ellen, innocently gay, Turn'd all inquiry light away:-"Weird women we! by dale and down We dwell, afar from tower and town. We stem the flood, we ride the blast, On wandering knights our spells we cast; While viewless minstrels touch the string, 'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing.' She sung, and still a harp unseen Fill'd up the symphony between.

XXXI.

Song.

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking:

Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Dream of fighting-fields no more: Sleep the sleep that knows not break Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine (Armour's clang, or war-steed chi

Trump nor pibroch summon here Mustering clan, or squadron tram Yet the lark's shrill fife may come

At the day-break from the fallow And the bittern sound his drum, Booming from the sedgy shallow Ruder sounds shall none be near, Guards nor warders challenge here Here's no war-steed's neigh and ch

ing, Shouting clans or squadrons stampi

XXXII.

She paused—then, blushing, led the To grace the stranger of the day. Her mellow notes awhile prolong The cadence of the flowing song. Till to her lips in measured frame The minstrel verse spontaneous can be supported by the minstrel verse spontaneous can be supported by the minstrel verse spontaneous can be supported by the stranger of the stranger

Song continued.

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is do While our slumbrous spells assai Dream not, with the rising sun, Bugles here shall sound reveillé. Sleep! the deer is in his den;

Sleep! thy hounds are by thee h Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen, How thy gallant steed lay dying Huntsman, rest! thy chase is don Think not of the rising sun, For at dawning to assail ye, Here no bugles sound reveillé."

XXXIII.

The hall was clear'd—the stranger Was there of mountain heather sp Where oft a hundred guests had is And dream'd their forest sports as But vainly did the heath-flower sh Its moorland fragrance round his! Not Ellen's spell had lull'd to rest The fever of his troubled breast.

dreams the image rose perils, pains, and woes: ow flounders in the brake, his barge upon the lake; of a broken host, rd falls, his honour's lost. om my couch may heavenly worst phantom of the night !ern'd the scenes of youth, nt undoubting truth ; soul he interchanged ads whose hearts were long anged, in dim procession led, the faithless, and the dead ; each hand, each brow as gay, parted yesterday. distracts him at the views senses false or true? e of death, or broken vow,

XXXIV.

a vision now?

with Ellen in a grove
I to walk, and speak of love;
'd with a blush and sigh,
as warm, his hopes were high,
t her yielded hand to clasp,
d gauntlet met his grasp;
tom's sex was changed and

head a helmet shone; larged to giant's size, ken'd cheek and threatening

visage, stem and hoar, still a likeness bore. and, panting with affright, he vision of the night. h's decaying brands were red, And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the stranger fix'd his eye
Where that huge falchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless
throng,

Rush'd, chasing countless thoughts along, Until, the giddy whirl to cure, He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV.
The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume:
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm;

The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Play'd on the water's still expanse,
Wild were the heart whose passions'
sway

Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his
breast:—

"Why is it, at each turn I trace Some memory of that exiled race? Can I not mountain-maiden spy, But she must bear the Douglas eye? Can I not view a Highland brand, But it must match the Douglas hand? Can I not frame a fever'd dream, But still the Douglas is the theme? I'll dream no more-by manly mind Not even in sleep is will resign'd. My midnight orisons said o'er, I'll turn to rest, and dream no more." His midnight orisons he told, A prayer with every bead of gold, Consign'd to heaven his cares and woes, And sunk in undisturb'd repose; Until the heath-cock shrilly crew, And morning dawn'd on Benvenue.

CANTO SECOND.

The Island.

п

AT morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
"Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day;

And will be yould talk thank globes it win the bay,

What the extraoper of the way again,

More than of control of the a more real grey,

And the entry her the line was heard thy strain,

Make a worn the sounding hery. O white-hard Allan-bane!

1:.

Saur.

" Not factor you for revers might Plany from their or etters ray, Not feder you be rive and be got. That tracks the store of expression light, Melt, in the lake away, Than men from a large grase The benefit of the relays Then, wrong a gold speed the white. Sorthial spre of the lonely isle. " High place to s r val court, High places is . P. G. Good hazaran for alvan sport, Where be a 1y. brave resort, The hoso a 1 : I be thate! True be try word, by frend sincere, Thy hely constant, bold, and dear, And lost in lose and friend-hip's smile

111.

Be memory of the lonely isle.

Song continued.

"But if Leneath you southern sky A planded stranger roam, Whose drooping ere t and stifled sigh, And sunken cheek and heavy eye, Pine for his Highland home; Then, warror, then be thine to show The care that noothes a wanderer's woe; Remember then thy hap ere while, A stranger in the lonely isle.

Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sich on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall
smile,

To greet thee in the lonely isle."

" Or if on life's uncertain main

15.

As died the sounds upon the tide, The shallog reached the mainland An i ere his anward way he took, The stranger cast a lingering look Where easily his eye might reach The Harrier on the islet beach, Keelmei against a blighted tree, As wasted, grey, and worn as he. T minstrel meditation given, His reverend brow was raised to be As from the rising sun to claim, A sparkle of inspiring flame. His hand, reclined upon the wire Seem'! watching the awakening a So still be sate, as those who wan Till julian ent speak the doom of S. still, as if no breeze might dan To lift one lock of heary hair; So still, as life itself were fled, In the last sound his harp had spe

ŗ.

Upon a rock with lichens wild. Beside him Ellen sate and smiled. Smiled she to see the stately drak Lead forth his fleet upon the lake While her vex'd spaniel, from the l Bay'd at the prize beyond his reac Yet tell me, then, the maid who k Why deepen'd on her cheek the re Forgive, forgive, Fidelity! I'erchance the maiden smiled to a Yon parting lingerer wave adieu, And stop and turn to wave anew; And, lovely ladies, ere your ire Condemn the heroine of my lyre, Show me the fair would scorn to And prize such conquest of her ey

VI

While yet he loiter'd on the spot; It seem'd as Ellen mark'd him no But when he turn'd him to the glu (me courteous parting sign she me off the knight of the last say, when price in the last say, then price in her based at the last say, then price in her based at the last say the last sample mute farewell, at simple mute farewell, at the maid, mountain the bosom chidmardian in her bosom chidmardian in he

tongue;

had Malcolm strain'd his eye,
ther step than thine to spy.—

Allan-Bane," aloud she cried,
the old Minstrel by her side,—
the old Minstrel by her side,—
the thee from thy moody dream!
the three with a noble name;
that the glory of the Greene!"
the from her lip the word had rush'd,
andeep the conscious maiden blush'd;
this clan, in hall and bower,

Malcolm Græme was held the
flower.

VII.

ministrel waked his harp—three times
the well-known martial chimes, three their high heroic pride electholy rourmurs died, and then bid'st, O noble maid," the wither'd hands, he said, they thou bid'st me wake the strain, all man mine a mightier hand that my harp, my strings has man'd!

the chards of joy, but low a might answer notes of we; proud march, which victors

in the wailing for the dead.

I for me, if mine alone

of deep prophetic tone!

of moreful fathers said,

This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed, Can thus its master's fate foretell, Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

VIII.

"But ah! dear lady, thus it sigh'd,
The eve thy sainted mother died;
And such the sounds which, while I
strove

To wake a lay of war or love,
Came marring all the festal mirth,
Appalling me who gave them birth,
And disobedient to my call,
Wail'd loud through Bothwell's banner'd
hall.

Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,
Were exiled from their native heaven.—
Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe,
My master's house must undergo,
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,
Brood in these accents of despair,
No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
One short, one final strain shall flow,
Fraught with unutterable woe,
Then shiver'd shall thy fragments lie,
Thy master cast him down and die!"

IX.

Soothing she answer'd him-" Assuage, Mine honour'd friend, the fears of age ; All melodies to thee are known, That harp has rung or pipe has blown, In Lowland vale or Highland glen, From Tweed to Spey-what marvel, then, At times, unbidden notes should rise, Confusedly bound in memory's ties, Entangling, as they rush along, The war-march with the funeral song ?-Small ground is now for boding fear; Obscure, but safe, we rest us here. My sire, in native virtue great, Resigning lordship, lands, and state, Not then to fortune more resign'd, Than yonder oak might give the wind; The graceful foliage storms may reave, The noble stem they cannot grieve. For me,"-she stoop'd, and, looking

Pluck'd a blue hare-bell from the ground,—

" For me, whose memory scarce conveys Younge more splendid days, I've lang flower, that loves the lea, Max we I my simple emblem be; it downs heaven's dew as blithe as rose that the King's own garden grows; And when I place it in my hair, Allan, a bank is bound to swear He ne er saw coronet so fair." Phon playfully the chaplet wild She wreat'i'd in her dark locks, and smile 1.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway, Whel the old harper's mood away. With such a look as hermits throw, When angels strop to soothe their woe, He gazed, till fond regret and pride Thrill'd to a tear, then thus replied: "Loveliest and best! thou little know'st The rank, the honours, thou hast lost! O might I live to see thee grace, In Scotland's court, thy birth-right place, To see ray favourite's step advance, The lightest in the courtly dance, The cause of every gallant's sigh, And leading star of every eye, And theme of every minstrel's art, The lady of the Bleeding Heart!" *-

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden cricel. (Light was her accent, yet she sigh'd;) "Yet is this mossy rock to me Worth splendid chair and canopy; Not would my tootsteps spring more gay In courtly dance than blithe strathspey, Nor half so pleased mine ear incline I'u roy d'minstrel's lay as thine, And then for suitors proud and high, To bend before my conquering eye,-Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say, Hat grun Sir Roderick owns its sway. The 'vason a onige, Clan-Alpine's pride, The terror of Loch Lomond's side. Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay A Lennos foray for a day."-The well known cognizance of the Douglas

44.11

XII.

The ancient bard his glee repress " Ill hast thou chosen theme for j For who, through all this western Named Black Sir Roderick e'e smiled !

In Holy-Rood a knight he slew; I saw, when back the dirk he dre Courtiers give place before the st O the undaunted homicide; And since, though outlaw'd, ha hand

Full sternly kept his mountain la Who else dared give—ah! woe th That I such hated truth should sa The Douglas, like a stricken deer Disown'd by every noble peer, Even the rule refuge we have he Alas, this wild marauding Chief Alone might hazard our relief, And now thy maiden charms exp Looks for his guerdon in thy ham Full soon may dispensation sough To back his suit, from Rome be be Then, though an exile on the hill Thy father, as the Douglas, still Be held in reverence and fear; And though to Roderick thou it s That thou might'st guide with thread.

Slave of thy will, this chieftain di Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refi Thy hand is on a lion's mane."-

XIII.

"Minstrel," the maid replied, an Her father's soul glanced from he " My debts to Roderick's house I l All that a mother could bestow, To Lady Margaret's care I owe, Since first an orphan in the wild She sorrow'd o'er her sister's chil To her brave chieftain son, from: Of Scotland's king who shrouds m A deeper, holier debt is owed; And, could I pay it with my bloc Allan! Sir Roderick should com My blood, my life,—but not my l Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell A votaress in Maronnan's cell:

rough realms beyond the sea, se world's cold charity, 'er was spoke a Scottish word, the name of Douglas heard, t pilgrim will she rove, the man she cannot love.

XIV.

akest, good friend, thy tresses

ling look, what can it say own !- I grant him brave, Bracklinn's thundering wave; ours-save vindictive mood, transport, chafe his blood: n true to friendly band, ymore is to his hand; at very blade of steel y for a foe would feel: liberal, to fling clan the wealth they bring, k by lake and glen they wind, Lowland leave behind, e some pleasant hamlet stood, ashes slaked with blood. that for my father fought, as his daughter ought; clasp it recking red, ants slaughter'd in their shed? while his virtues gleam, e his passions darker seem, along his spirit high, ning o'er the midnight sky, a child,—and children know, taught, the friend and foe,d at his brow of gloom, my plaid, and sable plume; grown, I ill could bear ty mien and lordly air: a join'st a suitor's claim, mood, to Roderick's name, h anguish ! or, if e'er knew the word, with fear. such odious theme were k'st thou of our stranger

XV

nk I of him?—woe the while int auch wanderer to our isle!

Thy father's battle-brand, of yore
For Tine-man forged by fairy lore,
What time he leagued, no longer foes,
His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,
Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.
If courtly spy hath harbour'd here,
What may we for the Douglas fear?
What for this island, deem'd of old
Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?
If neither spy nor foe, I pray
What yet may jealous Roderick say?
—Nay, wave not thy disdainful head,
Bethink thee of the discord dread,
That kindled when at Beltane game
Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm
Grzeme;

Still, though thy sire the peace renew'd, Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud; Beware! - But hark, what sounds are these?

My dull ears catch no faltering breeze, No weeping birch, nor aspens wake, Nor breath is dimpling in the lake, Still is the canna's * hoary beard, Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard— And hark again! some pipe of war Sends the bold pibroch from afar."

XVI.

Far up the lengthen'd lake were spied Four darkening specks upon the tide, That, slow enlarging on the view, Four mann'd and masted barges grew, And, bearing downwards from Glengyle, Steer'd full upon the lonely isle; The point of Brianchoil they pass'd, And, to the windward as they cast, Against the sun they gave to shine The bold Sir Roderick's banner'd Pine. Nearer and nearer as they bear, Spear, spikes, and axes flash in air. Now might you see the tartans brave, And plaids and plumage dance and wave: Now see the bonnets sink and rise, As his tough oar the rower plies; See, flashing at each sturdy stroke, The wave ascending into smoke; See the proud pipers on the bow, And mark the gaudy streamers flow

^{*} The cotton-grass.

From their loud chanters * down, and sweep

The furrow'd bosom of the deep, As, rushing through the lake amain, They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud And louder rung the pioroch proud. At first the sound, by distance tame, Mellow'd along the waters came, And, lingering long by cape and bay, Wail'd every harsher note away, Then bursting bolder on the ear, The clan's shrill Gathering they could

Those thrilling sounds, that call the might Of Old Clan-Alpine to the fight. Thick beat the rapid notes, as when The mustering hundreds shake the glen, And hurrying at the signal dread, The batter'd earth returns their tread. Then prelude light, of livelier tone, Express'd their merry marching on, Ere peal of closing battle rose, With mingled outery, shrieks, and blows;

* The AiAe of the bagpipe.

And mimic din of stroke and ward As broadsword upon target jarr'd; And groaning pause, ere yet again Condensed, the battle yell'd amain The rapid charge, the rallying sho Retreat borne headlong into rout, And bursts of triumph, to declare Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were t Nor ended thus the strain; but sle Sunk in a moan prolong'd and low And changed the conquering clawell,

For wild lament o'er those that fel

The war-pipes ceased; but lake an Were busy with their echoes still; And, when they slept, a vocal strai Bade their hoarse chorus wake aga While loud a hundred clansmen a Their voices in their Chieftain's pa Each boatman, bending to his oar, With measured sweep the burden In such wild cadence, as the breez Makes through December's leaflesst The chorus first could Allan know "Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! iro! And near, and nearer as they row! Distinct the martial ditty flow'd.

XIX.

Bont Song.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!

Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!

Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!

Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,

Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,

While every Highland glen

Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;

When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.

Moor'd in the rifted rock, Proof to the tempest's shock, Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow; Menteith and Breadalbane, then, Echo his praise agen,

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XX.

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin, And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied; Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin, And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side, Widow and Saxon maid

Long shall lament our raid, Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe; Lennox and Leven-glen Shake when they hear agen,

" Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine! O, that the rose-bud that graces you islands,

Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!

O that some seedling gem, Worthy such noble stem,

Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow ! Loud should Clan-Alpine then

Ring from her deepmost glen, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XXI.

her joyful female band, dy Margaret sought the strand. a the breeze their tresses flew, their snowy arms they threw, ang back with shrill acclaim, ores wild, the Chieftain's name; prompt to please, with mother's ing passion of his heart, me called Ellen to the strand, t her kinsman ere he land : loiterer, come! a Douglas thou, to wreathe a victor's brow?"atly and slow, the maid selecome summoning obey'd, ben a distant bugle fung. aid-path aside she sprung :-Ilan-bane 1 From mainland cast she cried, "the skiff to guide,

him from the mountain-side. er a sunbeam, swift and bright,

erly while Roderick scann'd, leas form, his mother's band,

ed to her shallop light,

The islet far behind her lay, And she had landed in the bay.

XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given, With less of earth in them than heaven: And if there be a human tear From passion's dross refined and clear, A tear so limpid and so meek, It would not stain an angel's cheek, 'Tis that which pious fathers shed Upon a duteous daughter's head! And as the Douglas to his breast His darling Ellen closely press'd, Such holy drops her tresses steep'd, Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd. Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue Her filial welcomes crowded hung, Mark'd she, that fear (affection's proof) Still held a graceful youth aloof; No! not till Douglas named his name, Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while, Mark'd Roderick landing on the isle; His master piteously he eyed, Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride, Then dash'd, with hasty hand, away From his dimm'd eye the gathering spray; And Douglas, as his hand he laid On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said, "Canst thou, young friend, no meaning

In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee:—he recalls the day,
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arch'd gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answer'd loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,
And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as yon Chief may claim,
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshall'd crowd,
Though the waned crescent own'd my
might,

And in my train troop'd lord and knight, Though Blantyre hymn'd her holiest lays, And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,

As when this old man's silent tear, And this poor maid's affection dear, A welcome give more kind and true, Than aught my better fortunes knew. Forgive, my friend, a father's boast, O! it out-beggars all I lost!"

XXIV.

Delightful praise!—like summer rose, That brighter in the dew-drop glows, The bashful maiden's cheek appear'd, For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard. The flush of shame-faced joy to hide, The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide; The loved caresses of the maid The dogs with crouch and whimper paid; And, at her whistle, on her hand The falcon took his favourite stand, Closed his dark wing, relax'd his eye, Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly. And, trust, while in such guise she stood, Like fabled Goddess of the wood, That if a father's partial thought O'erweigh'd her worth, and beauty aught, Well might the lover's judgment fail To balance with a juster scale;

For with each secret glance. The fond enthusiast sent his

xxv.

Of stature tall, and slender is But firmly knit, was Malcoli The belted plaid and tartan. Did ne'er more graceful limb. His flaxen hair, of sunny hus Curl'd closely round his bon Train'd to the chase, his eag. The ptarmigan in snow coule Each pass, by mountain, lake. He knew, through Lennox and Vain was the bound of dark-When Malcolm bent his sou And scarce that doe, thou with fear,

Outstripp'd in speed the mot Right up Ben-Lomond could And not a sob his toil confes His form accorded with a mi Lively and ardent, frank and A blither heart, till Ellen ca Did never love nor sorrow ta It danced as lightsome in his As play'd the feather on his Yet friends, who nearest knew His scorn of wrong, his zeal And bards, who saw his feat When kindled by the tales o Said, were that youth to manh Not long should Roderick Dl Be foremost voiced by moun But quail to that of Malcoln

XXVI.

Now back they wend their w And, "O my sire!" did Elle "Why urge thy chase so far And why so late return'd? A The rest was in her speaking "My child, the chase I follo 'Tis mimicry of noble war; And with that gallant pastim Were all of Douglas I have I met young Malcolm as I st Far eastward, in Glenfinlas': Nor stray'd I safe; for, all a Hunters and horsemen scour'd This youth, though still a rog Risk'd life and land to be my

gh the passes of the wood steps, not unpursued; rick shall his welcome make, I spleen, for Douglas' sake. he seek Strath-Endrick glen, uight for me agen."

XXVIL

k, who to meet them came, at sight of Malcolm Grame, action, word, or eye, at in hospitality. sport they whiled away ig of that summer day; noon a courier light parley with the knight, ody aspect soon declared, ere the news he heard. ht seem'd toiling in his head; evening banquet made, mbled round the flame, Douglas, and the Græme, too; then cast around en fix'd them on the ground, phrase that might avail vey unpleasant tale. his dagger's hilt he play'd, his haughty brow, and said :-

STREET,

in temper, glozing words, ad father, -if such name uchsafe to Roderick's claim; ar'd mother :- Ellen-why, turn away thine eye ?e; in whom I hope to know noble friend or foe, shall give thee thy command, g in thy native land, the King's vindictive pride we tamed the Border-side, fit, with hound and hawk came eir monarch's silvan game, in bloody toils were snared; he banquet they prepared, heir loyal portals flung, on gateway struggling hung. their blood from Meggat's

w brass, and banks of Tweed.

ny speech; -nor time affords,

Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide, And from the silver Teviot's side; The dales, where martial clans did ride, Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide. This tyrant of the Scottish throne, So faithless, and so ruthless known, Now hither comes; his end the same, The same pretext of silvan game. What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye By fate of Border chivalry. Yet more; amid Glenfinlas green, Douglas, thy stately form was seen. This by espial sure I know: Your counsel in the streight I show."

XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
Sought comfort in each other's eye,
Then turn'd their ghastly look, each one,
This to her sire, that to her son.
The hasty colour went and came
In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme;
But from his glance it well appear'd,
'Twas but for Ellen that he fear'd;
While, sorrowful, but undismay'd,
The Douglas thus his counsel said:—
"Brave Roderick, though the tempest
roar,

It may but thunder and pass o'er;
Nor will I here remain an hour,
To draw the lightning on thy bower;
For well thou know'st, at this grey head
The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
For thee, who, at thy King's command,
Canst aid him with a gallant band,
Submission, homage, humbled pride,
Shall turn the monarch's wrath aside.
Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
Ellen and I will seek, apart,
The refuge of some forest cell,
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
Till on the mountain and the moor,
The stern pursuit be pass'd and o'er."—

XXX.

"No, by mine honour," Roderick said,
"So help me Heaven, and my good
blade!

blade!
No, never! Blasted be yon Pine,
My father's ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart!

Hear my blunt speech: grant me this maid

To wife, thy counsel to mine aid; To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu, Will friends and allies flock enow; Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief, Will bind to us each Western Chief. When the loud pipes my bridal tell, The Links of Forth shall hear the knell, The guards shall start in Stirling's porch; And, when I light the nuptial torch, A thousand villages in flames Shall scare the slumbers of King James! Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away, And, mother, cease these signs, I pray; I meant not all my heart might say .-Small need of inroad, or of fight, When the sage Douglas may unite Each mountain clan in friendly band, To guard the passes of their land, Till the foil'd king, from pathless glen, Shall bootless turn him home agen."

XXXI.

There are who have, at midnight hour, In slumber scaled a dizzy tower, And, on the verge that beetled o'er The ocean tide's incessant roar, Dream'd calmly out their dangerous

dream, Till waken'd by the morning beam; When, dazzled by the eastern glow, Such startler cast his glance below, And saw unmeasured depth around, And heard unintermitted sound, And thought the battled fence so frail, It waved like cobweb in the gale ;-Amid his senses' giddy wheel, Did he not desperate impulse feel, Headlong to plunge himself below, And meet the worst his fears foreshow? -Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound, As sudden ruin yawn'd around, By crossing terrors wildly toss'd, Still for the Douglas fearing most, Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,

To buy his safety with her hand,

XXXII.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,

And eager rose to speak-but en His tongue could hurry forth his Had Douglas mark'd the hectic s Where death seem'd combating w. For to her cheek, in feverish floo One instant rush'd the throbbing Then ebbing back, with sudden s Left its domain as wan as clay. "Roderick, enough! enough!" h "My daughter cannot be thy brie Not that the blush to wooer dear Nor paleness that of maiden fear It may not be-forgive her, Chie Nor hazard aught for our relief. Against his sovereign, Douglas n Will level a rebellious spear. 'Twas I that taught his youthful To rein a steed and wield a bran I see him yet, the princely boy! Not Ellen more my pride and jo I love him still, despite my wron By hasty wrath, and slanderous b O seek the grace you well may t Without a cause to mine combin

XXXIII.

Twice through the hall the Cl strode;

The waving of his tartans broad, And darken'd brow, where w pride

With ire and disappointment vie Seem'd, by the torch's gloomy li Like the ill Demon of the night, Stooping his pinions' shadowy s Upon the nighted pilgrim's way But, unrequited Love! thy dart Plunged deepest its envenom'd s And Roderick, with thine anguis At length the hand of Douglas While eyes, that mock'd at tears With bitter drops were running The death-pangs of long-cherish Scarce in that ample breast had But, struggling with his spirit pr Convulsive heaved its chequer'd While every sob-so mute were Was heard distinctly through the The son's despair, the mother's Ill might the gentle Ellen brook She rose, and to her side there c To aid her parting steps, the Gra

XXXIV.

k from the Douglas brokeme through sable smoke, creaths, long, dark, and low, I blaze of ruddy glow, inguish of despair ce jealousy, to air. s breast and belted plaid : lless boy!" he sternly said, on! hold'st thou thus at so lately taught? Douglas, and that maid, or punishment delay'd. hound on his game, Roderick grappled Græme. ame, if aught afford safety save his sword !" trove, their desperate hand dagger or the brand, d been-but Douglas rose, tween the struggling foes mgth :-" Chieftains, fore-

it who strikes, my foe. bear your frantic jar! Douglas fall'n so far, 'a hand is doom'd the spoil mourable broil!" awly, they unclasp, th shame, their desperate

in his rival glared, anced, and blade half bared.

XXXV.

rands aloft were flung, Roderick's mantle hung, heard his Ellen's scream, cough terrific dream. ck plunged in sheath his

wrath in scornful word: t morning; pity 'twere ould feel the midnight air! thon to James Stuart tell, keep the lake and fell, rith his freeborn clan, somp of earthly man.

Thou caust our strength and passes show .-Malise, what ho!"-his henchman came; "Give our safe-conduct to the Græme. Young Malcolm answer'd, calm and bold, "Fear nothing for thy favourite hold; The spot, an angel deign'd to grace, Is bless'd, though robbers haunt the place. Thy churlish courtesy for those Reserve, who fear to be thy foes. As safe to me the mountain way At midnight as in blaze of day. Though with his boldest at his back, Even Roderick Dhu beset the track. Brave Douglas, —lovely Ellen, —nay, Nought here of parting will I say. Earth does not hold a lonesome glen, So secret, but we meet agen.-Chieftain! we too shall find an hour."-He said, and left the silvan bower.

XXXVL

Old Allan follow'd to the strand,
(Such was the Douglas's command,)
And anxious told, how, on the morn,
The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,
The Fiery Cross should circle o'er
Dale, glen, and valley, down, and moor.
Much were the peril to the Græme,
From those who to the signal came;
Far up the lake 'twere safest land,
Himself would row him to the strand.
He gave his counsel to the wind,
While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
Round dirk and pouch and broadsword
roll'd,

His ample plaid in tighten'd fold, And stripp'd his limbs to such array, As best might suit the watery way,—

XXXVII.

Then spoke abrupt: "Farewell to thee, Pattern of old fidelity!"
The Minstrel's hand he kindly press'd,—
0! could I point a place of rest!
My sovereign holds in ward my land,
My uncle leads my vassal band;
To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.
Yet, if there be one faithful Græme,
Who loves the chieftain of his name,

Not long shall honour'd Douglas dwell, Like hunted stag in mountain cell; Nor, ere yon pride-swoll'n robber dare,— I may not give the rest to air! Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought, Not the poor service of a boat, To waft me to yon mountain-side." Then plunged he in the flashing tide. Bold o'er the flood his head he bore, And stoutly steer'd him from the shore;

And Allan strain'd his anxiox
Far 'mid the lake his form to
Darkening across each puny'
To which the moon her silver
Fast as the cormorant could's
The swimmer plied each activ
Then landing in the moonligh
Loud shouted of his weal to
The Minstrel heard the far he
And joyful from the shore wil

CANTO THIRD. The Guthering.

T.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore, Who danced their infancy upon their knee, And told our marvelling boyhood legends store, Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea, How are they blotted from the things that be! Ilow few, all weak and wither'd of their force, Wait on the verge of dark eternity, Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,

Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse, To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,
How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew;
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
What time the warning note was keenly wound,
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
While clamorous war-pipes yell'd the gathering sound,
And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.

TT

The Summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain-shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice rear'd of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begermm'd with dewdrops, led her fawn;

The grey mist left the mounta The torrent show'd its glisteni Invisible in flecked sky, The lark sent down her revelt The blackbird and the speckle Good-morrow gave from brake In answer coo'd the cushat do Her notes of peace, and rest,

No thought of peace, no thought of peace, no thought of peace, no thought of the strain in Roderic With sheathed broadsword in Abrupt he paced the islet strain And eyed the rising sun, and His hand on his impatient bla

th a rock, his vassals' care prompt the ritual to prepare, deep and deathful meaning fraught; ach Autiquity had taught preface meet, ere yet abroad ross of Fire should take its road brinking band stood oft aghast e impatient glance he cast; glance the mountain eag. threw, on the cliffs of Benvenue, pread her dark sails on the wind, high in middle heaven reclined, her broad shadow on the lake, sel the warblers of the brake.

EV.

p of wither'd boughs was piled, mper and rowan wild, ed with shivers from the oak, by the lightning's recent stroke, the Hermit, by it stood, toted, in his frock and hood, risled beard and matted hair and a visage of despair; aked arms and legs, seam'd o'er, cars of frantic penance bore, monk, of savage form and face, mpending danger of his race drawn from deepest solitude, a Benharrow's bosom rude, as the mien of Christian priest, bruid's, from the grave released, harden'd heart and eye might brook

man sacrifice to look;
much, 'twas said, of heathen lore
in the charms he mutter'd o'er.
allow'd creed gave only worse
leadlier emphasis of curse;
sant sought that Hermit's prayer,
we the pilgrim shunn'd with care,
ager huntsman knew his bound,
n mid chase call'd off his hound;
in lonely glen or strath,
sert-dweller met his path,
19'st, and sign'd the cross between,
ferror took devotion's mien;

V

an's birth strange tales were told. other watch'd a midnight fold, seep within a dreary glen,

Where scatter'd lay the bones of men, In some forgotten battle slain, And bleach'd by drifting wind and rain. It might have tamed a warrior's heart, To view such mockery of his art! The knot-grass fetter'd there the hand, Which once could burst an iron band; Beneath the broad and ample bone, That buckler'd heart to fear unknown, A feeble and a timorous guest, The field-fare framed her lowly nest: There the slow blind-worm left his slime On the fleet limbs that mock'd at time: And there, too, lay the leader's skull, Still wreath'd with chaplet, flush'd and full,

For heath-bell, with her purple bloom, Supplied the bonnet and the plume. All night, in this sad glen, the maid Sate, shrouded in her mantle's shade:
—She said, no shepherd sought her side, No hunter's hand her snood untied, Vet ne'er again to braid her hair. The virgin snood did Alice wear; Gone was her maiden glee and sport, Her maiden girdle all too short, Nor sought she, from that fatal night, Or holy church or blessed rite, But lock'd her secret in her breast, And died in travail, unconfess'd.

VI.

Alone, among his young compeers, Was Brian from his infant years; A moody and heart-broken boy, Estranged from sympathy and joy, Bearing each taunt which careless tongue On his mysterious lineage flung. Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale, To wood and stream his hap to wail, Till, frantic, he as truth received What of his birth the crowd believed, And sought, in mist and meteor fire, To meet and know his Phantom Sire! In vain, to soothe his wayward fate, The cloister oped her pitying gate; In vain, the learning of the age Unclasp'd the sable-letter'd page; Even in its treasures he could find Food for the fever of his mind. Eager he read whatever tells Of magic, cabala, and spells,

And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and presumptuous pride;
Till with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,

And heart with mystic horrors wrung, Desperate he sought Benharrow's den, And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII.

The desert gave him visions wild, Such as might suit the spectre's child. Where with black cliffs the torrents toil, He watch'd the wheeling eddies boil, Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes Beheld the River Demon rise: The mountain mist took form and limb, Of noontide hag, or goblin grim; The midnight wind came wild and dread, Swell'd with the voices of the dead; Far on the future battle-heath His eye beheld the ranks of death: Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurl'd, Shaped forth a disembodied world. One lingering sympathy of mind Still bound him to the mortal kind; The only parent he could claim Of ancient Alpine lineage came. Late had he heard, in prophet's dream, The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream; Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast, Of charging steeds, careering fast Along Benharrow's shingly side, Where mortal horsemen ne'er might ride; The thunderbolt had split the pine,— All augur'd ill to Alpine's line. He girt his loins, and came to show The signals of impending woe, And now stood prompt to bless or ban, As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

VIII.

'Twas all prepared;—and from the rock, A goat, the patriarch of the flock, Before the kindling pile was laid, And pierced by Roderick's ready blade. Patient the sickening victim eyed The life-blood ebb in crimson tide, Down his clogg'd beard and shaggy limb, Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim. The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,

A slender crosslet form'd with care,

A cubit's length in measure due The shaft and limbs were rods of Whose parents in Inch-Cailliact Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine'. And, answering Lomond's breez Soothe many a chieftain's endle The Cross, thus form'd, he held of With wasted hand, and haggard And strange and mingled feeling While his anathema he spoke:

IX.

"Woe to the clansman, who sh This symbol of sepulchral yew, Forgetful that its branches grew Where weep the heavens their hol On Alpine's dwelling low! Deserter of his Chieftain's trust He ne'er shall mingle with their But, from his sires and kindred Each clansman's execration just

Shall doom him wrath and w He paused;—the word the vass: With forward step and fiery loo On high their naked brands the Their clattering targets wildly s

And first in nurmur low, Then, like the billow in his cou That far to scaward finds his so And flings to shore his muster'd Burst, with loud roar, their answer

"Woe to the traitor, woe!" Ben-an's grey scalp the accents I The joyous wolf from covert dre The exulting eagle scream'd afa They knew the voice of Alpine's

x

The shout was hush'd on lake a The Monk resumed his mutter'd Dismal and low its accents came The while he scathed the Croflame;

And the few words that reach'd Although the holiest name was t Had more of blasphemy than p But when he shook above the cr Its kindled points, he spoke alor "Woe to the wretch, who fails t At this dread sign the ready spec For, as the flames this symbol so His home the refuge of his fear,

te shall know; the volumed flame engeance shall proclaim, d matrons on his name wretchedness and shame, and woe." ry of females, shrill whistle on the hill, sery and ill, hildhood's babbling trill mmer'd slow; th imprecation dread, name in embers red! the meanest shed hide the houseless head, want and woe!" rieking echo gave, hy goblin cave! ass where birches wave, m-bo.

XI.

aused the priest anew, abouring breath he drew, teeth and clenched hand, glow'd like hery brand, curse more dread, on the clansman's head, 'd to his chieftain's aid, and disobey'd. points of sparkling wood, mong the bubbling blood, the sign he rear'd, parse his voice was heard: is Cross from man to man, summons to his clan, ar that fails to heed ! of that shuns to speed! ar the careless eyes, the coward heart their

blood-stream in the earth, heart's-blood drench his ! sing gore the spark, its light, Destruction dark! race to him denied, is sign to all beside!" to echo gave agen of the deep Amen.

XIL

Then Roderick, with impatient look, From Brian's hand the symbol took: "Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave The crosslet to his henchman brave. "The muster-place be Lanrick mead—Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!" Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue, A barge across Loch Katrine flew; High stood the henchman on the prow, So rapidly the barge-men row, The bubbles, where they launch'd the

boat,
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had near'd the mainland hill;
And from the silver beach's side
Still was the prow three fathom wide,
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide On fleeter foot was never tied. Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste Thine active sinews never braced. Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast, Burst down like torrent from its crest; With short and springing footstep pass The trembling bog and false morass; Across the brook like roebuck bound, And thread the brake like questing

hound;
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
Parch'd are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track' st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood

bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace,
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death, and warrior deed,
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed!

XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies, In arms the huts and hamlets rise; From winding glen, from upland brown, They pour'd each hardy tenant down.

Nor slack'd the messenger his pace; He show'd the sign, he named the place, And, pressing forward like the wind, Left clamour and surprise behind. The fisherman forsook the strand, The swarthy smith took dirk and brand; With changed cheer, the mower blithe Left in the half-cut swathe the scythe; The herds without a keeper stray'd, The plough was in mid-furrow stayid, The falc'ner toss'd his hawk away, The hunter left the stag at bay; l'rompt at the signal of alarms, Each son of Alpine rush'd to arms; So swept the tumult and affray Along the margin of Achray. Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er Thy banks should echo sounds of fear! The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep So stilly on thy bosom deep, The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud, Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

XV.

Speed, Malise, speed! The lake is past, Duncraggan's huts appear at last, And peep, like moss-grown rocks, halfseen, Half hidden in the copse so green; There mayst thou rest, thy labour done, Their Lord shall speed the signal on. — As stoops the hawk upon his prey, The henchman shot him down the way. What woeful accents load the gale? The funeral yell, the female wail! A gallant hunter's sport is o'er, A valiant warrior fights no more. Who, in the battle or the chase, At Roderick's side shall fill his place! -Within the hall, where torches' ray Supplies the excluded beams of day, Lies Duncan on his lowly bier, And o'er him streams his widow's tear. His stripling son stands mournful by, His youngest weeps, but knows not why; The village maids and matrons round The dismal coronach resound.

XVI.

Coronach.

He is gone on the mountain,

Like a summer-dried fountai When our need was the so The font, reappearing,

From the rain-drops shall But to us comes no cheering. To Duncan no morrow! The hand of the reaper

Takes the ears that are hos But the voice of the weeper Wails manhood in glory. The autumn winds rushing

Waft the leaves that are se But our flower was in flushin When blighting was neare

Fleet foot on the correi,*
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,

How sound is thy slumber Like the dew on the mounta Like the foam on the rive Like the bubble on the fount Thou art gone, and for ev

XVII.

See Stumah,† who, the bier b
His master's corpse with wond
Poor Stumah! whom his least
Could send like lightning o'er
Bristles his crest, and points h
As if some stranger step he he
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tr
Who comes to sorrow o'er the
But headlong haste, or deadly
Urge the precipitate career.
All stand aghast:—unheeding
The henchman bursts into the
Before the dead man's bier he
Held forth the cross besmes

"The muster-place is Lanrick a Speed forth the signal! clansmen

XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's li Sprung forth and seized the fat In haste the stripling to his side His father's dirk and broadswo

^{*} Or corri, the hollow side of the game usually lies † Faithful, the name of a dog.

te saw his mother's eye
in speechless agony,
r open'd arms he flew,
her lips a fond adieu—
e sobb'd,—"and yet be gone,
thee forth, like Duncan's

e cast upon the bier, his eyethe gathering tear, leep to clear his labouring st.

aloft his bonnet crest. rehigh-bred colt, when, freed, ays his fire and speed, and o'er moor and moss rd with the Fiery Cross. was the widow's tear, is footsteps she could hear; emark'd the henchman's eye nwonted sympathy, she said, " his race is run, have sped thine errand on; s fall'n, - the sapling bough aggan's shelter now. well, his duty done, 's God will guard my son. many a danger true, hest your blades that drew, d guard that orphan's head! nd women wail the dead." m-clang, and martial call, through the funeral hall, the walls the attendant band ord and targe, with hurried

nd flitting energy m the mourner's sunken eye, unds to warrior dear her Duncan from his bier, son that borrow'd force; 'd his right, and tears their

XIX.

the Cross of Fire, the lightning up Strath-Ire, and hill the summons flew, r pause young Angus knew; at gather'd in his eye mountain-breeze to dry; e Teith's young waters roll, and a wooded knoll, That graced the sable strath with green,
The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge;
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
Though reel'd his sympathetic eye,
He dash'd amid the torrent's roar:
His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-axe grasp'd, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice—the foam splash'd
high,

With hoarser swell the stream raced by; And had he fall'n,—for ever there, Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir! But still, as if in parting life, Firmer he grasp'd the Cross of strife, Until the opposing bank he gain'd, And up the chapel pathway strain'd,

XX.

A blithesome rout, that morning tide, Had sought the chapel of St Bride. Her troth Tombea's Mary gave To Norman, heir of Armandave, And, issuing from the Gothic arch, The bridal now resumed their march. In rude, but glad procession, came Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame; And plaided youth, with jest and jeer, Which snooded maiden would not hear: And children, that, unwitting why, Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry; And minstrels, that in measures vied Before the young and bonny bride, Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose The tear and blush of morning rose, With virgin step, and bashful hand, She held the 'kerchief's snowy band; The gallant bridegroom, by her side, Beheld his prize with victor's pride, And the glad mother in her ear Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate? The messenger of fear and fate! Haste in his hurried accent lies, And grief is swimming in his eyes. All dripping from the recent flood, Panting and travel-soil'd he stood,

The fatal sign of fire and sword Held forth, and spoke the appointed

word:
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!"
And must he change so soon the hand,
Just link'd to his by holy band,
For the fell Cross of blood and brand?
And must the day, so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?
O fatal doom!—it must! it must!
Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brook no delay;
Stretch to the race—away! away!

XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside, And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride, Until he saw the starting tear Speak woe he might not stop to cheer; Then, trusting not a second look, In haste he sped him up the brook, Nor backward glanced, till on the heath Where Lubuaig's lake supplies the Teith. -What in the racer's bosom stirr'd? The sickening pang of hope deferr'd, And memory, with a torturing train Of all his morning visions vain. Mingled with love's impatience, came 1 The manly thirst for martial fame; The stormy joy of mountaineers, Ere yet they rush upon the spears; And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning. And hope, from well-fought field return-

With war's red honours on his crest, To clasp his Mary to his breast. Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brac,

Like fire from flint he glanced away, While high resolve, and feeling strong, Burst into voluntary song.

xxIII.

Song.

The heath this night must be my bed, The bracken curtain for my head, My lullaby the warder's tread,

* Henrhen, forn.

Far, far, from l To-morrow eve, m My couch may be a My vesper song, th It will not wal

I may not, dare no The grief that cloud I dare not think up

And all it prof No fond regret mus When bursts Clan-His heart must be I

His foot like a A time will come w For, if I fall in bat Thy hapless lover's

Shall be a thou And if return'd from How blithely will t How sweet the line To my young 1

· ·

Not faster o'er thy Balquhidder, speeds Rushing, in conflag Thy deep ravines at Wrapping thy cliffs And reddening the Nor faster speeds it As o'er thy heaths t The signal roused to The sullen margin of Waked still Loch source

Alarm'd, Balvaig, t Thence southward t Adown Strath-Gart Till rose in arms ca A portion in Clan-A From the grey sire

hand
Could hardly buckle
To the raw boy, wh
Were yet scarce teri
Each valley, each se
Muster'd its little he
That met as torrents
In Highland dales t
Still gathering, as tl
A voice more loud,

endezvous they stood prompt for blows and blood, to arms since life began, tie but to his clan, it by his chieftain's hand, Roderick Dhu's command.

VVV.

r morn had Roderick Dhu skirts of Benvenue, scouts o'er hill and heath, frontiers of Menteith. d came with news of truce; martial Grame and Bruce, courts no horseman wait, valved on Cardross gate, 's towers no beacon shone, the herons from Loch Con; t peace. - Now wot ye why in, with such anxious eye, nuster he repair, frontier scann'd with 's most darksome cleft, gh cruel, pledge was left; to his promise true, ig from the isle withdrew, ep sequester'd dell a low and lonely cell. and, in Celtic tongue, m-Uriskin been sung; ne the Saxons gave,

XXVI.

the grot the Goblin-cave.

and strange retreat, trod by outlaw's feet. on the mountain's crest, n gash on warrior's breast; ad staid full many a rock, rimeval earthquake shock nue's grey summit wild, a random ruin piled, d incumbent o'er the spot, the rugged silvan grot, birch, with mingled shade, there a twilight made, short and sudden shone ling beam on cliff or stone, glimpse as prophet's eye y depth, Futurity. waked the solemn still, of a fountain rill;

But when the wind chafed with the lake, A sullen sound would upward break, With dashing hollow voice, that spoke The incessant war of wave and rock. Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway, Seem'd nodding o'er the cavern grey. From such a den the wolf had sprung, In such the wild-cat leaves her young; Ive Douglas and his daughter fair Sought for a space their safety there. Grey Superstition's whisper dread Debarr'd the spot to vulgar tread; For there, she said, did fays resort, And satyrs hold their silvan court, By moonlight tread their mystic maze, And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows long, Floated on Katrine bright and strong, When Roderick, with a chosen few, Repass'd the heights of Benvenue. Above the Goblin-cave they go, Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo; The prompt retainers speed before, To launch the shallop from the shore, For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way To view the passes of Achray, And place his clansmen in array. Yet lags the chief in musing mind, Unwonted sight, his men behind. A single page, to bear his sword, Alone attended on his lord; The rest their way through thickets break,

And soon await him by the lake. It was a fair and gallant sight, To view them from the neighbouring

height,
By the low-levell'd sunbeam's light!
For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain-strand.

XXVIIL

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still Was lingering on the craggy hill,

Hard by where turn'd apart the road To Douglas's obscure abode. It was but with that dawning morn That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn To drown his love in war's wild roar, Nor think of Ellen Douglas more; But he who stems a stream with sand, And fetters theme with flaxen band, Has yet a harder task to prove-By firm resolve to conquer love! Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost, Still hovering near his treasure lost; For though his baughty heart deny A parting meeting to his eye, Still fondly strains his anxious ear, The accents of her voice to hear, And inly did he curse the breeze That waked to sound the rustling trees, But hark! what mingles in the strain? It is the harp of Allan-bane, That wakes its measure slow and high, Attuned to sacred minstrelsy. What melting voice attends the strings? 'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

XXIX.

Pymn to the Virgin.

Ane Maria! maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou caust hear though from the wild,
Thou caust save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banish'd, outcast, and reviled...

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer; Mother, hear a suppliant child! Are Maria 1

Are Maria I undefiled !

The flinty couch we now must share Shall seem with down of eider piled, If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air Shall breathe of balm if thou hast

smiled;
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Are Maria! Stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air,

From this their wonted haunt exiled,

Shall flee before thy presence is We bow us to our lot of care,

Beneath thy guidance reconcile Hear for a maid a maiden's praye And for a father hear a child!

Ave A

XXX.

Died on the harp the closing hym Unmoved in attitude and limb, As list ning still, Clan-Alpine's lo Stood leaning on his heavy sword Until the page, with humble sign, Twice pointed to the sun's decline Then while his plaid he round hin "It is the last time-'tis the last," He mutter'd thrice, —" the last tin That angel-voice shall Roderick h It was a goading thought—his str Hied hastier down the mountain-Sullen he flung him in the boat, And instant 'cross the lake it shot They landed in that silvery bay, And eastward held their hasty wa Till, with the latest beams of ligh The band arrived on Lanrick heig Where muster'd, in the vale below Clan-Alpine's men in martial show

XXXI.

A various scene the clansmen mad Some sate, some stood, some s stray'd;

But most, with mantles folded rot Were couch'd to rest upon the gre Scarce to be known by curious en From the deep heather where the So well was match'd the tartan so With heath-bell dark and bra green;

Unless where, here and there, a b Or lance's point, a glimmer made, Like glow-worm twinkling throug shade.

But when, advancing through the gi They saw the Chieftain's eagle plt Their shout of welcome, shrill and Shook the steep mountain's steady Thrice it arose, and lake and fell Three times return'd the martial y It died upon Bochastle's plain, And Silence claim'd her evening:

CANTO FOURTH.

The Prophecy.

T.

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears:
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!"—
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

II.

fond conceit, half said, half sung, prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.

tongue.

this he stripp'd the wild-rose spray, are and bow beside him lay, an a pass 'twixt lake and wood, theful sentinel he stood.

I—on the rock a footstep rung, instant to his arms he sprung.

ind, or thou diest !—What, Malise !

—soon

thou return'd from Braes of Doune.

by keen step and glance I know,
a laring'st us tidings of the foe."—
while the Fiery Cross hied on,
atant scout had Malise gone.)

are sleeps the Chief!" the henchman said.

ut, in yonder misty glade;
slone couch I'll be your guide."—
call'd a slumberer by his side,
thr'd him with his slacken'd bow—
up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
sk the Chieftain; on the track,
eagle watch till I come back."

HII.

her up the pass they sped: at of the foeman!" Norman said. ring reposts from near and far; artain,—that a band of war or two days been ready bonne, compt command, to march from Donne; King James, the while, with princely powers.

powers,
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.
Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
Inured to bide such bitter bout,
The warrior's plaid may bear it out;
But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
A shelter for thy bonny bride?"—
"What! know ye not that Roderick's care
To the lone isle hath caused repair
Each maid and matron of the clan,
And every child and aged man
Unfit for arms; and given his charge,
Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,
Upon these lakes shall float at large,
But all beside the islet moor,
That such dear pledge may rest secure?"—

TV

"'Tis well advised—the Chieftain's plan Bespeaks the father of his clan. But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu Apart from all his followers true?"—"It is, because last evening-tide Brian an augury hath tried, Of that dread kind which must not be Unless in dread extremity, The Taghairm call'd; by which, afar, Our sires foresaw the events of war. Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew."

MALISE.

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!
The choicest of the prey we had,

When swept our merry-men Gallangad. His hide was snow, his horns were dark, His red eye glow'd like fiery spark; So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet, Sore did he cumber our retreat. And kept our stoutest kernes in awe, Even at the pass of Beal 'maha. But steep and flinty was the road, And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad, And when we came to Dennan's Row, A child might scatheless stroke his brow."—

v.

NORMAN.

"That bull was slain: his recking hide They stretch'd the cataract beside, Whose waters their wild tumult toss Adown the black and craggy boss Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge Tradition calls the Hero's Targe. Couch'd on a shelve beneath its brink. Close where the thundering torrents sink, Rocking beneath their headlong sway, And drizzled by the ceaseless spray, Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream, The wizard waits prophetic dream. Nor distant rests the Chief; -but hush! See, gliding slow through mist and bush, The hermit gains you rock, and stands To gaze upon our slumbering bands. Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost, That hovers o'er a slaughter'd host? Or raven on the blasted oak, That, watching while the deer is broke, His morsel claims with sullen croak?"

MALISE

—"Peace! peace! to other than to me,
Thy words were evil augury;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, glean'd from heaven or
hell,
Yon fiend-begotten Monk can tell.
The Chieftain joins him, see—and now,
Together they descend the brow."

VI.

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord The Hermit Monk held solemn word:—

* Quartered.

"Roderick! it is a fearful strife,
For man endow'd with mortal life,
Whose shroud of sentient clay can a
Feel feverish pang and fainting chil,
Whose eye can stare in story trance,
Whose hair can rouse like wari
lance.—

'Tis hard for such to view, unful'd, The curtain of the future world. Yet, witness every quaking limb, My sunken pulse, my cycballs dis My soul with harrowing anguish ton This for my Chieftain have I borne: The shapes that sought my fearful on A human tongue may ne'er avouch; No mortal man, - save he, who, bet Between the living and the dead. Is gifted beyond nature's law.-Had e'er survived to say he saw. At length the fatal answer came, In characters of living flame ! Not spoke in word, nor blazed in so But borne and branded on my soul; WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST I MAN'S LIFE,

THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN 1
STRIFE."—

VIL

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and & Good is thine augury, and fair. Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood, But first our broadswords tasted ble A surer victim still I know, Self-offer'd to the auspicious blow: A spy has sought my land this most No eve shall witness his return! My followers guard each pass's most To east, to westward, and to south: Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guist Has charge to lead his steps aside, Till, in deep path or dingle brown, He light on those shall bring him ds —But see, who comes his news to ab Malise! what tidings of the foe!"

VIII.

"At Doune, o'er many a spear and g Two Barons proud their banners w I saw the Moray's silver star, And mark'd the sable pale of Mss. soul, high tidings those ! of worthy foes. hey on ?"—" To-morrow's

here for battle boune."—
It see a meeting stern!—
ace—say, couldst thou learn
e friendly clans of Earn?
by them, we well might bide
Benledi's side.
not?—well! Clan-Alpine's

Trosach's shaggy glen; Katrine's gorge we'll fight, ids' and matrons' sight, earth and household fire, ild, and son for sire,d beloved !- But whye affects mine eye? come, ill-omen'd tear! of doubt or fear? nay the Saxon lance from his stance, r terror can pierce through g heart of Roderick Dhu ! as his trusty targe. st-all know their charge." sounds, the bands advance, ords gleam, the banners

he Chieftain's glance, from the martial roar, ir-Uriskin once more.

TY.

Douglas?—he is gone; as on the grey stone ave, and makes her moan; Allan's words of cheer her unheeding ear.—
n—Dear lady, trust!—
nn;—he will—he must.
ime to seek, afar, from impending war,
Ian-Alpune's rugged swarm, the approaching storm.
oats with many a light, livelong yesternight, flashes darted forth reamers of the north;

the bound-ready for battle.

I mark'd at morn how close they ride, Thick moor'd by the lone islet's side, Like wild ducks couching in the fen, When stoops the hawk upon the glen. Since this rude race dare not abide The peril on the mainland side, Shall not thy noble father's care Some safe retreat for thee prepare?"—

X.

ELLEN.

"No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind
My wakeful terrors could not blind.
When in such tender tone, yet grave,
Douglas a parting blessing gave,
The tear that glisten'd in his eye
Drown'd not his purpose fix'd on high.
My soul, though feminine and weak,
Can image his; e'en as the lake,
Itself disturb'd by slightest stroke,
Reflects the invulnerable rock.
He hears report of battle rife,
He deems himself the cause of strife.
I saw him redden, when the theme
Turn'd, Allan, on thine idle dream
Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,
Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.
Think'st thou he trow'd thine omen
aught?

Oh no! 'twas apprehensive thought
For the kind youth, —for Roderick too—
(Let me be just) that friend so true;
In danger both, and in our cause!
Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause,
Why else that solemn warning given,
'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!'
Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,
If eve return him not again,
Am I to hie, and make me known?
Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,
Buys his friend's safety with his own;—
He goes to do—what I had done,
Had Douglas' daughter been his son!"—

XI.

"Nay, lovely Ellen!—dearest, nay!
If aught should his return delay,
He only named you holy fane
As fitting place to meet again.
Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme,—
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!—

My vision'd sight may yet prove true, Nor bode of ill to him or you. When did my gifted dream beguile? Think of the stranger at the isle, And think upon the harpings slow. That pressged this approaching woe! Sooth was my prophecy of fear; Believe it when it augurs cheer. Would we had left this dismal spot! Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot. Of such a wondrous tale I know—Dear lady, change that look of woe, My harp was wont thy grief to cheer."—

ELLEN.

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear, But cannot stop the bursting tear." The Minstrel tried his simple art, But distant far was Ellen's heart.

XII.

Ballad.

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood, When the mavis* and merle† are singing, When the deer sweeps by, and the

hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land Is lost for love of you; And we must hold by wood and wold, As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright, And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue, That on the night of our luckless flight, Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech,
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must sheer from the slaughter'd
deer,

To keep the cold away."-

* Thrush. †

† Blackbird.

"O Richard! if my brother died,
"Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wen, Nor thou the crimson sheen, As warm, we'll say, is the russet ge As gay the forest-green,

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard, And lost thy native land, Still Alice has her own Richard, And he his Alice Brand."

XIII.

Sallad continued.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green So blithe Lady Alice is singing On the beech's pride, and oak's l side,

Lord Richard's axe is ringing.
Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who man'd within the kill

Who wonn'd within the hill,— Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd d His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds you stroke on been oak,

Our moonlight circle's screen? Or who comes here to chase the a Beloved of our Elfin Queen? Or who may dare on wold to wer The fairies' fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal For thou wert christen'd man; For cross or sign thou wilt not fly For mutter'd word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the w

The curse of the sleepless eye; Till he wish and pray that his life

Nor yet find leave to die."

XIV.

Ballad continued.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good wood, Though the birds have still'd

singing;

blare doth Alice raise, ard is fagots bringing.

arts, that hideous dwarf, d Richard stands, ross'd and bless'd himself, ign," quoth the grisly elf, nade with bloody hands."

spoke she, Alice Brand, an void of fear, e's blood upon his hand, e blood of deer."-

thou liest, thou bold of unto his hand, thine own kindly blood, of Ethert Brand."

stepp'd she, Alice Brand, the holy sign,s blood on Richard's hand, hand is mine.

ure thee, Demon elf, nom Demons fear, whence thou art thyself, thine errand here ?"

XV.

allud continued.

tis merry, in Fairy-land, y birds are singing, court doth ride by their rch's side, nd bridle ringing:

hines the Fairy-landdistening show, leam that December's beam n ice and snow.

like that varied gleam, instant shape e knight and lady seem, ike dwarf and ape.

een the night and day, Fairy King has power, down in a sinful fray, fe and death, was snatch'd

ess Elfin bower.

"But wist I of a woman bold, Who thrice my brow durst sign, I might regain my mortal mold, As fair a form as thine."

She cross'd him once-she cross'd him twice -

That lady was so brave ; The fouler grew his goblin hue, The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold; He rose beneath her hand The fairest knight on Scottish mold, Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood, When the mavis and merle are singing, But merrier were they in Dunfermline

grey, When all the bells were ringing.

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid, A stranger climb'd the steepy glade; His martial step, his stately mien, His hunting suit of Lincoln green, His eagle glance, remembrance claims— 'Tis Snowdoun's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.

Ellen beheld as in a dream, Then, starting, scarce suppress'd a scream:

"O stranger! in such hour of fear, What evil hap has brought thee here?". "An evil hap how can it be, That bids me look again on thee? By promise bound, my former guide Met me betimes this morning tide, And marshall'd, over bank and bourne, The happy path of my return."-"The happy path !-what! said he nought

Of war, of battle to be fought, Of guarded pass?"-"No, by my faith! Nor saw I aught could augur scathe."-"O haste thee, Allan, to the kern, -Yonder his tartans I discern; Learn thou his purpose, and conjure That he will guide the stranger sure !-What prompted thee, unhappy man? The meanest serf in Roderick's clan Had not been bribed by love or fear, Unknown to him to guide thee here,

XVII.

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be, Since it is worthy care from thee; Yet life I hold but idle breath, When love or honour's weigh'd with death.

Then let me profit by my chance, And speak my purpose bold at once. I come to bear thee from a wild, Where ne'er before such blossom smiled; By this soft hand to lead thee far From frantic scenes of feud and war. Near Bochastle my horses wait; They bear us soon to Stirling gate. I'll place thee in a lovely bower, I'll guard thee like a tender flower"—
"O! hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art, To say I do not read thy heart; Too much, before, my selfish ear Was idly soothed my praise to hear, That fatal bait hath lured thee back, In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track; And how, O how, can I atone The wreck my vanity brought on !-One way remains-I'll tell him all-Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall! Thou, whose light folly bears the blame, Buy thine own pardon with thy shame! But first-my father is a man Outlaw'd and exil'd, under ban; The price of blood is on his head, With me 'twere infamy to wed.-Still would'st thou speak ?- then hear the truth !

the truth!

Fitz-James, there is a noble youth,—

If yet he is!—exposed for me

And mine to dread extremity—

Thou has the secret of my heart;

Forgive, be generous, and depart!"

XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every wily train
A lady's fickle heart to gain,
But here he knew and felt them vain.
There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
To give her steadfast speech the lie;
In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony,
As death had seal'd her Malcolm's doom,
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.

Hope vanish'd from Fitz-James's
But not with hope fled sympathy.
He proffer'd to attend her side,
As brother would a sister guide.—
"O! little know'st thou Roderick's
Safer for both we go apart.
O haste thee, and from Allan leas
If thou mayst trust yon wily kern.
With hand upon his forehead laid
The conflict of his mind to shade,
A parting step or two he made;
Then, as some thought had cros
brain,

He paus'd, and turn'd, and came

XIX.

"Hear, lady, yet, a parting word It chanced in fight that my poor Preserved the life of Scotland's I This ring the grateful Monarch g And bade, when I had boon to To bring it back, and boldly cla The recompense that I would no Ellen, I am no courtly lord, But one who lives by lance and s Whose castle is his helm and shi His lordship the embattled field. What from a prince can I deman Who neither reck of state nor la Ellen, thy hand-the ring is thin Each guard and usher knows the Seek thou the king without delay This signet shall secure thy way And claim thy suit, whate er it As ransom of his pledge to me. He placed the golden circlet on, Paused-kiss'd her hand-and il

The aged Minstrel stood aghast, So hastily Fitz-James shot past. He join'd his guide, and wendin. The ridges of the mountain brow Across the stream they took thei That joins Loch Katrine to Ach

XX.

All in the Trosachs' glen was st Noontide was sleeping on the h Sudden his guide whoop'd le

high—
"Murdoch! was that a signal or

amer'd forth—"I shout to scare
en from his dainty fare."
c'd—he knew the raven's prey,
n brave steed:—"Ah! gallant
rey!
c—for me, perchance—'twere
vell
r had seen the Trosachs' dell.—
h, move first—but silently;
or whoop, and thou shalt die!"
and sullen on they fared,
lent, each upon his guard.

XXI.

ound the path its dizzy ledge a precipice's edge, o a wasted female form, i by wrath of sun and storm, rd weeds and wild array, a cliff beside the way, meing round her restless eye, he wood, the rock, the sky, nought to mark, yet all to spy. sture wild she waved a plume ers, which the eagles fling and cliff from dusky wing; oils her desperate step had sought, scarce was footing for the goal. tan plaid she first descried rick'd till all the rocks replied; she laugh'd when near they drew, n the Lowland garb she knew; en her hands she wildly wrung, en she wept, and then she sungg |- the voice, in better time, ce to harp or lute might chime; w, though strain'd and roughen'd, ildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII.

Song.

aid me sleep, they bid me pray,
y say my brain is warp'd and
wrung—
ot aleep on Highland brae,
anot pray in Highland tongue.
The I now where Allan glides,
and my native Devan's tides,

So sweetly would I rest, and pray That Heaven would close my wintry day!

Twas thus my hair they bade me braid, They made me to the church repair; It was my bridal morn they said,

And my true love would meet me there. But woe betide the cruel guile, That drown'd in blood the morning smile! And woe betide the fairy dream! I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII.

"Who is this maid? what means her lay? She hovers o'er the hollow way, And flutters wide her mantle grey, As the lone heron spreads his wing, By twilight, o'er a haunted spring."
"Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said, "A crazed and captive Lowland maid, "A crazed and captive Lowland maid, Ta'en on the morn she was a bride, When Roderick foray'd Devan-side. The gay bridegroom resistance made, And felt our Chief's unconquer'd blade. I marvel she is now at large, But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.—

Hence, brain-sick fool!"—He raised his bow:—

"Now, if thou strikest her but one blow, I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far As ever peasant pitch'd a bar!"—
"Thanks, champion, thanks!" the

Maniac cried,
And press'd her to Fitz-James's side.
"See the grey pennons I prepare,
To seek my true-love through the air!
I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batten on his bones,
And then shall his detested plaid,
By bush and brier in mid air staid,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry."—

XXIV.

"Hush thee, poor maiden, and bestill!"—
"O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.—
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green;
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

"For () my sweet William was forester true,

He stole poor Blanche's heart away! His coat it was all of the greenwood hue, And so blithely he trill'd the Lowland lay!

"It was not that I meant to tell . . . But thou art wise, and guessest well."
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on.
Still on the Clansman, fearfully,
She fix'd her apprehensive eye;
Then turn'd it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV.

"The toils are pitch'd, and the stakes are set,

Ever sing merrily, merrily;

The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,

Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,"
Bearing its branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

"It was there he met with a wounded doe,

She was bleeding deathfully; She warn'd him of the toils below, O, so faithfully, faithfully!

"He had an eye, and he could heed, Ever sing warily, warily; He had a foot, and he could speed—

He had a foot, and he could speed-Hunters watch so narrowly."

XXVI.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-toss'd, When Ellen's hints and fears were lost; But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought, And Blanche's song conviction brought.— Not like a stag that spies the snare, But lion of the hunt aware, He waved at once his blade on high, "Disclose thy treachery, or die!" Forth at full speed the Clansman flew, But in his race his bow he drew. The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest, And thrill'd in Blanche's faded breast,—

* Having ten branches on his antlers.

Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy spi For ne'er had Alpine's son such at With heart of fire, and foot of wis The fierce avenger is behind! Fate judges of the rapid strife— The forfeit death—the prize is life Thy kindred ambush lies before, Close couch'd upon the heathery i Them couldst thou reach!—it ms be—

Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er sha The fiery Saxon gains on thee!
—Resistless speeds the deadly thr As lightning strikes the pine to dr With foot and hand Fitz-James strain

Ere he can win his blade again. Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon e; He grimly smiled to see him die; Then slower wended back his was Where the poor maiden bleeding

XXVIL

She sate beneath the birchen tree, Her elbow resting on her knee; She had withdrawn the fatal shaft And gazed on it, and feebly laugh Her wreath of broom and feather Daggled with blood, beside her is The Knight to stanch the lifes tried,—

"Stranger, it is in vain!" she crie
"This hour of death has given me
"This hour of death has given me
Of reason's power than years befor
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine e
That thou wert mine avenger born
Seest thou this tress?—O! still I've
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and desp
It once was bright and clear as thi
But blood and tears have dimm
shine.

I will not tell thee when 'twas she Nor from what guiltless victim's h My brain would turn!—but it shall Like plumage on thy helmet braw Till sun and wind shall bleach the And thou wilt bring it me again.—

till.—O God! more bright
in beam her parting light!—
y knighthood's honour'd sign,
hy life preserved by mine,
ou shalt see a darksome man,
its him Chief of Alpine's Clan,
ans broad and shadowy plume,
I of blood, and brow of gloom,
eart bold, thy weapon strong,
ak poor Blanche of Devan's
ong!—
on for thee by pass and fell...
e path... O God!... fare-

XXVIII.

heart had brave Fitz-James; d his eyes at pity's claims, with mingled grief and ire, e murder'd maid expire. my need, be my relief, k this on yonder Chief!" m Blanche's tresses fair d with her bridegroom's hair; ed braid in blood he dyed, d it on his bonnet-side : whose word is truth! I swear, avour will I wear, d token I imbrue blood of Roderick Dhu! ! what means you faint halloo? is up, -but they shall know, nt bay's a dangerous foe." n the known but guarded way, copse and cliffs Fitz-James st stray, out change his desperate track, and precipice turn'd back. fatigued, and faint, at length, of food and loss of strength, I him in a thicket hoar, ht his toils and perils o'er:y rash adventures past, c feat must prove the last ! o mad but might have guess'd, is Highland hornet's nest ster up in swarms so soon heard of bands at Doune ?hounds now they search me

he whistle and the shout !-

If further through the wilds I go, I only fall upon the foe: I'll couch me here till evening grey, Then darkling try my dangerous way."

VVIV

The shades of eve come slowly down, The woods are wrapt in deeper brown, The owl awakens from her dell, The fox is heard upon the fell; Enough remains of glimmering light To guide the wanderer's steps aright, Yet not enough from far to show His figure to the watchful foe. With cautious step, and ear awake, He climbs the crag and threads the brake : And not the summer solstice, there, Temper'd the midnight mountain air, But every breeze, that swept the wold, Benumb'd his drenched limbs with cold. In dread, in danger, and alone, Famish'd and chill'd, through ways unknown,

Tangled and steep, he journey'd on; Till, as a rock's huge point he turn'd, A watch-fire close before him burn'd.

XXX.

Beside its embers red and clear, Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer; And up he sprung with sword in hand,— "Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"

"A stranger." "What dost thou re-

"Rest and a guide, and food and fire, My life's beset, my path is lost, The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost," "Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No." "Thou darest not call thyself a foe?" "I dare! to him and all the band He brings to aid his murderous hand." "Bold words!—but, though the beast of game

The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they
lie,

Who say thou camest a secret spy !"-

"They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,

And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then by these tokens may'st thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."—
"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland cheer, The harden'd flesh of mountain deer; Dry fuel on the fire he laid, And bade the Saxon share his plaid. He tended him like welcome guest, Then thus his further speech address'd:—"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu A clansman born, a kinsman true; Each word against his honour spoke, Demands of me avenging stroke; Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said, A mighty augury is laid.

It rests with me to wind my horn,—

Thou art with numbers overbe
It rests with me, here, brand i
Worn as thou art, to bid thee
But, not for clan, nor kindred
Will I depart from honour's h
To assail a wearied man were
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food a
In vain he never must require
Then rest thee here till dawn
Myself will guide thee on the
O'er stock and stone, through
ward,

Till past Clan-Alpine's outnot As far as Coilantogle's ford; From thence thy warrant is ti "I take thy courtesy, by heav As freely as 'tis nobly given!" Well, rest thee; for the bitt Sings us the lake's wild lullat With that he shook the gathe And spread his plaid upon the And the brave foemen, side b Lay peaceful down like broth And slept until the dawning the Purpled the mountain and the

CANTO FIFTH.

The Combat.

T.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,

When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side;—
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

TT.

That early beam, so fair and sheen, Was twinkling through the hazel screen, When, rousing at its glimmer red, The warriors left their lowly bed, Look'd out upon the dappled sky, Mutter'd their soldier matins by, And then awaked their fire, to steal, As short and rude, their soldier meal.

That o'er the Gael * around hi His graceful plaid of varied hi And, true to promise, led the By thicket green and mountain A wildering path!—they wind Along the precipice's brow,

^{*} The Scottish Highlander calls hi or Gaul, and terms the Lowlanders or Saxons.

ding the rich scenes beneath, tings of the Forth and Teith, he vales between that lie, ing's turrets melt in sky; it in copse, their farthest glance of the length of horseman's lance. The steep, the foot was fain e from the hand to gain; it oft, that, bursting through, withorn ahed her showers of w,—
mond dew, so pure and clear, till but Beauty's tear!

III.

they came where, stern and inks down upon the deep. nachar in silver flows, ge on ridge, Benledi rose; folly path twined on, steep bank and threatening of men might hold the post shood against a host. d mountain's scanty cloak fish shrubs of birch and oak, gles bare, and cliffs between, es bright of bracken green, er black, that waved so high, copse in rivalry. the lake slept deep and still, oth path and hill were torn, ntry torrents down had borne, d upon the cumber'd land of gravel, rocks, and sand. e was the road to trace, abating of his pace, through the pass's jaws, Fitz-James, by what strange these wilds? traversed by few, pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV.

acl, my pass, in danger tried, my belt, and by my side; a to tell," the Saxon said, t not now to claim its aid. e, but three days since, I came, if in pursuit of game,

All seem'd as peaceful and as still, As the mist slumbering on you hill; Thy dangerous Chief was then afar, Nor soon expected back from war. Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide, Though deep perchance the villain lied. "Yet why a second venture try?" "A warrior thou, and ask me why !-Moves our free course by such fix'd cause, As gives the poor mechanic laws? Enough, I sought to drive away The lazy hours of peaceful day : Slight cause will then suffice to guide A Knight's free footsteps far and wide, A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd, The merry glance of mountain maid: Or, if a path be dangerous known, The danger's self is lure alone."-

V.

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—Yet, ere again ye sought this spot, Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war, Against Clan-Alpine, rais'd by Mar?"

"No, by my word;—of bands prepared To guard King James's sports I heard; Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear This muster of the mountaineer, Their pennons will abroad be flung, Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—

"Free be they flung! for we were loth Their silken folds should feast the moth. Free be they flung!—as free shall wave Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave. But, Stranger, peaceful since you came, Bewilder'd in the mountain game, Whence the bold boast by which you

show
Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe?"—
"Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight:
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul, Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl. A space he paused, then sternly said, "And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?

Heard'st thou, that shameful word and blow

Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe? What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood? He rights such wrong where it is given, If it were in the court of heaven. "Still was it outrage; -yet, 'tis true, Not then claim'd sovereignty his due; While Albany, with feeble hand, Held borrow'd truncheon of command, The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower, Was stranger to respect and power. But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!-Winning mean prey by causeless strife, Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain His herds and harvest rear'd in vain .-Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn The spoils from such foul foray borne,"

VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while, And answer'd with disdainful smile,-"Saxon, from yonder mountain high, I mark'd thee send delighted eye, Far to the south and east, where lay, Extended in succession gay, Deep waving fields and pastures green, With gentle slopes and groves between:-These fertile plains, that soften'd vale, Were once the birthright of the Gael; The stranger came with iron hand, And from our fathers reft the land. Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell. Ask we this savage hill we tread, For fatten'd steer or household bread; Ask we for flocks these shingles dry, And well the mountain might reply,-'To you, as to your sires of yore, Belong the target and claymore! I give you shelter in my breast, Your own good blades must win the rest.' Pent in this fortress of the North, Think'st thou we will not sally forth, To spoil the spoiler as we may, And from the robber rend the prey? Ay, by my soul !- While on yon plain The Saxon rears one shock of grain;

While, of ten thousand herds, the But one along you river's man The Gael, of plain and river Shall, with strong hand, redeet Where live the mountain Chie That plundering Lowland fie Is aught but retribution true Seek other cause 'gainst Dhu."—

VIII

Answer'd Fitz-James,-"And Think'st thou no other could What deem ye of my path v My life given o'er to ambuse "As of a meed to rashness Hadst thou sent warning fair I seek my hound, or falcon s I seek, good faith, a Highlan Free hadst thou been to com But secret path marks secret Nor yet, for this, even as a Hadst thou, unheard, been do Save to fulfil an augury."-"Well, let it pass; nor will Fresh cause of enmity avow, To chafe thy mood and cloud Enough, I am by promise tie To match me with this man Twice have I sought Clan-A In peace; but when I come I come with banner, brand, As leader seeks his mortal fo For love-lorn swain, in lady Ne'er panted for the appoint As I, until before me stand This rebel Chieftain and his

IX.

"Have, then, thy wish !"-H

shrill,
And he was answer'd from the Wild as the scream of the cuffrom crag to crag the signal linstant, through copse and he Bonnets and spears and bend On right, on left, above, belo Sprung up at once the lurking From shingles grey their lane. The bracken bush sends forth The rushes and the willow-ware bristling into axe and bristling into axe axes are accounted to the current will be a supplied to the current will

oft of broom gives life earnor arm'd for strife. garrison'd the glen full five hundred men, whing hill to heaven an host had given. eir leader's beck and will, re they stood, and still, e crags whose threatening

o'er the hollow pass, nt's touch could urge ng passage down the verge, d weapon forward flung, suntain-side they hung, neer cast glance of pride li's living side, s eye and sable brow James—" How say'st thou

an-Alpine's warriors true; —I am Roderick Dhu!"

×.

as brave :- Though to his

d thrill'd with sudden start, imself with dauntless air, Chief his haughty stare, inst a rock he bore, laced his foot before:—come all! this rock shall fly base as soon as I." mark'd—and in his eyes mingled with surprise, 1 joy which warriors feel arthy of their steel. he stood—then waved his

he disappearing band;
vanish d where he stood,
bracken, heath or wood;
nd spear and bended bow,
and copses low;
f their mother Earth
'd up her warlike birth,
at breath had toss'd in air,
plaid, and plumage fair,—
swept a lone hill-side,
and fern were waving wide;
glance was glinted back,

From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone

The next, all unreflected, shone On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

XI.

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believed

The witness that his sight received: Such apparition well might seem Delusion of a dreadful dream. Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed, And to his look the chief replied, "Fear nought-nay, that I need not say-But-doubt not aught from mine array. Thou art my guest; - I pledged my word As far as Coilantogle ford: Nor would I call a clansman's brand For aid against one valiant hand, Though on our strife lay every vale Rent by the Saxon from the Gael. So move we on ;-I only meant To show the reed on which you leant, Deeming this path you might pursue Without a pass from Roderick Dhu." They moved :- I said Fitz-James was

brave, As ever knight that belted glaive; Yet dare not say, that now his blood Kept on its wont and temper'd flood, As, following Roderick's stride, he drew That seeming lonesome pathway through, Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife With lances, that, to take his life, Waited but signal from a guide, So late dishonour'd and defied. Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round The vanish'd guardians of the ground, And still, from copse and heather deep, Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep, And in the plover's shrilly strain, The signal whistle heard again. Nor breathed he free till far behind The pass was left; for then they wind Along a wide and level green, Where neither tree nor tuft was seen, Nor rush nor bush of broom was near, To hide a bonnet or a spear,

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before, Andreach'd that torrent's sounding shore, Which, daughter of three mighty lakes, From Vennachar in silver breaks, Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines

On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said—
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and
ward.

Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard. Now, man to man, and steel to steel, A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel. See, here, all vantageless I stand, Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand: For this is Coilantogle ford, And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

XIII.

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delay'd, When foeman bade me draw my blade; Nay more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death:

Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger,
none!

And hear, -to fire thy flagging zeal, -The Saxon cause rests on thy steel; For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred Between the living and the dead; 'Who spills the foremost foeman's life, His party conquers in the strife." Then, by my word," the Saxon said, "The riddle is already read. Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff, -There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff. Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy, Then yield to Fate, and not to me. To James, at Stirling, let us go, When, if thou wilt be still his foe, Or if the King shall not agree To grant thee grace and favour free,

I plight mine honour, eath, That, to thy native strength With each advantage shall. That aids thee now to guar

XIV.

Dark lightning flash'd from

eye-"Soars thy presumption, th Because a wretched kern ye Homage to name to Roderi He yields not, he, to man 1 Thou add'st but fuel to my My clansman's blood demai Not yet prepared ?- By heav My thought, and hold thy v. As that of some vain carpet Who ill deserved my courte And whose best boast is bu A braid of his fair lady's he "I thank thee, Roderick, fo It nerves my heart, it steels For I have sworn this braid In the best blood that warn Now, truce, farewell! and gone !-

Yet think not that by thee a Proud Chief! can courtesy Though not from copse, or he Start at my whistle clansme Of this small horn one feeb Would fearful odds against But fear not—doubt not wilt—

We try this quarrel hilt to he Then each at once his falchi Each on the ground his scab Each look'd to sun, and stream As what they ne'er might se Then foot, and point, and e In dubious strife they darkly

xv.

Ill fared it then with Roderi That on the field his targe h Whose brazen studs and toug Had death so often dash'd a For, train'd abroad his arms Fitz-James's blade was sword He practised every pass and To thrust, to strike, to feint. ert, though stronger far, atain'd unequal war. closing strife they stood, Saxon bladedrank blood; ught, no scanty tide, ood the tartans dyed. It is blows like wintry rain; bock, or castle-roof, nter shower is proof, nerable still, rage by steady skill; age ta'en, his brand ick's weapon from his

borne upon the lea, and Chieftain to his knee.

XVL

ee, or by Him who made y heart's blood dyes my

thy mercy, I defy! eld, who fears to die," larting from his coil, dashes through the toil, n-cat who guards her

nes's throat he sprung; eck'd not of a wound, arms his foeman round. laxon, hold thine own! nd is round thee thrown! grasp thy frame might

f bruss and triple steel! y strain! down, down

e, Fitz-James below.

planted on his breast; ks he backward threw, w his hand he drew, d mist to clear his sight, doft his dagger bright! fury ill supplied life's exhausted tide, the advantage came, is of deadly game; dagger gleam'd on high, Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and

Down came the blow! but in the heath The erring blade found bloodless sheath. The struggling foe may now unclasp The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp; Unwounded from the dreadful close, But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII.

He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life, Redeem'd, unhoped, from desperate strife;

Next on his foe his look he cast, Whose every gasp appear'd his last; In Roderick's gore hedipp'd the braid,—"Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly

paid: Yet with thy foe must die, or live, The praise that faith and valour give." With that he blew a bugle note, Undid the collar from his throat, Unbonneted, and by the wave Sate down his brow and hands to lave. Then faint afar are heard the feet Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet; The sounds increase, and now are seen Four mounted squires in Lincoln green; Two who bear lance, and two who lead, By loosen'd rein, a saddled steed; Each onward held his headlong course, And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse, -With wonder view'd the bloody spot--" Exclaim not, gallants! question

You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;
Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
The sun rides high;—I must be boune,
To see the archer game at noon;
But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—
De Yaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.

"Stand, Bayard, stand!"—the steed obey'd,

With arching neck and bended head, And glancing eye and quivering ear, As if he loved his lord to hear. No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid, No grasp upon the saddle laid, But wreath'd his left hand in the mane, And lightly bounded from the plain, Turn'd on the horse his armed heel, And stirr'd his courage with the steel. Bounded the fiery steed in air, The rider sate erect and fair, Then like a bolt from steel crossbow Forth launch'd, along the plain they go. They dash'd that rapid torrent through, And up Carhonie's hill they flew; Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight, His merry-men follow'd as they might. Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride, And in the race they mock thy tide; Torry and Lendrick now are past, And Deanstown lies behind them cast: They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune, They sink in distant woodland soon; Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike

They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre:

They mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
They bathe their coursers' sweltering
sides,

Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides, And on the opposing shore take ground, With plash, with scramble, and with bound.

Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!

And soon the bulwark of the North, Grey Stirling, with her towers and town, Upon their fleet career look'd down.

XIX.

As up the flinty path they strain'd, Sudden his steed the leader rein'd; A signal to his squire he flung, Who instant to his stirrup sprung:—
"Seest thou, De Vaux, you woodsman grey,
Who to the word helds the scalar way.

Who town-ward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain-side?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or
whom?"

"No, by my word;—a burly groom

He seems, who in the field or chas A baron's train would nobly grace. "Out, out, De Vaux! can fear sap And jealousy, no sharper eye! Afar, ere to the hill he drew That stately form and step I knew Like form in Scotland is not seen. Treads not such step on Scottish 'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint S The uncle of the banish'd Earl, Away, away, to court, to show The near approach of dreaded foe The King must stand upon his gu Douglas and he must meet prepar Then right-hand wheel'd their s and straight They won the castle's postern gate

XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his w From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey g Now, as he climb'd the rocky she Held sad communion with himself "Yes! all is true my fears could fe A prisoner lies the noble Greene, And fiery Roderick soon will feel The vengeance of the royal steel. I, only I, can ward their fate,-God grant the ransom come not le The abbess hath her promise give My child shall be the bride of heav Be pardon'd one repining tear! For He, who gave her, knows how How excellent !- but that is by, And now my business is—to die Ye towers! within whose circuit A Douglas by his sovereign bled; And thou, O sad and fatal mound Thou oft hast heard the death-axes As on the noblest of the land Fell the stern headsman's bloody be The dungeon, block, and nameles Prepare—for Douglas seeks his de -But hark! what blithe and job Makes the Franciscan steeple red And see! upon the crowded street In motley groups what masquers: Banner and pageant, pipe and dri And merry morrice-dancers come. I guess, by all this quaint array, The burghers hold their sports to-James will be there; he loves such

e good yeoman bends his bow, ough wrestler foils his foe, s where, in proud career, born tilter shivers spear. to the Castle-park, my prize; -King James shall tamed these sinews stark, ree so oft, in happier days, h wonder loved to praise,

XXL

e gates were open flung, ering draw-bridge rock'd and

d loud the flinty street he coursers' clattering feet, down the steep descent land's King and nobles went, along the crowded way ee and loud huzza. James was bending low, ite jennet's saddlebow, is cap to city dame,

led and blush'd for pride and une. the simperer might be vain,the fairest of the train. e greets each city sire, is each pageant's quaint attire, he dancers thanks aloud, es and nods upon the crowd,

d the heavens with their

we the Commons' King, King

he King throng'd peer and e dame and damsel bright,

ry steeds ill brook'd the stay sep street and crowded way. the train you might discern ering brow and visage stern; bles mourn'd their pride re-

nean burgher's joys disdain'd; who, hostage for their clan, from home a banish'd man, ought upon their own grey

ing woods, their feudal power,

And deem'd themselves a shameful part Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out Their chequer'd bands the joyous route. There morricers, with bell at heel, And blade in hand, their mazes wheel; But chief, beside the butts, there stand Bold Robin Hood and all his band,-Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl, Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl, Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone, Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John; Their bugles challenge all that will, In archery to prove their skill. The Douglas bent a bow of might,— His first shaft centred in the white, And when in turn he shot again, His second split the first in twain. From the King's hand must Douglas take A silver dart, the archer's stake; Fondly he watch'd, with watery eye, Some answering glance of sympathy, No kind emotion made reply! Indifferent as to archer wight, The monarch gave the arrow bright.

XXIII.

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand, The manly wrestlers take their stand. Two o'er the rest superior rose, And proud demanded mightier foes, Nor call'd in vain; for Douglas came. -For life is Hugh of Larbert lame; Scarce better John of Alloa's fare, Whom senseless home his comrades bare. Prize of the wrestling match, the King To Douglas gave a golden ring, While coldly glanced his eye of blue, As frozen drop of wintry dew. Douglas would speak, but in his breast His struggling soul his words suppress'd; Indignant then he turn'd him where Their arms the brawny yeomen bare, To hurl the massive bar in air, When each his utmost strength had shown,

The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone From its deep bed, then heaved it high, And sent the fragment through the sky, A rood beyond the farthest mark; And still in Stirling's royal park, The grey-hair'd sires, who know the past, To strangers point the Douglas cast, And moralize on the decay Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang, The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang-The King, with look unmoved, bestow'd A purse well fill'd with pieces broad. Indignant smiled the Douglas proud, And threw the gold among the crowd, Who now, with anxious wonder, scan, And sharper glance, the dark grey man; Till whispers rose among the throng, That heart so free, and hand so strong, Must to the Douglas blood belong; The old men mark'd and shook the head, To see his hair with silver spread, And wink'd aside, and told each son, Of feats upon the English done, Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand Was exiled from his native land. The women prais'd his stately form, Though wreck'd by many a winter's storm;

The youth with awe and wonder saw His strength surpassing Nature's law. Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd, Till murmur rose to clamours loud. But not a glance from that proud ring Of peers who circled round the King, With Douglas held communion kind, Or call'd the banish'd man to mind; No, not from those who, at the chase, Once held his side the honour'd place, Begirt his board, and, in the field, Found safety underneath his shield; For he, whom royal eyes disown, When was his form to courtiers known!

XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favourite gréyhounds should pull
down.

That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine, Might serve the archery to dine.

But Lufra,—whom from Doug Nor bribe nor threat could e'e The fleetest hound in all the N Brave Lufra saw, and darted i She left the royal hounds mid-And dashing on the antler'd p Sunk her sharp muzzle in his f And deep the flowing life-bloo The King's stout huntsman saw By strange intruder broken she Came up, and with his leash u In anger struck the noble how The Douglas had endured, the The King's cold look, the nob And last, and worst to spirit p Had borne the pity of the cro But Lufra had been fondly bre To share his board, to watch I And oft would Ellen, Lufra's 1 In maiden glee with garlands They were such playmates, 1

Of Lufra, Ellen's image came His stifled wrath is brimming In darken'd brow and flashing As waves before the bark divi The crowd gave way before hi Needs but a buffet and no mo The groom lies senseless in hi Such blow no other hand coul Though gauntleted in glove o

XXVI.

Then clamour'd loud the roya And brandish'd swords and sta But stern the Baron's warning Back, on your lives, ye menis Beware the Douglas.—Yes! King James! The Douglas, old,

And vainly sought for near at A victim to atone the war, A willing victim, now attend. Nor craves thy grace bu friends."—

"Thus is my clemency repaid Presumptuous Lord!" the Mo "Of thy mis-proud ambitious Thou, James of Bothwell, we The only man, in whom a fo My woman-mercy would not a Monarch's presence brook blow, and haughty look?— ! the Captain of our Guard! offender htting ward.— I the sports!"—for tumult rose, men 'gan to bend their bows, off the sports!" he said, and own'd, old our horsemen clear the ound,"

XXVII

oar wild and misarray e fair form of festal day. emen prick'd among the crowd, by threats and insult loud; are borne the old and weak, rous fly, the women shrick; , with shaft, with staff, with bar, ier urge tumultuous war. ound Douglas darkly sweep spears in circle deep, ly scale the pathway steep; the rear in thunder pour le with disorder'd roar. f the noble Douglas saw mons rise against the law, ne leading soldier said, — of Hyndford! 'twas my blade, hthood on thy shoulder laid; good deed, permit me then with these misguided men.

XXVIII.

gentle friends! ere yet for me,
the bands of fealty,
my honour, and my cause,
free to Scotland's laws.
e so weak as must require
of your misguided ire?
after causeless wrong,
y selfish rage so strong,
of public weal so low,
mean vengeance on a foe,
rds of love I should unbind,
mit my country and my kind?
Believe, in yonder tower
at soothe my captive hour,
those spears our foes should
ead,
a kindred gore are red;
in fraitless brawl begun,

nat mother wails her son;

For me, that widow's mate expires; For me, that orphans weep their sires; That patriots mourn insulted laws, And curse the Douglas for the cause. O let your patience ward such ill, And keep your right to love me still!"

XXIX

The crowd's wild fury sunk again In tears, as tempests melt in rain. With lifted hands and eyes, they pray'd For blessings on his generous head, Who for his country felt alone, And prized her blood beyond his own. Old men, upon the verge of life, Bless'd him who stay'd the civil strife; And mothers held their babes on high, The self-devoted Chief to spy, Triumphant over wrongs and ire, To whom the prattlers owed a sire: Even the rough soldier's heart was moved; As if behind some bier beloved, With trailing arms and drooping head, The Douglas up the hill he led, And at the Castle's battled verge, With sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.

XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart, With bitter thought and swelling heart, And would not now vouchsafe again Through Stirling streets to lead his train.

"O Lennox, who would wish to rule This changeling crowd, this common

Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim, With which they shout the Douglas name? With like acclaim, the vulgar throat Strain'd for King James their morning

note;
With like acclaim they hail'd the day,
When first I broke the Douglas' sway;
And like acclaim would Douglas greet
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
O who would wish to be thy king!

XXXI.

"But soft! what messenger of speed Spurs hitherward his panting steed? I guess his cognizance afar— What from our cousin, John of Mar?"— "He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound

Within the safe and guarded ground: For some foul purpose yet unknown,—Most sure for evil to the throne,—The outlaw'd Chieftain, Roderick Dhu, Ilas summon'd his robellious crew; 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid These loose banditti stand array'd. The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune, To break their muster march'd, and soon Your grace will hear of battle fought; But earnestly the Earl besought, Till for such danger he provide, With scanty train you will not ride."

XXXII.

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—I should have earlier look'd to this: I lost it in this bustling day.

Retrace with speed thy former way; Spare not for spoiling of thy steed, The best of mine shall be thy meed. Say to our faithful Lord of Mar, We do forbid the intended war:
Roderick, this morn, in single fight, Was made our prisoner by a knight; And Douglas hath himself and cause Submitted to our kingdom's laws. The tidings of their leaders lost

Will soon dissolve the mountain has Nor would we that the vulgar feel, For their Chief's crimes, avenging's Bear Mar' our message, Braco; fly! He turn'd his steed,—"My liege, I hi Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn, I fear the broadswords will be draw The turf the flying courser spurn'd, And to his towers the King return'

XXXIIL

Ill with King James' mood that day Suited gay feast and minstrel lay; Soon were dismiss'd the courtly the And soon cut short the festal song. Nor less upon the sadden'd town The evening sunk in sorrow down. The burghers spoke of civil jar, Of rumour'd feuds and mountain Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dh All up in arms :—the Douglas too, They mourn'd him pent within the "Where stout Earl William was of And there his word the speaker sta And finger on his lip he laid, ()r pointed to his dagger blade. But jaded horsemen, from the west At evening to the Castle press'd; And busy talkers said they bore Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore At noon the deadly fray begun, And lasted till the set of sun. Thus giddy rumour shook the town Till closed the Nighther pennons be

CANTO SIXTH.

The Guard-Room.

I

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, O! what scenes of woe, Are witness'd by that red and struggling beam! The fever'd patient, from his pallet low, Through crowded hospital beholds its stream;

The ruin'd maiden trembles at its gleam,

The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail, The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream; The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,

Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail,

n the towers of Stirling rang oldier-step and weapon-clang, drums, with rolling note, foretell to weary sentinel. narrow loop and casement

beams sought the Court of Guard, iniggling with the smoky air, 'd the torches' yellow glare. fortless alliance shone

hts through arch of blacken'd

ow'd wild shapes in garb of war, leform'd with beard and scar, gard from the midnight watch, ver'd with the stern debauch ; oak table's massive board,

d with wine, with fragments stored,

cakers drain'd, and cups o'er-

in what sport the night had flown. weary, snored on floor and bench; abour d still their thirst to quench;

chill'd with watching, spread their hands e huge chimney's dying brands,

round them, or beside them flung, ry step their harness rung.

drew not for their fields the sword, mants of a feudal lord, n'd the patriarchal claim leftain in their leader's name ; urers they, from far who roved, by battle which they loved. the Italian's clouded face, arthy Spaniard's there you trace; ountain-loving Switzer there reely breathed in mountain-air; eming there despised the soil,

That paid so ill the labourer's toil; Their rolls show'd French and German

And merry England's exiles came, To share, with ill-conceal'd disdain, Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain. All brave in arms, well train'd to wield The heavy halberd, brand, and shield; In camps licentious, wild, and bold; In pillage fierce and uncontroll'd; And now, by holytide and feast, From rules of discipline released.

They held debate of bloody fray, Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray. Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their

Their hands oft grappled to their swords; Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear Of wounded comrades groaning near, Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored, Bore token of the mountain sword, Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard,

Their prayers and feverish wails were heard;

Sad burden to the ruffian joke, And savage oath by fury spoke !-At length up-started John of Brent, A yeoman from the banks of Trent; A stranger to respect or fear, In peace a chaser of the deer, In host a hardy mutineer, But still the boldest of the crew, When deed of danger was to do. He grieved, that day, their games cut short,

And marr'd the dicer's brawling sport, And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl! And, while a merry catch I troll, Let each the buxom chorus bear, Like brethren of the brand and spear,"

v.

Soldier's Song.

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl, That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack, And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack; Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor, Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar! Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip, Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,

Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not?

For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;

And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,

Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.

And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;

Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,

Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor, Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

VI.

The warder's challenge, heard without, Staid in mid-roar the merry shout. A soldier to the portal went, — "Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent; And,—beat for jubilee the drum! A maid and minstrel with him come." Bertram, a Fleming, grey and scarr'd, Was entering now the Court of Guard, A harper with him, and in plaid All muffled close, a mountain maid, Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view Of the loose scene and boisterous crew. "What news?" they roar'd:—"I only know,

From noon till eve we fought with foe, As wild and as untameable As the rude mountains where they dwell; On both sides store of blood is lost, Nor much success can either boast."—
"But whence thy captives friend? such

"But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil

As theirs must needs reward thy toil. Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp; Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp! Get thee an ape, and trudge the land, The leader of a juggler band."—

* Bacchanalian interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.

VII.

"No, comrade;—no such fortune:
After the fight these sought our li
That aged harper and the girl,
And, having audience of the Earl,
Mar bade I should purvey them st
And bring them hitherward with a
Forbear your mirth and rude alars
For none shall do them sham
harm."—

"Hear ye his boast?" cried Jol Brent,

Ever to strife and jangling bent;
"Shall he strike doe beside our lot
And yet the jealous niggard grudg
To pay the forester his fee?
I'll have my share howe'er it be,
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."
Bertram his forward step withstoo
And, burning in his vengeful moo
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife;
But Ellen boldly stepp d between,
And dropp'dat once the tartan scre
So, from his mourning cloud, app
The sun of May, through summer
tears.

The savage soldiery, amazed, As on descended angel gazed;

hardy Brent, abash'd and tamed, half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII.

she spoke, - "Soldiers, attend! er was the soldier's friend: him in camps, in marches led, th him in the battle bled. m the valiant, or the strong, exile's daughter suffer wrong." d De Brent, most forward still feat or good or ill,me me of the part I play'd: ou an outlaw's child, poor maid! aw I by forest laws, ary Needwood knows the cause. ose, -if Rose be living now,"ed his iron eye and brow,— bear such age, I think, as thou, my mates;—I go to call, ptain of our watch to hall: es my halberd on the floor; that steps my halberd o'er. e maid injurious part, shall quiver in his heart !loose speech, or jesting rough : now John de Brent, Enough."

IX.

aptain came, a gallant young, ibardine's house he sprung.)
he he yet the spurs of knight;
his mien, his humour light, ugh by courtesy controll'd, his speech, his bearing bold. -born maiden ill could brook ning of his curious look ntless eye; -and yet, in sooth, ewis was a generous youth; 's lovely face and mien, to the garb and scene, hely bear construction strange, loose fancy scope to range. ne to Stirling towers, fair maid! to seek a champion's aid, y white, with harper hoar, nt damosel of yore? high quest a knight require, he venture suit a squire?"eye flash'd ;—she paused and have I to do with pride !-

—Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife, A supplicant for a father's life, I crave an audience of the King. Behold, to back my suit, a ring, The royal pledge of grateful claims, Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James,"

X.

The signet-ring young Lewis took, With deep respect and alter'd look; And said,—"This ring our duties own; And pardon, if to worth unknown, In semblance mean obscurely veil'd, Lady, in aught my folly fail'd. Soon as the day flings wide his gates, The King shall know what suitor waits. Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower Repose you till his waking hour; Female attendance shall obey Your hest, for service or array. Permit I marshal you the way." But, ere she follow'd, with the grace And open bounty of her race, She bade her slender purse be shared Among the soldiers of the guard. The rest with thanks their guerdon took; But Brent, with shy and awkward look, On the reluctant maiden's hold Forced bluntly back the proffer'd gold;-"Forgive a haughty English heart, And O forget its ruder part! The vacant purse shall be my share, Which in my barret-cap I'll bear, Perchance, in jeopardy of war, Where gayer crests may keep afar." With thanks, - twas all she could-the maid

His rugged courtesy repaid.

XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went, Allan made suit to John of Brent:—
"My lady safe, O let your grace Give me to see my master's face! His minstrel I,—to share his doom Bound from the cradle to the tomb. Tenth in descent, since first my sires Waked for his noble house their lyres, Nor one of all the race was known. But prized its weal above their own.

With the Chief's birth begins our care; Our harp must soothe the infant heir, Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace His earliest feat of field or chase; In peace, in war, our rank we keep, We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep, Nor leave him till we pour our verse, A doleful tribute !- o'er his hearse. Then let me share his captive lot; It is my right-deny it not !"-"Little we reck," said John of Brent, "We Southern men, of long descent; Nor wot we how a name—a word-Makes clansmen vassals to a lord: Yet kind my noble landlord's part, God bless the house of Beaudesert! And, but I loved to drive the deer, More than to guide the labouring steer, I had not dwelt an outcast here. Come, good old Minstrel, follow me; Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see."

XII.

Then, from a rusted iron hook,
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
Lighted a torch, and Allan led
Through grated arch and passage dread.
Portals they pass'd, where, deep within,
Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' din;
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely
stored,

Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,

And many a hideous engine grim, For wrenching joint, and crushing limb, By artist form'd, who deem'd it shame And sin to give their work a name. They halted at a low-brow'd porch, And Brent to Allan gave the torch, While bolt and chain he backward roll'd, And made the bar unhasp its hold. They enter'd :- 'twas a prison-room Of stern security and gloom, Yet not a dungeon; for the day Through lofty gratings found its way, And rude and antique garniture Deck'd the sad walls and oaken floor; Such as the rugged days of old Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold. "Here," said De Brent, "thou may'st

Till the Leech visit him again.

remain

Strict is his charge, the warders to To tend the noble prisoner well." Retiring then the bolt he drew, And the lock's murmurs growl'd. Roused at the sound, from lowly A captive feebly raised his head; The wondering Minstrel look's

knew—
Not his dear lord, but Roderick 1
For, come from where Clanfought,

They, erring, deem'd the Chief he a

XIII.

As the tall ship, whose lofty pron Shall never stem the billows mon Deserted by her gallant band, Amid the breakers lies astrand,— So, on his couch, lay Roderick D And oft his fever'd limbs he three In toss abrupt, as when her sides Lie rocking in the advancing tide That shake her frame with cas beat.

Yet cannot heave her from the sea O! how unlike her course at sea! Or his free step on hill and lea!—Soon as the Minstrel he could sea —"What of thy lady?—of my cl. My mother?—Douglas?—tell me Have they been ruin'd in my fall? Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou he Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do fear."—

(For Allan, who his mood well kn Was choked with grief and terror "Who fought—who fled?—Old be brief;—

Some might—for they had lost Chief.

Who basely live?—who bravely di "O, calm thee, Chief!" the Mi cried,

"Ellen is safe;"—"For that Heaven!"—

"And hopes are for the Douglas giv The Lady Margaret too is well; And, for thy clan,—on field or fel Has never harp of minstrel told, Of combat fought so true and bol Thy stately Pine is yet unbent, Though many a goodly bow is rea

XIV.

wer's fire was in his eye; astly, pale, and livid streaks er'd his swarthy brow and cheeks.

It was as in his eye; astly, pale, and livid streaks er'd his swarthy brow and cheeks.

It was as a swarthy brow and cheeks.

It was a swarthy brow and cheeks.

It was

fair field of fighting men,
free spirit burst away,
soar'd from battle fray."
mbling Bard with awe obey'd,—
a the harp his hand he laid;
a remembrance of the sight
sess'd from the mountain's height,
hat old Bertram told at night,
hat old Bertram to

XV.

title of Benl' an Buine.

finstrel came once more to view zern ridge of Benvenue, he parted, he would say it to lovely Loch Achray—shall he find, in foreign land, a lake, so sweet a strand!—: is no breeze upon the fern, r ripple on the lake, her eyry nods the erne, e deer has sought the brake; small birds will not sing aloud, e springing trout lies still,

So darkly glooms you thunder cloud, That swathes, as with a purple shroud, Benledi's distant hill,

Is it the thunder's solemn sound That mutters deep and dread, Or echoes from the groaning ground

The warrior's measured tread?

Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,

Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?

I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star.

I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero bound for battle-strife,

Or bard of martial lay, 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life, One glance at their array!

XVI.

"Their light-arm'd archersfar and near Survey'd the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frown'd,
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crown'd.
No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests

to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
That shadow'd o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,

Nor spy a trace of living thing, Save when they stirr'd the roe; The host moves like a deep-sea wave, Where rise no rocks its power to brave, High-swelling, dark, and slow.

High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is pass'd, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII.

"At once there rose so wild a yell Within that dark and narrow dell,

As all the fiends, from heaven that fell, Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!

Forth from the pass in tumult driven, Like chaff before the wind of heaven,

The archery appear:

For life! for life! their plight they ply— And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry, And plaids and bonnets waving high, And broadswords flashing to the sky, Are maddening in the rear.

Onward they drive, in dreadful race,

Pursuers and pursued;

Before that tide of flight and chase, How shall it keep its rooted place,

The spearmen's twilight wood !—
Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down!

Bear back both friend and foe !'-Like reeds before the tempest's frown,

That serried grove of lances brown At once lay levell'd low;

And closely shouldering side to side, The bristling ranks the onset bide.— 'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,

As their Tinchel* cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame.'—

XVIII.

"Bearing before them, in their course, The relics of the archer force, Like wave with crest of sparkling foam, Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.

Above the tide, each broadsword bright Was brandishing like beam of light, Each targe was dark below; And with the ocean's mighty swing.

And with the ocean's mighty swing, When heaving to the tempest's wing, They hurl'd them on the foe. I heard the lance's shivering crash,

As when the whirlwind rends the ash; I heard the broadsword's deadly clang, As if an hundred anvils rang! But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,

- 'My banner-man, advance! I see,' he cried, 'their column shake.— Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,

* A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the Tinchel. Upon them with the lar The horsemen dash'd amo As deer break through

Their steeds are stout, il

They soon make lightso Clan-Alpine's best are borne—

Where, where was Rod One blast upon his bugled Were worth a thousand

And refluent through the p The battle's tide was po Vanish'd the Saxon's strug

Vanish'd the mountain-s As Bracklinn's chasm, so

steep, Receives her roaring line

As the dark caverns of the Suck the wild whirlpool So did the deep and darkson Devour the battle's mingled. None linger now upon the pl Save those who ne'er shall fi

XIX.

"Now westward rolls the ba That deep and doubling pass —Minstrel, away! the work Is bearing on: its issue wait, Where the rude Trosach's dr Opens on Katrine's lake and Grey Benvenue I soon repass Loch Katrine lay beneath me

The sun is set;—the cloud The lowering scowl of h An inky hue of livid blue

To the deep lake has giv Strange gusts of wind from glen

Swept o'er the lake, then sun I heeded not the eddying sun Mine eye but saw the Trosac Mine ear but heard the sullen Which like an earthquake ground,

And spoke the stern and desp That parts not but with partin Seeming, to minstrel ear, to t The dirge of many a passing

Nearer it comes—the dim-The martial flood disgorger ot in mingled tide; ided warriors of the North the mountain thunder forth overhang its side; y the lake below appears k'ning cloud of Saxon spears. y bay each shatter'd band, their foemen, sternly stand; inners stream like tatter'd sail, ngs its fragments to the gale, oken arms and disarray the fell havoc of the day.

XX. the mountain's ridge askance, stood in sullen trance, y pointed with his lance, cried—' Behold you isle !— are left to guard its strand, of yore the robber band booty wont to pile ;with bonnet-pieces store, Il swim a bow-shot o'er, a shallop from the shore. "Il tame the war-wolf then, ais mate, and brood, and den.' the ranks a spearman sprung, is casque and corslet rung, lunged him in the wave :ne deed—the purpose knew, eir clamours Benvenue ngled echo gave; as shout, their mate to cheer, ss females scream for fear, for rage the mountaineer. n, as by the outery riven, wn at once the lowering heaven; ndswept Loch Katrine's breast, s rear d their snowy crest. the swimmer swell'd they high, Highland marksman's eye; him shower'd, 'mid rain and eful arrows of the Gael .-He nears the isle-and lo ! is on a shallop's bow. m a flash of lightning came, the waves and strand with

Duncraggan's widow'd dame, a oak I saw her stand, A naked dirk gleam'd in her hand:—
It darken'd, —but amid the moan
Of waves, I heard a dying groan;—
Another flash!—the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

XXI.

" Revenge! revenge! the Saxons cried, The Gaels' exulting shout replied. Despite the elemental rage, Again they hurried to engage; But, ere they closed in desperate fight, Bloody with spurring came a knight, Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag, Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag. Clarion and trumpet by his side Rung forth a truce-note high and wide, While, in the Monarch's name, afar An herald's voice forbade the war, For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold, Were both, he said, in captive hold. -But here the lay made sudden stand, The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!-Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy How Roderick brook'd his minstrelsy: At first, the Chieftain, to the chime, With lifted hand, kept feeble time; That motion ceased, -yet feeling strong Varied his look as changed the song; At length, no more his deafen'd ear The minstrel melody can hear; His face grows sharp, -his hands are clench'd,

As if some pang his heart-strings wrench'd;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fix'd on vacancy;
Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick
Dhu!—

Old Allan-Bane look'd on aghast, While grim and still his spirit pass'd; But when he saw that life was fled, He pour'd his wailing o'er the dead.

XXII.

Mament.

"And art thou cold and lowly laid, Thy foemen's dread, thy people's aid, Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!

For thee shall none a requiem say?— For thee,—who loved the minstrel's lay, For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay, The shelter of her exiled line, E'en in this prison-house of thine, I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

"What groans shall yonder valleys fill! What shricks of grief shall rend yon hill! What tears of burning rage shall thrill, When mourns thy tribe thy battles done, Thy fall before the race was won, Thy sword ungirt ere set of sup! There breathes not clansman of thy line, But would havegiven his life forthine.—O woe for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prison'd eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
Towail Clan-Alpine's honour'd Pine."—

XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart, Remain'd in lordly bower apart, Where play'd, with many-colour'd gleams,

Through storied pane the rising beams. In vain on gilded roof they fall, And lighten'd up a tapestried wall. And for her use a menial train A rich collation spread in vain. The banquet proud, the chamber gay, Scarce drew one curious glance astray; Or if she look'd, 'twas but to say, With better omen dawn'd the day In that lone isle, where waved on high The dun-deer's hide for canopy; Where oft her noble father shared The simple meal her care prepared, While Lufra, crouching by her side, Her station claim'd with jealous pride, And Douglas, bent on woodland game, Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme, Whose answer, oft at random med The wandering of his thought tray'd.—

Those who such simple joys have k Are taught to prize them when t gone.

But sudden, see, she lifts her heat The window seeks with cautious t What distant music has the power To win her in this woful hour! 'Twas from a turret that o'erhung Her latticed bower, the strain was

XXIV.

Fay of the Imprisoned Punt

"My hawk is tired of perch and l My idle greyhound loathes his for My horse is weary of his stall, And I am sick of captive thrall. I wish I were as I have been, Hunting the hart in forest green, With bended bow and bloodhoun For that's the life is meet for me. I hate to learn the ebb of time. From yon dull steeple's drowsy d Or mark it as the sunbeams craw Inch after inch, along the wall. The lark was wont my matins ris The sable rook my vespers sing; These towers, although a king's th Have not a hall of joy for me. No more at dawning morn I rise. And sun myself in Ellen's eyes. Drive the fleet deer the forest the And homeward wend with evenin A blithesome welcome blithely a And lay my trophies at her feet, While fled the eve on wing of gl That life is lost to love and me!

XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly as The list'ner had not turn'd her h It trickled still, the starting tear, When light a footstep struck her And Snowdoun's graceful Knig

She turn'd the hastier, lest again. The prisoner should renew his st

ome, brave Fitz-James!" she ay an almost orphan maid leep debt"—"O say not so! gratitude you owe. alas ! the boon to give, thy noble father live; be thy guide, sweet maid, otland's King thy suit to aid. t he, though ire and pride his better mood aside. llen, come l'tis more than time, his court at morning prime." sting heart, and bosom wrung, prother's arm she clung. e dried the falling tear, tly whisper'd hope and cheer; ring steps half led, half staid, gallery fair and high arcade, is touch, its wings of pride arch unfolded wide.

XXVI.

twas brilliant all and light, ing scene of figures bright; on Ellen's dazzled sight, the setting sun has given sand hues to summer even, n their tissue, fancy frames rights and fairy dames. int steps she forward made, w her drooping head she raised, ful round the presence gazed; she sought, who own'd this state, ded Prince whose will was fate!el on many a princely port, ell have ruled a royal court; y a splendid garb she gazed, m'd bewilder'd and amazed, tood bare; and, in the room, ses alone wore cap and plume. each lady's look was lent; each courtier's eye was bent; and silks and jewels sheen, L in simple Lincoln green, tre of the glittering ring,owdown's Knight is Scotland's ing.

XXVIL

th of snow, on mountain-breast,

Poor Ellen glided from her stay, And at the Monarch's feet she lay; No word her choking voice commands,— She show'd the ring—she clasp'd her hands.

O! not a moment could he brook, The generous Prince, that suppliant look!

Gently he raised her,—and, the while, Check'd with a glance the circle's smile; Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd, And bade her terrors be dismiss'd:— "Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-

James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.
Ask nought for Douglas;—yester even,
His Prince and he have much forgiven;
Wrong hath he had from slanderous
tongue,

I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong. We would not, to the vulgar crowd, Yield what they craved with clamour loud;

Calmly we heard and judged his cause, Our council aided, and our laws. I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern, With stout De Vauxand Grey Glencairn; And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own The friendand bulwark of our Throne,—But, lovely infidel, how now? What clouds thy misbelieving brow? Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid; Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung, And on his neck his daughter hung. The monarch drank, that happy hour, The sweetest, holiest draught of Power, — When it can say, with godlike voice, Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice! Yet would not James the general eye On Nature's raptures long should pry; He stepp'd between—"Nay, Douglas,

nay,
Steal not my proselyte away!
The riddle 'tis my right to read,
That broughtthis happy chance to speed.
—Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,

'Tis under name which veils my power, Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims, And Normans call me James-Fitz-

James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause."—
Then, in a tone apart and low,—
"Ah, little traitress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought.

What vanity full dearly bought,

Join'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft,

drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thymonarch's life to mountain glaive!"—
Aloud he spoke—" Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden guess'd He probed the weakness of her breast; But, with that consciousness, there came A lightening of her fears for Græme, And more she deem'd the monarch's ire Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire Rebellious broadsword boldly drew; And, to her generous feeling true, She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.

"Forbear thy suit:—the King Alone can stay life's parting w I know his heart, I know his l Have shared his cheer, and p brand:—

My fairest earldom would I gi
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftai
Hast thou no other boon to c
No other captive friend to sav
Blushing, she turn'd her from
And to the Douglas gave the
As if she wish'd her sire to sp
The suit that stain'd her glowing
"Nay, then, my pledge has los
And stubborn justice holds her
Malcolm, come forth!"—an

word,
Down kneel'd the Greene to

"For thee, rash youth, no supp From thee may Vengeance clain Who, nurtured underneath ou Hast paid our care by treache And sought, amid thy faithful A refuge for an outlaw'd man, Dishonouring thus thy loyal n Fetters and warder for the Green His chain of gold the King un The links o'er Malcolm's neck Then gently drew the glitterin And laid the clasp on Ellen's HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp!
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.
That I o'erlived such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!



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THE

VISION OF DON RODERICK.

Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris, Vox humana valet !-- CLAUDIAN.

TO

JOHN WHITMORE, ESQ.

AND TO THE COMMITTEE OF SUBSCRIBERS

FOR RELIEF OF THE PORTUGUESE SUFFERERS,

IN WHICH HE PRESIDES,

THIS POEM,

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK,

Composed for the benefit of the Fund under their management,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY

WALTER SCOTT,

PREFACE

TO THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

THE following Poem is founded upon a Spanish Tradition, particularl in the Notes; but bearing, in general, that Don Roderick, the last Go of Spain, when the invasion of the Moors was impending, had the te descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which denounced as fatal to the Spanish Monarchy. The legend adds, that curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Sarac in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their c I have presumed to prolong the Vision of the Revolutions of Spain do present eventful crisis of the Peninsula; and to divide it, by a suppose of scene, into THREE PERIODS. The FIRST of these represents the Ir the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the occupation of the country by the Victors. The SECOND PERIOD emb state of the Peninsula, when the conquests of the Spaniards and Port the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown arms; sullied, however, by superstition and cruelty. An allusion to humanities of the Inquisition terminates this picture. The LAST PAI Poem opens with the state of Spain previous to the unparalleled tre BUONAPARTE; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon that un and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succ may be further proper to mention, that the object of the Poem is less memorate or detail particular incidents, than to exhibit a general and it picture of the several periods brought upon the stage.

I am too sensible of the respect due to the Public, especially by one already experienced more than ordinary indulgence, to offer any apolog inferiority of the poetry to the subject it is chiefly designed to comm Yet I think it proper to mention, that while I was hastily executing written for a temporary purpose, and on passing events, the task cruelly interrupted by the successive deaths of LORD PRESIDENT BI LORD VISCOUNT MELVILLE. In those distinguished characters, I had to regret persons whose lives were most important to Scotland, but all notice and patronage honoured my entrance upon active life; and, I with melancholy pride, who permitted my more advanced age to claim no share in their friendship. Under such interruptions, the following vers my best and happiest efforts must have left far unworthy of their theme am myself sensible, an appearance of negligence and incoherence, which,

circumstances, I might have been able to remove.

EDINBURGH, June 24, 1811.

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

INTRODUCTION.

LIVES there a strain, whose sounds of mounting fire May rise distinguish'd o'er the din of war;
Or died it with you Master of the Lyre,
Who sung beleaguer'd Ilion's evil star?
Such, Wellington, might reach thee from afar,
Wafting its descant wide o'er Ocean's range;
Nor shouts, nor clashing arms, its mood could mar,
All as it swell'd 'twist each loud trumpet-change,
That clamps to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge!

Yes! such a strain, with all o'er-pouring measure,
Might melodize with each tumultuous sound,
Each voice of fear or triumph, woe or pleasure,
That rings Mondego's ravaged shores around;
The thundering cry of hosts with conquest crown'd,
The female shrick, the ruin'd peasant's moan,
The shout of captives from their chains unbound,
The foil'd oppressor's deep and sullen groan,
A Nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

But we, weak minstrels of a laggard day,
Skill'd but to imitate an elder page,
Timid and raptureless, can we repay
The debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age!
Thou givest our lyres a theme, that might engage
Those that could send thy name o'er sea and land,
While sea and land shall last; for Homer's rage
A theme; a theme for Milton's mighty hand—
How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate band!

Ve mountains stern! within whose rugged breast
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose;
Ve torrents! whose hoarse sounds have soothed their rest,
Returning from the field of vanquish'd foes;
Say, have ye lost each wild majestic close,
That erst the choir of Bards or Druids flung;
What time their hymn of victory arose,
And Cattraeth's glens with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch sung?

v.

O! if your wilds such minstrelsy retain,
As sure your changeful gales seem oft to say,
When sweeping wild and sinking soft again,
Like trumpet-jubilee, or harp's wild sway;
If ye can echo such triumphant lay,
Then lend the note to him has loved you long!
Who pious gather'd each tradition grey,
That floats your solitary wastes along,
And with affection vain gave them new voice in song.

VI.

For not till now, how oft soe'er the task
Of truant verse hath lighten'd graver care,
From Muse or Sylvan was he wont to ask,
In phrase poetic, inspiration fair
Careless he gave his numbers to the air,
They came unsought for, if applauses came;
Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer;
Let but his verse befit a hero's fame,
Immortal be the verse!—forgot the poet's name!

VII.

Hark, from you misty cairn their answer tost:

Minstrel! the fame of whose romantic lyre,
Capricious-swelling now, may soon be lost,
Like the light flickering of a cottage fire;
If to such task presumptuous thou aspire,
Seek not from us the meed to warrior due:
Age after age has gather'd son to sire,
Since our grey cliffs the din of conflict knew,
Or, pealing through our vales, victorious bugles blew.

"Decay'd our old traditionary lore,
Save where the lingering fays renew their ring,
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn hoar,
Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted spring;
Save where their legends grey-hair'd shepherds sing,
That now scarce win a listening ear but thine,
Of feuds obscure, and Border ravaging,
And rugged deeds recount in rugged line,
Of moonlight foray made on Teviot, Tweed, or Tyne.

IX.

"No! search romantic lands, where the near Sun Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame, Where the rude villager, his labour done, In verse spontaneous chants some favour'd name, Whether Olalia's charms his tribute claim, Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet; Or whether, kindling at the deeds of Græme, He sing, to wild Morisco measure set, Old Albin's red claymore, green Erin's bayonet!

" Explore those regions, where the flinty crest Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows, Where in the proud Alhambra's ruin'd breast Barbaric monuments of pomp repose; Or where the banners of more ruthless foes Than the fierce Moor, float o'er Toledo's fane, From whose tall towers even now the patriot throws An anxious glance, to spy upon the plain The blended ranks of England, Portugal, and Spain.

"There, of Numantian fire a swarthy spark Still lightens in the sunburnt native's eye; The stately port, slow step, and visage dark, Still mark enduring pride and constancy. And, if the glow of feudal chivalry Beam not, as once, thy nobles' dearest pride, Iberia! oft thy crestless peasantry
Have seen the plumed Hidalgo quit their side,

Have seen, yet dauntless stood- gainst fortune fought and died.

"And cherish'd still by that unchanging race, Are themes for minstrelsy more high than thine; Of strange tradition many a mystic trace, Legend and vision, prophecy and sign;
Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,
Forming a model meet for minstrel line.
Go, seek such theme!"—The Mountain Spirit said With filial awe I heard-I heard, and I obey'd.

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

REARING their crests amid the cloudless skies,
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,
As from a trembling lake of silver white.
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight
Of the broad burial-ground outstretch'd below,
And nought disturbs the silence of the night;
All sleeps in sullen shade, or silver glow,
All save the heavy swell of Teio's ceaseless flow.

All save the rushing swell of Teio's tide,
Or, distant heard, a courser's neigh or tramp;
Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen ride,
To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp.
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp,
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,
Which glimmer'd back, against the moon's fair lamp,
Tissues of silk and silver twisted sheen,
And standards proudly pitch'd, and warders arm'd between.

But of their Monarch's person keeping ward,
Since last the deep-mouth'd bell of vespers toll'd,
The chosen soldiers of the royal guard
The post beneath the proud Cathedral hold:
A band unlike their Gothic sires of old,
Who, for the cap of steel and iron mace,
Bear slender darts, and casques bedeck'd with gold,
While silver-studded belts their shoulders grace,
Where ivory quivers ring in the broad falchion's place.

In the light language of an idle court,

They murmur'd at their master's long delay,
And held his lengthen'd orisons in sport:—

"What! will Don Roderick here till morning stay,
To wear in shrift and prayer the night away?

And are his hours in such dull penance past,
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay?"

Then to the east their weary eyes they cast,
And wish'd the lingering dawn would glimmer forth at last.

But, far within, Toledo's Prelate lent An ear of fearful wonder to the King; The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,

So long that sad confession witnessing: For Roderick told of many a hidden thing, Such as are lothly utter'd to the air,

When Fear, Remorse, and Shame, the bosom wring, And Guilt his secret burden cannot bear, And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from Despair.

Full on the Prelate's face, and silver hair, The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd: But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare, Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold. While of his hidden soul the sins he told, Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,

That mortal man his bearing should behold, Or boast that he had seen, when Conscience shook, Fear tame a monarch's brow, Remorse a warrior's look.

The old man's faded cheek wax'd yet more pale, As many a secret sad the King bewray'd; As sign and glance eked out the unfinish'd tale, When in the midst his faltering whisper staid.
"Thus royal Witiza was slain,"—he said; "Yet, holy Father, deem not it was I.' Thus still Ambition strives her crimes to shade, -"Oh rather deem 'twas stern necessity! Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

VIII.

"And if Florinda's shrieks alarm'd the air, If she invoked her absent sire in vain, And on her knees implored that I would spare, Yet, reverend Priest, thy sentence rash refrain! All is not as it seems—the female train

Know by their bearing to disguise their mood:"— But Conscience here, as if in high disdain,

Sent to the Monarch's cheek the burning blood-He stay'd his speech abrupt-and up the Prelate stood,

O harden'd offspring of an iron race! What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I say? What alms, or prayers, or penance can efface Murder's dark spot, wash treason's stain away! For the foul ravisher how shall I pray,

Who, scarce repentant, makes his crime his boast? How hope Almighty vengeance shall delay,

Unless, in mercy to you Christian host, He spare the shepherd, lest the guiltless sheep be lost." Then kindled the dark tyrant in his mood,
And to his brow return'd its dauntless gloom;

"And welcome then," he cried, "be blood for blood,
For treason treachery, for dishonour doom!
Yet will I know whence come they, or by whom.
Show, for thou canst—give forth the fated key,
And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall see."

"Ill-fated Prince! recall the desperate word,
Or pause ere yet the omen thou obey!
Bethink, yon spell-bound portal would afford
Never to former Monarch entrance-way;
Nor shall it ever ope, old records say,
Save to a King, the last of all his line,
What time his empire totters to decay,
And treason digs, beneath, her fatal mine,
And, high above, impends avenging wrath divine."—

XII.

"Prelate! a Monarch's fate brooks no delay;
Lead on!"—The ponderous key the old man took,
And held the winking lamp, and led the way,
By winding stair, dark aisle, and secret nook,
Then on an ancient gateway bent his look;
And, as the key the desperate King essay'd,
Low mutter'd thunders the Cathedral shook,
And twice he stopp'd, and twice new effort made,
Till the huge bolts roll'd back, and the loud hinges bray'd.

XIII.

Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall;
Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble stone,
Of polish'd marble, black as funeral pall,
Carved o'er with signs and characters unknown.
A paly light, as of the dawning, shone
Through the sad bounds, but whence they could not spy;

For window to the upper air was none;
Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could descry
Wonders that ne'er till then were seen by mortal eye.

Grim sentinels, against the upper wall,
Of molten bronze, two Statues held their place;
Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,
Their frowning foreheads golden circles grace.
Moulded they seem'd for kings of giant race,
That lived and sinn'd before the avenging flood;
This grasp'd a scythe, that rested on a mace;
The grand his they are a flight that producing the

This spread his wings for flight, that pondering stood, Each stubborn seem'd and stern, immutable of mood. XV.

Fix'd was the right-hand Giant's brazen look
Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,
As if its ebb he measured by a book,
Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand;
In which was wrote of many a fallen land,
Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven:
And o'er that pair their names in scroll expand—
"Lo, DESTINY and TIME! to whom by Heaven
The guidance of the earth is for a season given."—

XVI

Even while they read, the sand-glass wastes away;
And, as the last and lagging grains did creep,
That right-hand Giant 'gan his club upsway,
As one that startles from a heavy sleep.
Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep
At once descended with the force of thunder,
And hurtling down at once, in crumbled heap,
The marble boundary was rent asunder,
And gave to Roderick's view new sights of fear and wonder.

XVII.

For they might spy, beyond that mighty breach,
Realms as of Spain in vision'd prospect laid,
Castles and towers, in due proportion each,
As by some skilful artist's hand portray'd:
Here, crossed by many a wild Sierra's shade,
And boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye;
There, rich with vineyard and with olive glade,
Or deep-embrown'd by forests huge and high,
Or wash'd by mighty streams, that slowly murmur'd by.

XVIII.

And here, as erst upon the antique stage
Pass'd forth the band of masquers trimly led,
In various forms, and various equipage,
While fitting strains the hearer's fancy fed;
So, to sad Roderick's eye in order spread,
Successive pageants fill'd that mystic scene,
Showing the fate of battles ere they bled,
And issue of events that had not been;
And, ever and anon, strange sounds were heard between.

Tirst shrill'd an unrepeated female shriek!—
It seem'd as if Don Roderick knew the call,
For the bold blood was blanching in his cheek.—
Then answer'd kettle-drum and atabal,
Gong-peal and cymbal-clank the ear appal,
The Techir war-cry, and the Lelie's yell,
Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.

Needs not to Roderick their dread import tell—
"The Moor!" he cried, "the Moor!—ring out the Tocsin bell!

"They come! they come! I see the groaning lands White with the turbans of each Arab horde; Swart Zaarah joins her misbelieving bands, Alla and Mahomet their battle-word, The choice they yield, the Koran or the Sword— See how the Christians rush to arms amain!— In yonder shout the voice of conflict roar'd,

The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain-Now, God and Saint Iago strike, for the good cause of Spa

"By Heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield! Their coward leader gives for flight the sign! The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field-Is not you steed Orelio ?- Yes, 'tis mine! But never was she turn'd from battle-line :

Lo! where the recreant spurs o'er stock and stone!-Curses pursue the slave, and wrath divine!
Rivers ingulph him!"—" Hush," in shuddering tone,

The Prelate said; "rash Prince, you vision'd form's thine

Just then, a torrent cross'd the flier's course; The dangerous ford the Kingly Likeness tried; But the deep eddies whelm'd both man and horse, Swept like benighted peasant down the tide; And the proud Moslemah spread far and wide, As numerous as their native locust band; Berber and Ismael's sons the spoils divide, With naked scimitars mete out the land, And for the bondsmen base the freeborn natives brand

XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to enclose The loveliest maidens of the Christian line; Then, menials, to their misbelieving foes, Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine; Then, too, the holy Cross, salvation's sign, By impious hands was from the altar thrown, And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine Echo'd, for holy hymn and organ-tone, The Santon's frantic dance, the Fakir's gibbering moan.

How fares Don Roderick ?- E'en as one who spies Flames dart their glare o'er midnight's sable woof, And hears around his children's piercing cries, And sees the pale assistants stand aloof; While cruel Conscience brings him bitter proof, His folly, or his crime, have caused his grief; And while above him nods the crumbling roof, He curses earth and Heaven-himself in chief-Desperate of earthly aid, despairing Heaven's relief!

XXV. That scythe-arm'd Giant turn'd his fatal glass And twilight on the landscape closed her wings; Far to Asturian hills the war-sounds pass, And in their stead rebeck or timbrel rings; And to the sound the bell-deck'd dancer springs, Bazars resound as when their marts are met, In tourney light the Moor his jerrid flings, The Images chant was heard from mosque or minaret.

So pass'd that pageant. Ere another came, The visionary scene was wrapp'd in smoke, Whose sulph'rous wreaths were cross'd by sheets of flame; Till Roderick deem'd the fiends had burst their yoke, And waved 'gainst heaven the infernal gonfalone! For War a new and dreadful language spoke, Never by ancient warrior heard or known; Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder was her tone.

XXVII. From the dim landscape roll the clouds away The Christians have regain'd their heritage; Before the Cross has waned the Crescent's ray,
And many a monastery decks the stage, And logically a monaster, and low-brow'd hermitage. The Cand obeys a Hermit and a Knight,—
The Canii those of Spain for many an age; This Clad in sackcloth, that in armour bright, And that Was VALOUR named, this BIGOTRY was hight.

VALOUR

Arm as harness'd like a chief of old,
His sword was temper'd in the Ebro cold,
More as a gale plume adorn'd his crest,

Afric's lion bound his breast. The spoils of Afric's lion bound his breast. As if he stepp'd forward and flung down his gage;
Himortal kind to brave the best.

he, be stepp'd forward and flung down his gage;
Himortal kind to brave the best.

he, dangerous Archimage. As he, Master, sung the dangerous Archimage.

In 100 of heart and brow the value with the and language proud as proud might be, and fame: Vaure that and language proud as production of the Very his lordship, lineage, fights, and fame:

Yet Monk more proud than language proud than lan Yet his lordship, lineage, lights, and that barefoot Monk more proud than he: And set that bareroon because tree, So the ivy climbs the tallest tree, so the ivy climbs the takes and the wound, and the loftiest soul his toils he wound, the fierce and free, And Till his spells subdued the fierce and free, and Youth in arms renoun

his spells subdued the nerve and vouth in arms renoun'd, out ined Age and Youth in arms renoun'd, heiroloth, meekly kiss'd Ionous ined Age and Youth in arms renound, his scourge and haircloth, meekly kiss'd the ground.

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

XXX.

And thus it chanced that VALOUR, peerless knight,
Who ne'er to King or Kaiser veil'd his crest,
Victorious still in bull-feast or in fight,
Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,
Stoop'd ever to that Anchoret's behest;
Nor reason'd of the right, nor of the wrong,
But at his bidding laid the lance in rest,
And wrought fell deeds the troubled world along,
For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong.

XXXI.

Oft his proud galleys sought some new-found world,
That latest sees the sun, or first the morn;
Still at that Wizard's feet their spoils he hurl'd,—
Ingots of ore from rich Potosi borne,
Crowns by Caciques, aigrettes by Omrahs worn,
Wrought of rare gems, but broken, rent, and foul;
Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,
Bedabbled all with blood.—With grisly scowl
The Hermit mark'd the stains, and smiled beneath his cowl.

Then did he bless the offering, and bade make
Tribute to heaven of gratitude and praise;
And at his word the choral hymne awake

And at his word the choral hymns awake,
And many a hand the silver censer sways,
But with the incense breath these censers raise,
Mix steams from corpses smouldering in the fire;
The groans of prison'd victims mar the lays,
And shricks of agony confound the quire;
While, 'mid the mingled sounds, the darken'd scenes expire

XXXIII.

Preluding light, were strains of music heard,
As once again revolved that measured sand;
Such sounds as when, for silvan dance prepared,
Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage band;
When for the light bolero ready stand
The mozo blithe, with gay muchacha met,
He conscious of his broider'd cap and band,
She of her netted locks and light corsette,
Each tiptoe perch'd to spring, and shake the castanet.

xxxiv.

And well such strains the opening scene became;
For VALOUR had relax'd his ardent look,
And at a lady's feet, like lion tame,
Lay stretch'd, full loath the weight of arms to brook;
And soften'd BIGOTRY, upon his book,
Patter'd a task of little good or ill:
But the blithe peasant plied his pruning-hook,
Whistled the muleteer o'er vale and hill,
And rung from village-green the merry seguidille.

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THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

Grey Royalty, grown impotent of toil,

Let the grave sceptre slip his lazy hold;

And, careless, saw his rule become the spoil

But peace was on the cottage and the fold,

From court intrigue, from bickering faction far;

And to the tinkling of the light guitar,

weet stoop'd the western sun, sweet rose the evening star,

As that sea-cloud, in size like human hand,
When first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,
Came slowly overshadowing Israel's land,
A while, perchance, bedeck'd with colours sheen,
Limning with purple and with gold its shroud,
And blotted heaven with one broad sable cloud,
sheeted rain burst down, and whirlwinds howl'd aloud:

XXXVII.

So, upon that peaceful scene was pour'd,
He gathering clouds, full many a foreign band,
He their Leader, wore in sheath his sword,
and offer'd peaceful front and open hand,
friendship's zeal and honour's specious guise,
he won the passes of the land;
Len burst were honour's oath, and friendship's ties!

Leh'd his vulture grasp, and call'd fair Spain his prize,

XXXVIII.

fon Crown his anxious forehead bore;
and well such diadem his heart became,
ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,
check'd his course for piety or shame;
ght flourish in the wreath of battles won,
ho, placed by fortune on a Monarch's throne,
not of Monarch's faith, or Mercy's kingly tone.

Le spark, that, from a suburt-hovel's hearth at mot a meaner or more sordid birth, for the soul that bad flood from some swamp obscure, for the soul that bade him waste the earth—poisons the glad husband-field with dearth, and a source more sullen, stagnant, and impure.

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

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XI..

Before that Leader strode a shadowy Form;
Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor show'd,
With which she beckon'd him through fight and storus,
And all he crush'd that cross'd his desperate road,
Nor thought, nor fear'd, nor look'd on what he trode.
Realms could not glut his pride, blood could not slake,
So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad—
It was Ambition bade her terrors wake,
Nor deign'd she, as of yore, a milder form to take.

XLI.

No longer now she spurn'd at mean revenge,
Or staid her hand for conquer'd foeman's moan;
As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,
By Cæsar's side she cross'd the Rubicon.
Nor joy'd she to bestow the spoils she won,
As when the banded powers of Greece were task'd
To war beneath the Youth of Macedon:
No seemly veil her modern minion ask'd,
He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend unmask'd.

XLII.

That Prelate mark'd his march—On banners blazed
With battles won in many a distant land,
On eagle-standards and on arms he gazed;
"And hopest thou, then," he said, "thy power shall s
O! thou hast builded on the shifting sand,
And thou hast temper'd it with slaughter's flood;
And know, fell scourge in the Almighty's hand,
Gore-moisten'd trees shall perish in the bud,
And by a bloody death, shall die the Man of Blood!"

The ruthless Leader beckon'd from his train
A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,
And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,
While trumpets rang, and heralds cried "Castile!"
Not that he loved him—No!—In no man's weal,
Scarce in his own, e'er joy'd that sullen heart;
Yet round that throne he bade his warriors wheel,
That the poor puppet might perform his part,
And be a sceptred slave, at his stern beck to start.

XLIV.

But on the Natives of that Land misused,
Not long the silence of amazement hung,
Nor brook'd they long their friendly faith abused;
For, with a common shriek, the general tongue
Exclaim'd, "To arms!"—and fast to arms they sprung.
And VALOUR woke, that Genius of the Land!
Pleasure, and ease, and sloth, aside he flung,
As burst the awakening Nazarite his band,
When 'gainst his treacherous foes he clench'd his dreadful!

KLV.

Inat Mimic Monarch now cast anxious eye
Upon the Satraps that begirt him round,
ow doff'd his royal robe in act to fly,
And from his brow the diadem unbound.
of, so near, the Patriot bugle wound,
From Tarik's walls to Bilboa's mountains blown
hese martial satellites hard labour found,
To guard a while his substituted throne—
ht recking of his cause, but battling for their own.

XLVI.

rom Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,
And it was echo'd from Corunna's wall;
tately Seville responsive war-shot flung,
Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall;
alicia bade her children fight or fall,
Wild Biscay shook his mountain-coronet,
alencia roused her at the battle-call,
And, foremost still where Valour's sons are met,
st started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

XLVII.

Sut unappall'd, and burning for the fight,
The Invaders march, of victory secure;
kilful their force to sever or unite,
And train'd alike to vanquish or endure.
For skilful less, cheap conquest to ensure,
Discord to breathe, and jealousy to sow,
To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure;
While nought against them bring the unpractised foe,
The hearts for Freedom's cause, and hands for Freedom's blow.

XLVIII.

Proudly they march—but, O! they march not forth By one hot field to crown a brief campaign,

As when their Eagles, sweeping through the North,
Destroy'd at every stoop an ancient reign!

Far other fate had Heaven decreed for Spain;
In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied,
New Patriot armies started from the slain,
High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide,
ad oft the God of Battles blest the righteous side.

XLIX.

Nor unatoned, where Freedom's foes prevail,
Remain'd their savage waste. With blade and bran
By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale,
But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band
Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,
And claim'd for blood the retribution due,
Probed the hard heart, and lopp'd the murd'rous han't,
And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams she threw
dist ruins they had made, the spoilers' corpses knew.

L

What minstrel verse may sing, or tongue may tell, Amid the vision'd strife from sea to sea, How oft the Patriot banners-rose or fell, Still honour'd in defeat as victory! For that sad pageant of events to be Show'd every form of fight by field and flood; Slaughter and Ruin, shouting forth their glee,

Beheld, while riding on the tempest scud, The waters choked with slain, the earth bedrench'd with bloo

waters choked with slain, the earth bedrench'd with blo

Then Zaragoza—blighted be the tongue
That names thy name without the honour due!
For never hath the harp of Minstrel rung,
Of faith so felly proved, so firmly true!
Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shatter'd ruins knew,
Each art of war's extremity had room,
Twice from thy half-sack'd streets the foe withdrew,
And when at length stern fate decreed thy doom,
They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb,

LII.

Yet raise thy head, sad city! Though in chains,
Enthrall'd thou canst not be! Arise, and claim
Reverence from every heart where Freedom reigns,
For what thou worshippest!—thy sainted dame,
She of the Column, honour'd be her name
By all, whate'er their creed, who honour love!
And like the sacred relics of the flame,
That gave some martyr to the bless'd above,
To every loyal heart may thy sad embers prove!

TIT

Nor thine alone such wreck. Gerona fair!
Faithful to death thy heroes shall be sung,
Manning the towers, while o'er their heads the air
Swart as the smoke from raging furnace hung;
Now thicker dark'ning where the mine was sprung,
Now briefly lighten'd by the cannon's flare,
Now arch'd with fire-sparks as the bomb was flung,
And redd'ning now with conflagration's glare,
While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepare.

LIV

While all around was danger, strife, and fear,
While the earth shook, and darken'd was the sky,
And wide Destruction stunn'd the listening ear,
Appall'd the heart, and stupified the eye,—
Afar was heard that thrice-repeated cry,
In which old Albion's heart and tongue unite,
Whene'er her soul is up, and pulse beats high,
Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight,
And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart be light.

LV.

Don Roderick turn'd him as the shout grew loud—
A varied scene the changeful vision show'd,
For, where the ocean mingled with the cloud,
A gallant navy stemm'd the billows broad.
From mast and stern St George's symbol flow'd,
Blent with the silver cross to Scotland dear;
Mottling the sea their landward barges row'd,
And flash'd the sun on bayonet, brand, and spear,
And the wild beach return'd the seamen's jovial cheer.

TUE

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight!

The billows foam'd beneath a thousand oars,
Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite,
Legions on legions bright'ning all the shores.
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean come!

LVII.

A various host they came—whose ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
And meditates his aim the marksman light;
Far glance the light of sabres flashing bright,
Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing mead,
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,
Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid steed,
That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in speed.

LVIII.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.
Hers their bold port, and hers their martial frown,
And hers their scorn of death in freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And freeborn thoughts, which league the Soldier with the Laws.

LIX.

And, O! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land!
Vonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave!
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features, and a mien more grave;
But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so brave
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid;
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid!

LX.

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee:
Boast, Erin, boast them! tameless, frank, and free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough nature's children, humorous as she:
And HE, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle!—the Hero is thine own.

LXI.

Now on the scene Vimeira should be shown,
On Talavera's fight should Roderick gaze,
And hear Corunna wail her battle won,
And see Busaco's crest with lightning blaze:—
But shall fond fable mix with heroes' praise?
Hath Fiction's stage for Truth's long triumphs room?
And dare her wild-flowers mingle with the bays,
That claim a long eternity to bloom
Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the warrior's tomb!

LXII.

Or may I give adventurous Fancy scope,
And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil
That hides futurity from anxious hope,
Bidding beyond it scenes of glory hail,
And painting Europe rousing at the tale
Of Spain's invaders from her confines hurl'd,
While kindling nations buckle on their mail,
And Fame, with clarion-blast and wings unfurl'd,
To Freedom and Revenge awakes an injured World!

LXIII.

O vain, though anxious, is the glance I cast,
Since Fate has mark'd futurity her own:
Yet Fate resigns to worth the glorious past,
The deeds recorded, and the laurels won.
Then, though the Vault of Destiny be gone,
King, Prelate, all the phantasms of my brain,
Melted away like mist-wreaths in the sun,
Yet grant for faith, for valour, and for Spain,
One note of pride and fire, a Patriot's parting strain!

CONCLUSION.

ī.

"Who shall command Estrella's mountain-tide
Back to the source, when tempest-chafed, to hie?
Who, when Gascogne's vex'd gulf is raging wide,
Shall hush it as a nurse her infant's cry?
His magic power let such vain boaster try,
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
And Biscay's whirlwinds list his lullaby,
Let him stand forth and bar mine eagles' way,
And they shall liced his voice, and at his bidding stay.

TT

"Else ne'er to stoop, till high on Lisbon's towers
They close their wings, the symbol of our yoke,
And their own sea hath whelm'd you red-cross powers!"
Thus, on the summit of Alverca's rock,
To Marshal, Duke, and Peer, Gaul's Leader spoke.
While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress:—

TIT

Behind their wasteful march a reeking wilderness.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,
Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of the land,
Though Lusitania whet her vengeful sword,
Though Britons arm, and Wellington command!
No! grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand
An adamantine barrier to his force;
And from its base shall wheel his shatter'd band,
As from the unshaken rock the torrent hoarse
Bears off its broken waves, and seeks a devious course.

IV.

Yet not because Alcoba's mountain-hawk
Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
In numbers confident, yon Chief shall baulk
His Lord's imperial thirst for spoil and blood:
For full in view the promised conquest stood,
And Lisbon's matrons from their walls, might sum
The myriads that had half the world subdued,
And hear the distant thunders of the drum,
That bids the bands of France to storm and havoc come.

V.

Four moons have heard these thunders idly roll'd, Have seen these wistful myriads eye their prey, As famish'd wolves survey a guarded fold—
But in the middle path a Lion lay!
At length they move—but not to battle-fray,
Nor blaze yon fires where meets the manly fight;
Beacons of infamy, they light the way
Where cowardice and cruelty unite
To damn with double shame their ignominious flight!

O triumph for the Fiends of Lust and Wrath!

Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,
What wanton horrors mark'd their wreckful path!
The peasant butcher'd in his ruin'd cot,
The hoary priest even at the altar shot,
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and flame,
Woman to infamy;—no crime forgot,
By which inventive demons might proclaim
Immortal hate to man, and scorn of God's great name!

The rudest sentinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn,
Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasp'd his gun.
Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son
Exult the debt of sympathy to pay;
Riches nor poverty the tax shall shun,
Nor prince nor peer, the wealthy nor the gay.
Nor the poor peasant's mite, nor bard's more worthless lay.

But thou—unfoughten wilt thou yield to Fate,
Minion of Fortune, now miscall'd in vain!
Can vantage-ground no confidence create,
Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's mountain-chain?
Vainglorious fugitive! yet turn again!
Behold, where, named by some prophetic Seer,
Flows Honour's Fountain,* as foredoom'd the stain
From thy dishonour'd name and arms to clear—
Fallen Child of Fortune, turn, redeem her favour here!

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid;
Those chief that never heard the lion roar!
Within whose souls lives not a trace portray'd,
Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore!
Marshal each band thou hast, and summon more;
Of war's fell stratagems exhaust the whole;
Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,
Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,
And weary out his arm—thou canst not quell his soul.

^{*} The literal translation of Fuentes d'Honoro.

O vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,
Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And front the flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain |
And what avails thee that, for CAMERON slain,
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—
Vengeance and grief gave mountain-rage the rein,
And, at the bloody spear-point headlong driven,
Thy Despot's giant guards fled like the rack of heaven.

Go, baffled boaster! teach thy haughty mood
To plead at thine imperious master's throne,
Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,
Deceived his hopes, and frustrated thine own;
Say, that thine utmost skill and valour shown,
By British skill and valour were outvied;
Last say, thy conqueror was WELLINGTON!
And if he chafe, be his own fortune tried—
God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll abide.

But you, ye heroes of that well-fought day,
How shall a bard, unknowing and unknown,
His meed to each victorious leader pay,
Or bind on every brow the laurels won?
Yet fain my harp would wake its boldest tone,
O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave;
And he, perchance, the minstrel-note might own,
Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave
Mid yon far western isles that hear the Atlantic rave.

Yes! hard the task, when Britons wield the sword,
To give each Chief and every field its fame:
Hark! Albuera thunders Berespord,
And Red Barosa shouts for dauntless Græme!
O for a verse of tumult and of flame,
Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,
To bid the world re-echo to their fame!
For never, upon gory battle-ground,
With conquest's well-bought wreath were braver victors crown'd!

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd,
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,
And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,
And taught her sons forgotten arms to wield—
Shiver'd my harp, and burst its every chord,
If it forget thy worth, victorious Berespord!

XIV.

xv. ′

Not on that bloody field of battle won,
Though Gaul's proud legions roll'd like mist away,
Was half his self-devoted valour shown,—
He gaged but life on that illustrious day;
But when he toil'd those squadrons to array,
Who fought like Britons in the bloody game,
Sharper than Polish pike or assagay,
He braved the shafts of censure and of shame,
And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's fame.

Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
Whose wish Heaven for his country's weal denied;
Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
The wanderer went; yet, Caledonia! still
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground;
He dream'd 'mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill,
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill.

XVII.

O hero of a race renown'd of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,
Since first distinguish'd in the onset bold,
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell!
By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell,
Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber, own'd its fame,
Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
Than when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering shout of GRES

XVIII.

But all too long, through seas unknown and dark,

(With Spenser's parable I close my tale,)
By shoal and rock hath steer'd my venturous bark,
And landward now I drive before the gale.
And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
And nearer now I see the port expand,
And now I gladly furl my weary sail,
And, as the prow light touches on the strand,
I strike my red-cross flag and bind my skiff to land.

ROKEBY:

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

TO

JOHN B. S. MORRITT, ESQ.

THIS POEM,

The Scene of which is laid in his beautiful democree of Rokeby,

IS INSCRIBED.

IN TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP, BY
WALTER SCOTT.



ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The Scene of this Poem is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge, in Yorks shifts to the adjacent Fortress of Barnard Castle, and to other places in that The Time occupied by the Action is a space of Five Days, Three of a supposed to clapse between the end of the Fifth and the beginning of the Sixt The Date of the supposed events is immediately subsequent to the great Marston Moor, 3d July, 1644. This period of public confusion has been without any purpose of combining the Fable with the Military or Politica of the Civil War, but only as affording a degree of probability to the narrative new presented to the Public.

It was two years and a half after the publication of the "Lady of the Lagrore Scott gave his next poem to the world. During that interval he had me from Ashestiel to Abbotsford, and the beginning of a great change was percept the aspirations of his life. He had passed his fortieth year, his family growing up around him; already the two boys had reached an age when, being destined to active life, they would soon have to quit the paternal roof, beat had begun to speculate on their future. In the Introduction which he were the 1830 edition of his poetical works, he speaks as though he had in a labore given up field-sports, and taken to the quieter and more sedate occupations of advancing years and the absence of his sons, who use his companions in coursing and hunting. But it is evident that his choice the amusement had a deeper meaning than he then avowed or probably reactous of.

For planting he had always, no doubt, entertained a strong partiality. Eve the bod, he says, his sympathies were stirred by reading the accoun-"satone's "Leasowes," and in after life there was nothing which seemed to a so much pride and pleasure as in watching the naked hill-sides gradu oring with the saplings he had planted. "You can have no idea," said Staptain Basil Hall, "of the exquisite delight of a planter; he is like a pai on his colours : at every moment he sees his effects coming out. The art or occupation comparable to this. It is full of past, present, and fu I look back to the time when there was not a tree here, only h; I look round, and see thousands of trees growing up, all of which, I almost each of which, have received my personal attention. I remember ago looking forward, with the most delighted expectation, to this very has each year has passed, the expectation has gone on increasing. I do the s : I anticipate what this plantation and that one will presently be, if only t of, and there is not a spot of which I do not watch the progress. ling, or even painting, or indeed any other kind of pursuit, this has no d is never interrupted, but goes on from day to day, and from year to year, perpetually augmenting interest." But he could hew as well as plant. s expert with the axe, and one of the pleasantest sights of Abbotsford wi the Sheriff and Tam Purdie, in their shirt-sleeves, thinning the woods, v sidn, the hound, looked gravely on.

It is not difficult to discover in this love of planting the germ of the ambitic lich he now began to yield himself—to be a laird, and found a family. It is under the modest title of cottage, or farm, that he spoke of Abbotsford; and his plans were expanding, and the farm-house was gradually acquiring oct and proportions of a mansion. Everything which flattered his sense of banded proprietor was dear to him. It was not enough that he had bough the properties which is own in a more peculiar manner by converting the sought to make it his own in a more peculiar manner by converting the farm into a gentleman's seat, and by calling into existence the woods.

were to cover the nakedness of the land. Both in the Introduction of 1830 a his private letters he speaks contemptuously of farming, and places plantin above it as a nobler and more elevating pursuit. But one cannot but suspect this feeling was not unconnected with the fact that farming was the occup of the mere tenant, while planting was the business of the landlord.

Of course, as Scott's schemes assumed a grander form, so his expend increased. That it was a feeling of necessity and not inclination that led his the composition of "Rokeby," is almost avowed in the Introduction of 1830. there speaks as though he would have been content to have devoted his entirely to his estate, and to have allowed the poetical field to lie fallow, had a been for certain peremptory circumstances which again compelled him to that the pen. "As I am turned improver on the earth of this every-day world, he under condition that the small tenement of Parnassus, which might be access to my labours, should not remain uncultivated." In plain words, he sat downtte a poem in order to get the money for his house and plantations. To friend Morritt, in confiding the first idea of "Rokeby," Scott was frank end on this point. "I want," he says, "to build my cottage a little better than limited finances will permit out of my ordinary income; and although it is very that an author should not hazard his reputation, yet, as Bob Acres says, I me think reputation should take some care of the gentleman in return."

In undertaking the work for the reasons thus explicitly avowed, Scott was conscious of his lack of poetic glow and impulse. The poem, apart for merits, has a peculiar interest for the reader who studies it as a piece of celliterary manufacture, and takes notice of the deliberate business-like way in at was produced. Three such successes as those of the "Minstrel," "Mark and the "Lady of the Lake," might have made a vain man reckless and a man cowardly—the one would have been terrified by the sound himself had at the other would have presumed upon his acknowledged powers. But Scott neither vain nor timid. It le looked at the matter with a calm practical eye. thought he understood the popular taste, but he was quite aware that there been an unprecedented run of fortune in favour of his cards, and that he conficulate on its continuance. His safety, he saw, lay in playing the game we novel combination.

Determined not to throw away a chance, Scott was very cautious in the of a subject, and very claborate in working out the story which he at ledecided on adopting. His first conception of a poem of which Brace should the hero was discarded for the time (it afterwards appeared as the " Lord of Isles"), even after he had written some of it, for fear the subject was not " enough to catch the public taste. Hitherto he had taken his stand on Set ground; he now resolved to venture southwards in search of the incidents: He was no stranger, however, to the country which scenery of his new poem. set himself to depict. Rokeby was the seat of his intimate friend Mr. Morries had visited it more than once; he returned expressly to freshen his recollected the district, and to note its aspect more carefully and narrowly; and bis supplied him with an ample store of legendary and topographical inform Impressed with the conviction that the greater the degree of novelty be infuse into the poem the greater would be its chances of success, he resolve another experiment in his treatment of the story, besides transferring the from Scotland to England. The force in the "Lay," he tells us, is throw style; in "Marmion," on description; in the "Lady of the Lake," on incide now determined to make the portraiture of character, without excluding incident or description, the chief feature of "Rokeby."

point to be settled was the period in which the action should be laid. infortunate in choosing the period of the Parliamentary Civil War. Mr. Morritt, at once detected the error, and urged him strongly to the date of the story to the Wars of the Roses. That would give the the date of the story to the Wars of the Roses. aggested, more freedom in the introduction of ghosts and similar effects; it would enable him to represent the district at a time when nen, the lords of Baruard Castle and Rokeby, were playing a nobler and guished part than in the Commonwealth; and, "civil war for civil war, two poetical sides, and the last only one; for the Roundheads, though ought them politically right, were sad materials for poetry; even Milton no poetry in the Puritans, but there can be little doubt that Scott's were warped in this respect, and that he did not catch the true spirit of It might almost be assumed that he himself was conscious of this, for, chance phrase here and there, we might read the poem from beginning out discovering in what period of English history the incidents were happen. There is nothing peculiarly characteristic of either Puritans s in the personages introduced upon the stage; and Scott might just as aken his friend's advice, and gone back to the feud of the Roses at once. seek for a picture of England in the heat of the great strife between Parliament, will be disappointed. If, however, the reader is willing to rrative on its own merits, without reference to its historical value, he by no means destitute of interest and beauty. An author has a right to he shall be tested by the standard of what he sought to accomplish; instance it should be remembered that it was character and not history tt applied himself to depict. Mortham and Rokeby, Bertram and just be taken (to compare small things with great) on the same terms as ar and Hamlet, without reference to the exact time in which they lived

s of that human nature, which is the same in every age, leation of the work to Mr. Morritt, and the elaborate descriptions which I of the estate and eastle of Rokeby, gave rise to some sarcasm on the edon wits, who did not know the affectionate friendship which lent the pecial charm to Scott's partial eye. Moore, for instance, in his "Two-

-bag," has a hit at Scott as a bard who-

"Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown, Is coming by long quarto stages to town, And begining with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay), Means to do all the gentlemen's seats by the way."

way to rival the enterprising northern Ministrel is, Moore suggests :--

"To start a new poet through Highgate to meet him;
Who by means of quick proofs—no revises, long coaches—
May do a few villas before Scott approaches."

ere, however, as we have seen, many agreeable associations which gave retal interest in Rokeby. Nor were natural attractions wanting. Even awarthy industry and exacting agriculture have done so much to efface sque features of the country, there is much to charm the lover of natural at the spirited fidelity of the poet's descriptions can still be recognised. It is characters, as it were, in the front of his poetical picture, Scott okeby to fill in the background. He had already visited the spot, and a had made a deep impression on his mind; brightened, doubtless, by I recollections of his host's kindness and geniality. In a letter to Ellis

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(July 8, 1809), he describes it as "one of the most enviable places I have ev it unites the richness and luxuriance of English vegetation, with the roman of glen, torrent, and copse, which dignifies our Northern scenery." Re modern mansion, on the site of an ancient castle, in the midst of a pleas in which two rapid and beautiful streams, the Greta and the Tees, unite the The scattered ruins of John Balliol's stately home, Barnard Castle, are to on a high bank overlooking the Tees. The castle has a chequered history. I took it from Balliol. It passed in succession to the Beauchamps of Wars the Staffords of Buckingham. Richard III. is said to have enlarged and stre its fortifications, and to have made it for some time his principal residence purpose of holding in check the Lancastrian faction of the Northern Subsequently we find it in the possession of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmore it was forfeited to the crown after the insurrection against Queen Elizabe eleventh year of her reign, and afterwards passed to Carr, the Earl of S James's the First's favourite, and Sir Harry Vane the elder. So that it was, doccupied in the Parliamentary interest during the civil war. Mortham now a farmhouse. It stands on the bank of the Greta, near the point what stream issues from a narrow dell into more open country. Traces of a second country. time are also to be found in this neighbourhood. Not far from Grets there is a well-preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a trip lying between the River Greta and the brook called the Tutta. and monuments have also been turned up in the vicinity.

Mr. Morritt has left an interesting account of Scott's second visit to when he was collecting materials for his poem. The morning after he as aid, "You have often given me materials for romance; now I want a good cave and an old church of the right sort." So the two friends started on 1 and Scott found what he wanted in the ancient slate quarries of Brignal, ruined abbey of Egglestone. Nor did Scott neglect even the minutest fe the scene. He took note of the little plants and ferns that grew about, say in nature no two scenes were ever exactly alike; and that whoever copin what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his description exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature

scenes he recorded.

Here we see Scott studying from nature—it is interesting to turn to the mion picture of the artificer at work. While composing "Rokeby" Scott occasional hour to the "Bridal of Triermain" and the "Lord of the Isles," at time for his planting as well. And all the while the clank of the troubel hammer were ringing in his ears, and he was fretted with the schemes for house, and the means of raising money for them. "As for the house and the he said himself, "there are twelve masons hammering at the one, and noodle at the other." The building being unfinished, he had no room for and sat at his desk near a window looking out at the river, undisturbed noise and bustle on the other side of the old bed-curtain, which sepaparancum from the rest of the only habitable portion of the house.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE Moon is in her summer glow, But hoarse and high the breezes blow, And, racking o'er her face, the cloud Varies the tincture of her shroud; On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream, She changes as a guilty dream, When Conscience, with remorse and fear, Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career. Her light seems now the blush of shame, Seems now fierce anger's darker flame, Shifting that shade, to come and go, Like apprehension's hurried glow; Then sorrow's livery dims the air, And dies in darkness, like despair. Such varied hues the warder sees Reflected from the woodland Tees, Then from old Baliol's tower looks forth, Sees the clouds mustering in the north, Hears, upon turret-roof and wall, By fits the plashing rain-drop fall, Lists to the breeze's boding sound, And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

II.

Those towers, which in the changeful gleam
Throw murky shadows on the stream,
Those towers of Barnard hold a guest,
The emotions of whose troubled breast,
In wild and strange confusion driven,
Rival the flitting rack of heaven.
Ere sleep stern OSWALD's senses tied,
Oft had he changed his weary side,
Composed his limbs, and vainly sought
By effort strong to banish thought.
Sleep came at length, but with a train
Of feelings true and fancies vain,
Mingling, in wild disorder cast,
The expected future with the past.

Conscience, anticipating time, Already rues the enacted crim And calls her furies forth, to s The sounding scourge and hissi While her poor victim's outwood Bear witness to his mental wo And show what lesson may be Beside a sinner's restless bed.

TTT

Thus Oswald's labouring feelii Strange changes in his sleepin Rapid and ominous as these With which the moonbeams Tees.

There might be seen of shame. There anger's dark and fiercer While the perturbed sleeper's Seem'd grasping dagger-knife, Relax'd that grasp, the heavy. The tear in the half-opening e. The pallid cheek and brow, o. That grief was busy in his bre Nor paused that mood—a sud Impell'd the life-blood from the Features convulsed, and mutter Show terror reigns in sorrow's That pang the painful slumber And Oswald with a start awo.

IV.

He woke, and fear'd again to His eyelids in such dire repos He woke,—to watch the lam From hour to hour the castle Or listen to the owlet's cry, Or the sad breeze that whistk Or catch, by fits, the tuncless With which the warder cheat And envying think, how, who Bids the poor soldier's watch

on his straw, and fancy-free,

v.

n-ward sounds a distant tread, vald, starting from his bed, ight it, though no human ear, en'd by revenge and fear, er distinguish horse's clank, reach'd the castle bank. h and plain the sound appears, der's challenge now he hears, nking chains and levers tell, the moat the drawbridge fell, the castle court below, re heard, and torches glow, alling the stranger's way for the room where Oswald lay; was,-" Tidings from the host, t—a messenger comes post.' er Oswald thus express'dod and wine, and trim the fire; e stranger, and retire."

VI.

ger came with heavy stride; on's plumes his visage hide, ouff-coat, an ample fold, is form's gigantic mould. ler answer deigned he d's anxious courtesy, d, by a disdainful smile, and scorn'd the petty wile, wald changed the torch's place, hat on the soldier's face lustre might be thrown, his looks, yet hide his own, the while, laid low aside erous cloak of tough bull's hide, e torch glanced broad and clear et of a cuirassier; his brows the casque he drew, the dank plume dash'd the dew, ves of mail relieved his hands, ad them to the kindling brands, ing to the genial board, a health, or pledge, or word and social reverence said, e drank, and fiercely fed; om ceremony's sway, 'd wolf that tears his prey.

VII.

With deep impatience, tinged with fear, His host beheld him gorge his cheer, And quaff the full carouse, that lent His brow a fiercer hardiment. Now Oswald stood a space aside, Now paced the room with hasty stride, In feverish agony to learn Tidings of deep and dread concern, Cursing each moment that his guest Protracted o'er his ruffian feast Yet, viewing with alarm, at last, The end of that uncouth repast, Almost he seem'd their haste to rue, As, at his sign, his train withdrew, And left him with the stranger, free To question of his mystery. Then did his silence long proclaim A struggle between fear and shame.

VIII.

Much in the stranger's mien appears, To justify suspicious fears. On his dark face a scorching clime, And toil, had done the work of time, Roughen'd the brow, the temples bared, And sable hairs with silver shared, Yet left-what age alone could tame-The lip of pride, the eye of flame; The full-drawn lip that upward curl'd, The eye that seem'd to scorn the world. That lip had terror never blench'd; Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quench'd The flash severe of swarthy glow, That mock'd at pain, and knew not woe, Inured to danger's direst form, Tornade and earthquake, flood and storm, Death had he seen by sudden blow, By wasting plague, by tortures slow, By mine or breach, by steel or ball, Knew all his shapes, and scorn'd them all.

TX

But yet, though BERTRAM's harden'd look,
Unmoved, could blood and danger brook,
Still worse than apathy had place
On his swart brow and callous face;
For evil passions, cherish'd long,
Had plough'd them with impression strong.

that gives gloss to sin, all gay ht folly, past with youth away, rooted stood, in manhood's hour, e weeds of vice without their flower, in yet the soil in which they grew, and it been tamed when life was new, and depth and vigour to bring forth he hardier fruits of virtuous worth. For that, e'en then, his heart had known the gentler feelings' kindly tone; but lavish waste had been refined To bounty in his chasten'd mind, And lust of gold, that waste to feed, Been lost in love of glory's meed, And, frantic then no more, his pride Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.

X.

Even now, by conscience unrestrain'd, Clogg'd by gross vice, by slaughter stain'd, Still knew his daring soul to soar, And mastery o'er the mind he bore; For meaner guilt, or heart less hard, Quail'd beneath Bertram's bold regard. And this felt Oswald, while in vain He strove, by many a winding train, To lure his sullen guest to show, Unask'd, the news he long'd to know, While on far other subject hung His heart, than falter'd from his tongue. Yet nought for that his guest did deign To note or spare his secret pain, But still, in stern and stubborn sort, Return'd him answer dark and short, Or started from the theme, to range In loose digression wild and strange, And forced the embarrass'd host to buy, By query close, direct reply.

XI.

A while he glozed upon the cause Of Commons, Covenant and Laws, And Church Reform'd—but felt rebuke Beneath grim Bertram's sneering look, Then stammer'd—"Has a field been fought?

Has Bertram news of battle brought? For sure a soldier, famed so far In foreign fields for feats of war, On eve of fight ne'er left the host, Until the field were won and lost."

"Here, in your towers by circling ? You, Oswald Wycliffe, rest at ease Why deem it strange that others or To share such safe and easy home, From fields where danger, death, and Are the reward of civil broil?"—
"Nay, mock not, friend! since well know

The near advances of the foe,
To mar our northern army's work,
Encamp'd before beleaguer'd York;
Thy horse with valiant Fairfax lay,
And must have fought—how west
day?"—

XIL

"Would'st hear the tale ?—On Man

Met, front to front, the ranks of de Flourish'd the trumpets fierce, and: Fired was each eye, and flush'deach On either side loud clamours ring, 'God and the Cause!'—'God and King!'

Right English all, they rush'd to be With nought to win, and all to low I could have laugh'd—but lack's time—

To see, in phrenesy sublime, How the fierce zealots fought an For king or state, as humour led Some for a dream of public gor Some for church-tippet, gown a Draining their veins, in death ! A patriot's or a martyr's name Led Bertram Risingham the b That counter'd there on adver No superstitious fool had I Sought El Dorados in the sk Chili had heard me through And Lima oped her silver g Rich Mexico I had march'd And sack'd the splendours Till sunk Pizarro's daring t And, Cortez, thine, in Bertra "Still from the purpose wi Good gentle friend, how we

XIII

"Good am I deem'd at tr And good where goblets d

atle ne'er was join'd, till now, Bertram's breast and The battle's rage e strife which currents wage, noco, in his pride, main no tribute tide. broad ocean urges far of roaring war en thousand eddies driven, fling their foam to heaven, le pilot seeks in vain, s the river, where the main. upon the bloody field, g tides of conflict wheel'd till that heart of flame, on our squadrons came, ainst our spears a line s, fiery as their wine; though stubborn in their zeal, spite began to reel. ld'st thou more?-in tumult

s fell, our ranks were lost, I men, who drew the sword he Houses and the Word, orth from hamlet, grange, down,

and stiff, lie stretch'd in gore, shall ruil at mitre more.—
it, when I left the fight, good Cause and Commons'

news!" dark Wycliffe said; spondence, bent his head, bled joy was in his eye, ign'd sorrow to belie.—
s news!—when needed most, that your chiefs were lost? he woful tale, and say, son that fatal day; rs of repute and name heir death a deathless fame? direst focman's doom, till dew his honour'd tomb.——Friend, of all our host, 'st whom I should hate the

too, once, wert wont to hate, me doubtful of his fate,"- With look unmoved—"Of friend or foe, Aught," answer'd Bertram, "would'st

thou know,
Demand in simple terms and plain,
A soldier's answer shalt thou gain;
For question dark, or riddle high,
I have nor judgment nor reply."

XV

The wrath his art and fear suppress'd, Now blazed at once in Wycliffe's breast; And brave, from man so meanly born, Roused his hereditary scorn. "Wretch! hast thou paid thy bloody

debt?
PHILIP OF MORTHAM, lives he yet?
False to thy patron or thine oath,
Trait'rous or perjured, one or both.
Slave! hast thou kept thy promise plight,
To slay thy leader in the fight?"
Then from his seat the soldier sprung,
And Wycliffe's hand he strongly wrung;
His grasp, as hard as glove of mail,
Forced the red blood-drop from the

nail—
"A health!" he cried; and, ere he quaff'd,
Flung from him Wycliffe's hand, and
laugh'd—

-"Now, Oswald Wycliffe, speaks thy heart!

Now play'st thou well thy genuine part ! Worthy, but for thy craven fear, Like me to roam a bucanier. What reck'st thou of the Cause divine, If Mortham's wealth and lands be thine? What carest thou for beleaguer'd York, If this good hand have done its work? Or what though Fairfax and his best Are reddening Marston's swarthy breast, If Philip Mortham with them lie, Lending his life-blood to the dye ?-Sit, then! and as 'mid comrades free Carousing after victory, When tales are told of blood and fear, That boys and women shrink to hear, From point to point I frankly tell The deed of death as it befell.

XVI.

"When purposed vengeance I forego, Term me a wretch, nor deem me foe; And when an insult I forgive, Then brand me as a slave, and live!— Philip of Mortham is with those
Whom Bertram Risingham calls foes;
Or whom more sure revenge attends,
If number'd with ungrateful friends.
As was his wont, ere battle glow'd,
Along the marshall'd ranks he rode,
And wore his visor up the while.
I saw his melancholy smile,
When, full opposed in front, he knew
Where Rokeby's kindred banner flew.
'And thus,' he said, 'will friends
divide!'—

I heard, and thought how, side by side, We two had turn'd the battle's tide, In many a well-debated field, Where Bertram's breast was Philip's

shield.

I thought on Darien's deserts pale,
Where death bestrides the evening gale;
How o'er my friend my cloak I threw,
And fenceless faced the deadly dew;
I thought on Quariana's cliff,
Where, rescued from our foundering skiff,
Through the white breakers' wrath I bore
Exhausted Mortham to the shore;
And, when his side an arrow found,
I suck'd the Indian's venom'd wound.
These thoughts like torrents rush'd along,
To sweep away my purpose strong.

XVII.

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent;
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent.
When Mortham bade me, as of yore,
Be near him in the battle's roar,
I scarcely saw the spears laid low,
I scarcely heard the trumpets blow;
Lost was the war in inward strife,
Debating Mortham's death or life.
'Twas then I thought, how, lured to
come.

As partner of his wealth and home, Years of piratic wandering o'er, With him I sought our native shore. But Mortham's lord grew far estranged From the bold heart with whom he ranged;

Doubts, horrors, superstitious fears, Sadden'd and dimm'd descending years; The wily priests their victim sought, And damn'd each free-born deed and thought. Then must I seek another ho
My license shook his sober de
If gold he gave, in one wild e
I revell'd thrice the sum away
An idle outcast then I stray'd
Unfit for tillage or for trade.
Deem'd, like the steel of rust
Useless and dangerous at one
The women fear'd my hardy l
At my approach the peaceful
The merchant saw my glance
And lock'd his hoards when
came;

Each child of coward peace k From the neglected son of wa

XVIII.

"But civil discord gave the ca And made my trade the trade By Mortham urged, I came a His vassals to the fight to trai What guerdon waited on my I could not cant of creed or p Sour fanatics each trust obtain And I, dishonour'd and disda Gain'd but the high and happ In these poor arms to front th All this thou know'st, thy ges Yet hear it o'er, and mark it 'Tis honour bids me now rela Each circumstance of Mortha

XIX.

"Thoughts, from the tongue the

Glance quick as lightning the heart.

As my spur press'd my course Philip of Mortham's cause we And, ere the charging squadre His plea was cast, his doom we I watch'd him through the dou That changed as March's mod Till, like a stream that bursts Fierce Rupert thunder'd on o 'Twas then, midst tumult, sn strife,

Where each man fought for de 'Twas then I fired my petrone And Mortham, steed and ride One dying look he upward ca Of wrath and anguish—'twas ot that there I stopp'd, to view the battle should ensue; clear'd that bloody press, thern horse ran masterless; en and Mitton told the news, ops of Roundheads choked the ny a bonny Scot, aghast, his palfrey northward, past, the day when zeal or meed ed their Lesley o'er the Tweed. n I reach'd the banks of Swale, nour learn'd another tale ; s barb'd horse, fresh tidings say, romwell has redeem'd the day: ther false the news, or true, I reck as light as you."

XX.

m by Wycliffe might be shown, s pride startled at the tone h his complice, herce and free, d guilt's equality. wheat terms his speech he wove, ess friendship, faith, and love; ed and vow'd in courteous sort, rtram broke professions short. iffe, be sure not here I stay, arcely till the rising day : by the legends of my youth, not an associate's truth. my native dales prolong Rede the tragic song forward to his bloody fall, confield, that treacherous Hall? the Pringle's haunted side, epherd sees his spectre glide. ar the spot that gave me name, atted mound of Risingham, Reed upon her margin sees Woodburne's cottages and trees, ncient sculptor's art has shown law's image on the stone; ch'd in strength, a giant he, arver'd back, and kirtled knee. he died, that hunter bold, meless monarch of the wold, and infancy can tell, ther's treachery he fell, men'd by legends of my youth, o no associate's truth.

XXL

"When last we reason'd of this deed, Nought, I bethink me, was agreed, Or by what rule, or when, or where, The wealth of Mortham we should share; Then list, while I the portion name, Our differing laws give each to claim. Thou, vassal sworn to England's throne, Her rules of heritage must own; They deal thee, as to nearest heir, Thy kinsman's lands and livings fair, And these I yield :- do thou revere The statutes of the Bucanier. Friend to the sea, and foeman sworn To all that on her waves are borne, When falls a mate in battle broil, His comrade heirs his portion'd spoil; When dies in fight a daring foe, He claims his wealth who struck the blow;

And either rule to me assigns Those spoils of Indian seas and mines, Hoarded in Mortham's caverns dark; Ingot of gold and diamond spark, Chalice and plate from churches borne, And gems from shrieking beauty torn, Each string of pearl, each silver bar, And all the wealth of western war. I go to search, where, dark and deep, Those Trans-atlantic treasures sleep. Thou must along-for, lacking thee, The heir will scarce find entrance free; And then farewell. I haste to try Each varied pleasure wealth can buy; When cloy'd each wish, these wars afford Fresh work for Bertram's restless sword."

XXII.

An undecided answer hung
On Oswald's hesitating tongue.
Despite his craft, he heard with awe
This ruffian stabber fix the law;
While his own troubled passions veer
Through hatred, joy, regret, and fear:—
Joy'd at the soul that Bertram flies,
He grudged the murderer's mighty prize,
Hated his pride's presumptuous tone,
And fear'd to wend with him alone.
At length, that middle course to steer,
To cowardice and craft so dear,
"His charge," he said, "would ill allow
His absence from the fortress now;

WILFRID on Bertram should attend, His son should journey with his friend."

XXIII

Contempt kept Bertram's anger down, And wreathed to savage smile his frown. "Wilfrid, or thou—'tis one to me, Whichever bears the golden key. Yet think not but I mark, and smile To mark, thy poor and selfish wile! If injury from me you fear, What, Oswald Wycliffe, shields thee

here?
I've sprung from walls more high than

I've swam through deeper streams than

Might I not stab thee ere one yell
Could rouse the distant sentinel?
Start not—it is not my design,
But, if it were, weak fence were thine;
And, trust me, that, in time of need,
This hand hath done more desperate
deed.

Go, haste and rouse thy slumbering son; Time calls, and I must needs be gone."

XXIV.

Nought of his sire's ungenerous part Polluted Wilfrid's gentle heart; A heart too soft from early life To hold with fortune needful strife. His sire, while yet a hardier race Of numerous sons were Wycliffe's grace, On Wilfrid set contemptuous brand, For feeble heart and forceless hand; But a fond mother's care and joy Were centred in her sickly boy. No touch of childhood's frolic mood Show'd the elastic spring of blood; Hour after hour he loved to pore On Shakspeare's rich and varied lore, Hut turn'd from martial scenes and light, From Falstaff's feast and Percy's fight, To ponder Jacques' moral strain, And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain; And weep himself to soft repose O'er gentle Desdemona's woes.

xxv.

In youth he sought not pleasures found By youth in horse, and hawk, and hound,

But loved the quiet joys that w By lonely stream and silent lak In Deepdale's solitude to lie, Where all is cliff and copee and To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak Or lone Pendragon's mound to Such was his wont; and there h Soar'd on some wild fantastic tl Of faithful love, or ceaseless sp Till Contemplation's wearied w The enthusiast could no more s And sad he sunk to earth again

XXVI.

He loved—as many a lay can to Preserved in Stanmore's lonely For his was minstrel's skill, he The art unteachable, untaught; He loved—his soul did nature f For love, and fancy nursed the Vainly he loved—for seldom sw Of such soft mould is loved again Silent he loved—in every gaze Was passion, friendship in his p So mused his life away—till die His brethren all, their father's p Wilfrid is now the only heir Of all his stratagems and care, And destined, darkling, to purs Ambition's maze by Oswald's cl

XXVIL

Wilfrid must love and woo the Matilda, heir of Rokeby's knig To love her was an easy hest, The secret empress of his breas To woo her was a harder task To one that durst not hope or a Yet all Matilda could, she gave In pity to her gentle alave; Friendship, esteem, and fair re-And praise, the poet's best rew She read the tales his taste app And sung the lays he framed or Yet, loath to nurse the fatal flat Of hopeless love in friendship's In kind caprice she oft withdre The favouring glance to friends Then grieved to see her victim's And gave the dangerous smiles

XXVIII.

the suit of Wilfrid stand, war's loud summons waked the banners, floating o'er the Tees, o-foreboding peasant sees; cert oft they braved of old rdering Scot's incursion bold: ng defiance in their pride, assals now and lords divide. is fair hall on Greta banks, right of Rokeby led his ranks, the valiant northern Earls, rew the sword for royal Charles. un, by marriage near allied,ter had been Rokeby's bride, a long before the civil fray, eful grave the lady lay,of Mortham raised his band, arch'd at Fairfax's command: Wycliffe, bound by many a train dred art with wily Vane, ompt to brave the bloody field, larnard's battlements his shield, them with his Lunedale powers, the Commons held the towers.

XXIX.

vely heir of Rokeby's Knight in his halls the event of fight; gland's war rever'd the claim ry unprotected name, ared, amid its fiercest rage, ood and womanhood and age. ilfrid, son to Rokeby's foe, he dear privilege forego, da's side, in evening grey, g, with fond hypocrisy, reless step and vacant eye; g each anxious look and glance, e the meeting all to chance, ok, the pencil, or the muse; ing to give, to sing, to say, nodern tale, some ancient lay. chile the long'd-for minutes last,inutes quickly over-past !ing each expression free, d or careless courtesy, enelly look, each softer tone, for fancy when alone.

All this is o'er—but still, unseen,
Wilfrid may lurk in Eastwood green,
To watch Matilda's wonted round,
While springs his heart at every sound.
She comes!—'tis but a passing sight,
Yet serves to cheat his weary night;
She comes not—He will wait the hour,
When her lamp lightens in the tower;
'Tis something yet, if, as she past,
Her shade is o'er the lattice cast.
"What is my life, my hope?" he said;
"Alas! a transitory shade."

XXX.

Thus wore his life, though reason strove For mastery in vain with love, Forcing upon his thoughts the sum Of present woe and ills to come, While still he turn'd impatient ear From Truth's intrusive voice severe. Gentle, indifferent, and subdued, In all but this, unmoved he view'd Each outward change of ill and good : But Wilfrid, docile, soft, and mild, Was Fancy's speil'd and wayward child; In her bright car she bade him ride, With one fair form to grace his side, Or, in some wild and lone retreat, Flung her high spells around his seat, Bathed in her dews his languid head, Her fairy mantle o'er him spread, For him her opiates gave to flow, Which he who tastes can ne'er forego, And placed him in her circle, free From every stern reality, Till, to the Visionary, seem Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream.

XXXI.

Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains, Winning from Reason's hand the reins, Pity and woe! for such a mind Is soft, contemplative, and kind; And woe to those who train such youth, And spare to press the rights of truth, The mind to strengthen and anneal, While on the stithy glows the steel! O teach him, while your lessons last, To judge the present by the past; Remind him of each wish pursued, How rich it glow'd with promised good; Remind him of each wish epioy'd, How soon his hopes possession cloy'd.

Tell him, we play unequal game, Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim; And, ere he strip him for her race, Show the conditions of the chase:
Two sisters by the goal are set, Cold Disappointment and Regret; One disenchants the winner's eyes, And strips of all its worth the prize. While one augments its gaudy show, More to enhance the loser's woe The victor sees his fairy gold, Transformed, when won, to drossy mold, But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss, And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.

XXXII.

More would'st thou know—you tower survey,

Yon couch unpress'd since parting day, You untrimm'd lamp, whose yellow

gleam Is mingling with the cold moonbeam, And you thin form !- the hectic red On his pale cheek unequal spread; The head reclined, the loosen'd hair, The limbs relax'd, the mournful air. See, he looks up ;-a woful smile Lightens his wo-worn cheek a while, -'Tis fancy wakes some idle thought, To gild the ruin she has wrought; For, like the bat of Indian brakes, Her pinions fan the wound she makes, And soothing thus the dreamer's pain, She drinks his life-blood from the vein. Now to the lattice turn his eyes, Vain hope! to see the sun arise. The moon with clouds is still o'ercast, Still howls by fits the stormy blast; Another hour must wear away, Ere the East kindle into day, And hark ! to waste that weary hour, He tries the minstrel's magic power.

XXXIII.

Song.

TO THE MOON.

Hail to thy cold and clouded beam, Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky! Hail, though the mists that o'er thee stream

Lend to thy brow their sullen dye!

How should thy pure and peaceful Untroubled view our scenes belo Or how a tearless beam supply

To light a world of war and wo

Fair Queen! I will not blame thee As once by Greta's fairy side; Each little cloud that dimm'd thy

Did then an angel's beauty hide And of the shades I then could cl Still are the thoughts to memory For, while a softer strain I tried,

For, while a softer strain I tried, They hid my blush, and calm'dm

Then did I swear thy ray serene Was form'd to light some lonel By two fond lovers only seen,

Reflected from the crystal well Or sleeping on their mossy cell, Or quivering on the lattice brig

Or glancing on their couch, to tel How swiftly wanes the summer

XXXIV.

He starts—a step at this lone how A voice!—his father seeks the tow With haggard look and troubled Fresh from his dreadful conference "Wilfrid!—what, not to sleep add! Thou hast no cares to chase thy a Mortham has fall'n on Marston—a Bertram brings warrant to secure His treasures, bought by spoil and For the state's use and public goa. The menials will thy voice obey; Let his commission have its way, In every point, in every word."—Then, in a whisper,—"Take thy s Bertram is—what I must not tell. I hear his hasty step—farewell!"

CANTO SECOND.

I.

FAR in the chambers of the west. The gale had sigh'd itself to rest. The moon was cloudless now and But pale, and soon to disappear. The thin grey clouds wax dimly! On Brusleton and Houghton help. And the rich dale, that eastward Waited the wakening touch of disappears.

woods and cultured plain, and spires, to light again, ard, Stanmore's shapeless

sie wild, and Kelton-fell,
girdled Gilmanscar,
mrth, lay dark afar;
livelier twilight falls,
ad Barnard's banner'd walls.
'd he sits, in dawning pale,
gn of the lovely vale.

II.

ects, from his watch-tower

ral on the warder's eye!g to the east, he sees ep woods the course of Tees, his wanderings by the steam vapours from the stream; paced his destined hour oury's dungeon-tower, mists shall melt away, woods with glittering spray. ad lustre shall be shown trench of living stone, ge trunk that, from the side, o'er the darksome tide, full many a fathom low, his rage no common foe; ank, nor sand-bed here, and, checks his fierce career, to mine a channell'd way, eets of marble grey.

III.

one, in dawning bright, pon the ravish'd sight; tributary stream is own dark dell shall gleam; who, from her silvan bowers, of Raby's battled towers; rook of Egliston, named from Odin's son; to whose banks ere long; lovers of the song; lovers of

Who, wandering there, hath sought to change

Even for that vale so stern and strange, Where Cartland's Crags, fantastic rent, Through her green copse like spires are sent?

Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine, Thy scenes and story to combine! Thou bid'st him, who by Roslin strays, List to the deeds of other days; 'Mid Cartland's Crags thou show'st the

The refuge of thy champion brave; Giving each rock its storied tale, Pouring a lay for every dale, Knitting, as with a moral band, Thy native legends with thy land, To lend each scene the interest high Which genius beams from Beauty's eye.

IV.

Bertram awaited not the sight Which sun-rise shows from Barnard's height,

But from the towers, preventing day,
With Wilfrid took his early way,
While misty dawn, and moonbeam pale,
Still mingled in the silent dale.
By Barnard's bridge of stately stone,
The southern bank of Tees they won;
Their winding path then eastward cast,
And Egliston's gray ruins pass'd;
Each on his own deep visions bent,
Silent and sad they onward went.
Well may you think that Bertram's mood,
To Wilfrid savage seem'd and rude;
Well may you think bold Risingham
Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and tame;
And small the intercourse, I ween,
Such uncongenial souls between.

37.

Stern Bertram shunn'd the nearer way, Through Rokeby's park and chase that lay,

And, skirting high the valley's ridge, They cross'd by Greta's ancient bridge. Descending where her waters wind Free for a space and unconfined,

Cartland Crags, near Lanark, celebrated as among the favourite retreats of Sir William Wallace.

As, 'scaped from Brignall's dark-wood

She seeks wild Mortham's deepor den. There, as his eye glanced o'er the mound, Raised by that Legion long renown'd, Whose votive shrine asserts their claim, Of pious, faithful, conquering fame, "Stern sons of war!" sad Wilfrid sigh'd, "Behold the boast of Roman pride! What now of all your toils are known? A grassy trench, a broken stone!"—This to himself; for moral strain To Bertram were address'd in vain,

VI.

Of different mood, a deeper sigh Awoke, when Rokeby's turrets high Were northward in the dawning seen To rear them o'er the thicket green. O then, though Spenser's self had stray'd Beside him through the lovely glade, Lending his rich luxuriant glow Of fancy, all its charms to show, Pointing the stream rejoicing free, As captive set at liberty, Flashing her sparkling waves abroad, And clamouring joyful on her road: Pointing where, up the sunny banks, The trees retire in scatter'd ranks, Save where, advanced before the rest, On knoll or hillock rears his crest, Lonely and huge, the giant Oak, As champions, when their band is broke, Stand forth to guard the rearward post, The bulwark of the scatter'd host-All this, and more, might Spenser say, Yet waste in vain his magic lay, While Wilfrid eyed the distant tower, Whose lattice lights Matilda's bower.

VII.

The open vale is soon pass'd o'er, Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no more; Sinking mid Greta's thickets deep, A wild and darker course they keep, A stern and lone, yet lovely road, As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode! Broad shadows o'er their passage fell, Deeper and narrower grew the dell; It seem'd some mountain, rent and riven, A channel for the stream had given, So high the cliffs of limestone grey Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,

Yielding, along their rugged base, A flinty footpath's niggard space, Where he, who winds 'twixt rock!

wave,
May hear the headlong torrent rave,
And like a steed in frantic fit,
That flings the froth from curb and
May view her chafe her waves to specific to the control of the chafe her waves to specific to the chafe her waves to specific the chafe her waves to specific to the chafe her waves to specific to the chafe her waves to specific to the chafe her waves to s

VIII.

The cliffs that rear their haughty had High o'er the river's darksome best. Were now all naked, wild, and grey. Now waving all with greenwood particle trees to every crevice clung. And o'er the dell their branches had and there, all splinter'd and unever. The shiver'd rocks ascend to heave. Oft, too, the ivy swathed their breather than the weather than the weat

crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely first
Its tendrils in the middle air.
As pennons wont to wave of old
O'er the high feast of Baron bold,
When revell'd loud the feudal rost,
And the arch'd halls return'd their shall
Such and more wild is Greta's ross,
And such the echoes from her shore
And so the ivied banners gleam,
Waved wildly o'er the brawling stre

ıx.

Now from the stream the rocks read But leave between no sunny mead, No, nor the spot of pebbly sand, Oft found by such a mountain strand Forming such warm and dry retrest, As fancy deems the lonely seat, Where hermit, wandering from his 6 His rosary might love to tell. But here, 'twixt rock and river, grean A dismal grove of sable yew, With whose sad tints were mingled a The blighted fir's sepulchral green. Seem'd that the trees their shadows. The earth that nourish'd them to bis

iew that swarthy grove bue that fairies love; green, nor woodland flower, its baleful bower : d sable earth receives et from the leaves, he withering branches cast, e ground with every blast. the sun was o'er the hill, spot 'twas twilight still, Greta's farther side ling beams through copseglide; d savage contrast made s deep and funeral shade, ght tints of early day, nering through the ivy spray,

sing summit lay.

asant shunn'd the dell; ition wont to tell trisly sound and sight, bath at dead of night. tmas logs blaze high and

rs speed the festal tide; sity and Fear,
I Pain, sit crouching near, od's cheek no longer glows, maidens lose the rose.
Interest rises higher, oses nigh and nigher, ring glance is cast behind, oans the wintry wind.
Intting scene was laid d tales in Mortham glade; I seen, on Greta's side, light fierce Bertram stride, ot, at such an hour,—
y Superstition's power, have deem'd that Hell had

s ghost to upper heaven, d's form had seem'd to glide e victim by his side.

XI.

village swains alone nearthly terrors known; ank nor sex confined ague of the mind;

Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard, 'Gainst faith, and love, and pity barr'd, Have quaked, like aspen leaves in May, Beneath its universal sway. Bertram had listed many a tale Of wonder in his native dale, That in his secret soul retain'd The credence they in childhood gain'd: Nor less his wild adventurous youth Believed in every legend's truth; Learn'd when, beneath the tropic gale, Full swell'd the vessel's steady sail, And the broad Indian moon her light Pour'd on the watch of middle night, When seamen love to hear and tell Of portent, prodigy, and spell: What gales are sold on Lapland's shore, How whistle rash bids tempests roar, Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite, Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light; Or of that Phantom Ship, whose form Shoots like a meteor through the storm; When the dark scud comes driving hard, And lower'd is every top-sail yard, And canvass, wove in earthly looms, No more to brave the storm presumes! Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky, Top and top-gallant hoisted high, Full spread and crowded every sail, The Demon Frigate braves the gale; And well the doom'd spectators know The harbinger of wreck and woe.

XII.

Then, too, were told, in stifled tone, Marvels and omens all their own; How, by some desert isle or key, Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty, Or where the savage pirate's mood Repaid it home in deeds of blood. Strange nightly sounds of woe and fear Appall'd the listening Bucanier, Whose light-armed shallop anchored lay In ambush by the lonely bay. The groan of grief, the shriek of pain, Ring from the moonlight groves of cane; The fierce adventurer's heart they scare, Who wearies memory for a prayer, Curses the road-stead, and with gale Of early morning lifts the sail, To give, in thirst of blood and prey, A legend for another bay.

XIII.

Thus, as a man, a youth, a child, Train'd in the mystic and the wild, With this on Bertram's soul at times Rush'd a dark feeling of his crimes; Such to his troubled soul their form, As the pale Death-ship to the storm, And such their omen dim and dread, As shrieks and voices of the dead,-That pang, whose transitory force Hover'd 'twixt horror and remorse-That pang, perchance, his bosom press'd, As Wilfrid sudden he address'd :-"Wilfrid, this glen is never trod Until the sun rides high abroad; Yet twice have I beheld to-day A Form, that seem'd to dog our way; Twice from my glance it seem'd to flee, And shroud itself by cliff or tree. How think'st thou ?- Is our path waylaid?

Or hath thy sire my trust betray'd?

If so"——Ere, starting from his dream,
That turn'd upon a gentler theme,
Wilfrid had roused him to reply,
Bertram sprung forward, shouting high,
"Whate'er thou art, thou now shalt
stand!"—

And forth he darted, sword in hand.

XIV.

As bursts the levin in its wrath, He shot him down the sounding path; Rock, wood, and stream, rang wildly out, To his loud step and savage shout. Seems that the object of his race Hath scal'd the cliffs; his frantic chase Sidelong he turns, and now 'tis bent Right up the rock's tall battlement; Straining each sinew to ascend, Foot, hand, and knee, their aid must lend. Wilfrid, all dizzy with dismay, Views, from beneath, his dreadful way : Now to the oak's warp'd roots he clings, Now trusts his weight to ivy strings; Now, like the wild-goat, must he dare An unsupported leap in air; Hid in the shrubby rain-course now, You mark him by the crashing bough, And by his corslet's sullen clank, And by the stones spurn'd from the bank,

And by the hawk scared from her n And raven's croaking o'er their goe Who deem his forfeit limbs shall pa The tribute of his bold essay.

XV.

See, he emerges !- desperate now All farther course-Yon beetling ! In craggy nakedness sublime, What heart or foot shall dare to ch It bears no tendril for his clasp, Presents no angle to his grasp: Sole stay his foot may rest upon, Is you earth-bedded jetting stone Balanced on such precarious prop, He strains his grasp to reach the t Just as the dangerous stretch he mi By heaven, his faithless footstool sh Beneath his tottering bulk it bends It sways, . . . it loosens, . . . it descr And downward holds its headlong Crashing o'er rock and copsewood Loud thunders shake the echoingde Fell it alone ?-alone it fell. Just on the very verge of fate, The hardy Bertram's falling weigh He trusted to his sinewy hands, And on the top unharm'd, he star

XVL

Wilfrid a safer path pursued: At intervals, where roughly hew'd Rude steps ascending from the de Render'd the cliffs accessible. By circuit slow he thus attain'd The height that Risingham had g And when he issued from the woo Before the gate of Mortham stood 'Twas a fair scene! the sunbeam On battled tower and portal grey And from the grassy slope he sees The Greta flow to meet the Tees; Where, issuing from her darksom She caught the morning's eastern And through the softening vale by Roll'd her bright waves, in rosy g All blushing to her bridal bed, Like some shy maid in convent b While linnet, lark, and blackbird Sing forth her nuptial roundelay.

XVII.

eetly sung that roundelay; ner morn shone blithe and gay; ing beam, and wild-bird's call. ot Mortham's silent hall. , by the low-brow'd gate, he wonted niche his seat; ved court no peasant drew; their toil no menial crew; en's carol was not heard, morning task she fared : d offices around, a hoof, nor bay'd a hound; steed, with shrilling neigh, he lagging groom's delay; undress'd, neglected now. d walk and orchard bough ; the master's absent care, neglect and disrepair. he gate, an arrow flight, ty elms their limbs unite, nopy, to spread one dwelling of the dead; ruge bows in arches bent assive monument, in ancient Gothic wise, a scutcheon and device: at with toil and sunk in gloom, ood pondering by the tomb.

XVIII.

'd like a flitting ghost! tomb," he said, "'twas lostwhere oft I deem'd lies stored m's Indian wealth the hoard. he aged servants said mented wife is laid; ier reasons may be guess'd ord's strict and stern behest, should on his steps intrude, e sought this solitude.mariner I knew, I sail'd with Morgan's crew, nid our carousals, spake Frobisher, and Drake; shearts! who barter'd, bold, ish steel for Spanish gold. would his experience say, comrade with your prey me charnel, when, at full, gilds skeleton and skull :

There dig, and tomb your precious heap; And bid the dead your treasure keep; Sure stewards they, if fitting spell Their service to the task compel. Lacks there such charnel?—kill a slave, Or prisoner, on the treasure-grave; And bid his discontented ghost Stalk nightly on his lonely post.—Such was his tale. Its truth, I ween, Is in my morning vision seen,"—

XIX.

Wilfrid, who scorn'd the legend wild, In mingled mirth and pity smiled, Much marvelling that a breast so bold In such fond tale belief should hold; But yet of Bertram sought to know The apparition's form and show.—
The power within the guilty breast, Oft vanquished, never quite suppress'd, That unsubdued and lurking lies
To take the felon by surprise, And force him, as by magic spell, In his despite his guilt to tell,—
That power in Bertram's breast awoke; Scarce conscious he was heard, he spoke; "'Twas Mortham's form, from foot to

head!
His morion, with the plume of red,
His shape, his mien—'twas Mortham,
right

As when I slew him in the fight."—
"Thou slay him?—thou?"—With conscious start

He heard, then mann'd his haughty heart—

"I slew him?—I!—I had forgot Thou, stripling, knew'st not of the plot. But it is spoken—nor will I Deed done, or spoken word, deny. I slew him; I! for thankless pride; "Twas by this hand that Mortham died."

XX

Wilfrid, of gentle hand and heart, Averse to every active part, But most adverse to martial broil, From danger shrunk, and turn'd from toil; Yet the meek lover of the lyre Nursed one brave spark of noble fire; Against injustice, fraud, or wrong, llis blood beat high, his hand wax'd strong.

Not his the nerves that could sustain, Unshaken, danger, toil, and pain; But, when that spark blazed forth to flame.

He rose superior to his frame.
And now it came, that generous mood;
And, in full current of his blood,
On Bertram he laid desperate hand,
Placed firm his foot, and drew his brand.
"Should every fiend, to whom thou'rt
sold,

Rise in thine aid, I keep my hold.—
Arouse there, ho! take spear and sword!
Attach the murderer of your lord!"

XXI.

A moment, fix'd as by a spell, Stood Bertram-It seem'd miracle, That one so feeble, soft, and tame, Set grasp on warlike Risingham. But when he felt a feeble stroke, The fiend within the ruffian woke! To wrench the sword from Wilfrid's hand, To dash him headlong on the sand, Was but one moment's work, —one more Had drench'd the blade in Wilfrid's gore. But, in the instant it arose, To end his life, his love, his woes, A warlike form, that mark'd the scene, Presents his rapier sheathed between, Parries the fast-descending blow, And steps 'twixt Wilfrid and his foe; Nor then unscabbarded his brand, But, sternly pointing with his hand, With monarch's voice forbade the fight, And motion'd Bertram from his sight. "Go, and repent,"—he said, "while time Is given thee; add not crime to crime.

XXII.

Mute, and uncertain, and amazed,
As on a vision Bertram gazed!
'Twas Mortham's bearing, bold and high,
His sinewy frame, his falcon eye,
His look and accent of command,
The martial gesture of his hand,
His stately form, square-built and tall,
His war-bleach'd locks—'twas Mortham
all.

Through Bertram's dizzy brain A thousand thoughts, and all c His wavering faith received not The form he saw as Mortham's But more he fear'd it, if it stoo His lord, in living flesh and hk What spectre can the charnel s So dreadful as an injured friem Then, too, the habit of comma Used by the leader of the bank When Risingham, for many a Had march'd and fought ben saw.

sway,
Tamed him—and, with reverte
Backwards he bore his sullen;
Oft stopp'd, and oft on Morthau
And dark as rated mastiff glan
But when the tramp of steeds w
Plunged in the glen, and disap;
Nor longer there the Warrior;
Retiring eastward through the
But first to Wilfrid warning gi
"Tell thou to none that Mortha

XXIIL

Still rung these words in Wilfi Hinting he knew not what of the When nearer came the courser And, with his father at their hof horsemen arm'd a gallant their dup their steeds before the Whence these pale looks, make he said:

"Where's Bertram?—Why the

Wilfrid ambiguously replied, (For Mortham's charge his home "Bertram is gone—the villain'. Avouch'd him murderer of his Even now we fought—but, what tread

Announced you nigh, the felor In Wycliffe's conscious eye app A guilty hope, a guilty fear; On his pale brow the dewdrop And his lip quiver'd as he spol

XXIV.

"A murderer!—Philip Morths Amid the battle's wildest tide. Wilfrid, or Bertram raves, or y Yet, grant such strange confess were vain—let him fly far must sleep in civil war."

ant Youth rode near his side,
Rokeby's page, in battle tried;

torn, an embassy of weight

ught to Barnard's castle gate,
llow'd now in Wycliffe's train,

wer for his lord to gain.

ed, whose arch'd and sable neck

dred wreaths of foam bedeck,

not against the curb more high

e at Oswald's cold reply;

his lip, implored his saint,

he old faith)—then burst re
straint:—

XXV.

I beheld his bloody fall, base traitor's dastard ball, m I thought to measure sword, tuous hope! with Mortham's If the murderer 'scape who slew er, generous, brave, and true? while on the dew you trace ks of his gigantic pace? the sun that dew shall dry, singham shall yield or die. the castle 'larum bell ! he peasants with the knell! e disperse-ride, gallants, ride! wood on every side. nong you one there be, dismount and follow me ! our crests sit fear and shame, suspicion dog your name!'

XXVI.

to earth young REDMOND rung; in earth the harness rung y men of Wycliffe's band, ited not their lord's command. I his spurs from buskins drew, the from his shoulders threw, the from his belt he placed, en-wood gain'd, the footsteps aced, like huntsman to his hounds, or, hark!"—and in he bounds, and was Oswald's anxious cry, on! yes—pursue him—fly—

But venture not, in useless strife, On ruffian desperate of his life, Whoever finds him, shoot him dead!* Five hundred nobles for his head!"

VVVII

The horsemen gallop'd, to make good Each path that issued from the wood. Loud from the thickets rung the shout Of Redmond and his eager rout; With them was Wilfrid, stung with ire, And envying Redmond's martial fire, And emulous of fame.—But where Is Oswald, noble Mortham's heir? He, bound by honour, law, and faith, Avenger of his kinsmam's death?—Leaning against the elmin tree, With drooping head and slacken'd knee, And clenched teeth, and close-clasp'd

hands,
In agony of soul he stands!
His downcast eye on earth is bent,
His soul to every sound is lent;
For in each shout that cleaves the air,
May ring discovery and despair.

XXVIIL

What 'vail'd it him, that brightly play'd The morning sun on Mortham's glade? All seems in giddy round to ride, Like objects on a stormy tide, Seen eddying by the moonlight dim, Imperfectly to sink and swim. What 'vail'd it, that the fair domain, Its battled mansion, hill, and plain, On which the sun so brightly shone, Envied so long, was now his own?

* MS.—To the Printer.—"On the disputed line, it may stand thus—

'Whoever finds him, strike him dead ;'

Or, Who first shall find him, strike him dead.'
But I think the addition of felon, or any such word, will impair the strength of the passage. Oswald is too anxious to use epithets, and is hallooing after the men, by this time entering the wood. The simpler the line the better. In my humble opinion, sheet him dead, was much better than any other: it implies, Do not even approach him; kill kim at a distance. I leave it, however, to you, only saying, that I never shun common words when they are to the purpose. As to your criticisms, I cannot but attend to them, because they touch passages with which I am myself discontented.—W S."

238 ROKEBY.

The lowest dungeon, in that hour,
Of Brackenbury's dismal tower,
Had been his choice, could such a doom
Have open'd Mortham's bloody tomb!
Forced, too, to turn unwilling ear
To each surmise of hope or fear,
Murmur'd among the rustics round,
Who gather'd at the 'larum sound;
He dared not turn his head away,
E'en to look up to heaven to pray,
Or call on hell, in bitter mood,
For one sharp death-shot from the wood!

XXIX.

At length o'erpast that dreadful space, Back straggling came the scatter'd chase; Jaded and weary, horse and man, Return'd the troopers, one by one. Wilfrid, the last, arrived to say, All trace was lost of Bertram's way, Though Redmond still, up Brignall wood, The hopeless quest in vain pursued. — O, fatal doom of human race! What tyrant passions passions chase! Remorse from Oswald's brow is gone, Avarice and pride resume their throne; The pang of instant terror by, They dictate thus their slave's reply:—

XXX.

"Ay-let him range like hasty hound! And if the grim wolf's lair be found, Small is my care how goes the game With Redmond, or with Risingham.— Nay, answer not, thou simple boy! Thy fair Matilda, all so coy To thee, is of another mood To that bold youth of Erin's blood. Thy ditties will she freely praise, And pay thy pains with courtly phrase; In a rough path will oft command-Accept at least—thy friendly hand; His she avoids, or, urged and pray'd, Unwilling takes his proffer'd aid, While conscious passion plainly speaks In downcast look and blushing cheeks. Whene'er he sings, will she glide nigh, And all her soul is in her eye; Yet doubts she still to tender free The wonted words of courtesy. These are strong signs !—yet wherefore sigh,

And wipe, effeminate, thine eye?

Thine shall she be, if thou atte The counsels of thy sire and fr

XXXI.

" Scarce wert thou gone, when light Brought genuine news of Marsic Brave Cromwell turn'd the doul And conquest bless'd the right Three thousand cavaliers lie de Rupert and that bold Marquis Nobles and knights, so proud Must fine for freedom and estat Of these, committed to my cha Is Rokeby, prisoner at large; Redmond, his page, arrived to He reaches Barnard's towers to Right heavy shall his ransom h Unless that maid compound wi Go to her now—be bold of che While her soul floats'twixt hope: It is the very change of tide, When best the female heart is 1 Pride, prejudice, and modesty, Are in the current swept to sea And the bold swain, who plies May lightly row his bark to she

CANTO THIRD.

Ŧ

THE hunting tribes of air and e Respect the brethren of their b Nature, who loves the claim of Less cruel chase to each assign The falcon, poised on soaring 1 Watches the wild-duck by the The slow-hound wakes the fox The greyhound presses on the The eagle pounces on the lamb The wolf devours the fleecy da Even tiger fell, and sullen bear Their likeness and their lineag Man, only, mars kind Nature's And turns the fierce pursuit on Plying war's desultory trade, Incursion, flight, and ambusca Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty: At first the bloody game begut

II.

The Indian, prowling for his p Who hears the settlers track hi distant forest far brethren of the war; a double and disguise oursuit he tries, t now his head to hide, y streams through rushes

with the wither'd leaves a that the dew receives; every silvan guile, or tries, such various wile, when on the wind it pursuit behind. In a youth had heard wily dalesmen dared, edge, and Redswair high, and blood-hound's cry, edwood-axe and spear, riders in the rear; senturous life had proved at his childhood loved.

TIT.

wn, in climes afar, of roving war; ear, the piercing eye, live in danger nigh; it in the flight or chase, e Charib's rapid race; in, the sinewy limb, mb, to dive, to swim; inured to bear emency of air, m'd to undergo chill, and famine's throe. proved, his life to save, land and wave, desert shore, lata's billows roar, ons of vengeful Spain arauder's steps in vain. Indian warfare tried, now by Greta's side.

ty.
hour of utmost need,
courage, art, and speed,
talk'd with stealthy pace,
orth in rapid race,
ack in mazy train,
ace the dews retain;
he rocks projecting high,
oursuer's eye;

Now sought the stream, whose brawling sound The echo of his footsteps drown'd. But if the forest verge he nears, There trample steeds, and glimmer spears; If deeper down the copse he drew, He heard the rangers' loud halloo, Beating each cover while they came, As if to start the silvan game. 'Twas then-like tiger close beset At every pass with toil and net, 'Counter'd, where'er he turns his glare, By clashing arms and torches' flare, Who meditates, with furious bound, To burst on hunter, horse, and hound, 'Twas then that Bertram's soul arose, Prompting to rush upon his foes: But as that crouching tiger, cow'd By brandish'd steel and shouting crowd, Retreats beneath the jungle's shroud, Bertram suspends his purpose stern,

V.

And crouches in the brake and fern,

Hiding his face, lest foemen spy

The sparkle of his swarthy eye.

Then Bertram might the bearing trace
Of the bold youth who led the chase;
Who paused to list for every sound,
Climb' every height to look around,
Then rushing on with naked sword,
Each dingle's bosky depths explored.
'Twas Redmond—by the azure eye;
'Twas Redmond—by the locks that fly
Disorder'd from his glowing cheek;
Mien, face, and form, young Redmond
speak.

A form more active, light, and strong, Ne'er shot the ranks of war along; The modest, yet the manly mien, Might grace the court of maiden queen; A face more fair you well might find, For Redmond's knew the sun and wind, Nor boasted, from their tinge when free, The charm of regularity; But every feature had the power To aid the expression of the hour; Whether gay wit, and humour sly, Danced laughing in his light-blue eye; Or bended brow, and glance of five, And kindling cheek, spoke Evin's ive;

Or soft and sadden'd glances show Her ready sympathy with woe; Or in that wayward mood of mind, When various feelings are combined, When joy and sorrow mingle near, And hope's bright wings are check'd by fear,

And rising doubts keep transport down, And anger lends a short-lived frown; In that strange mood which maids ap-

Even when they dare not call it love; With every change his features play'd, As aspens show the light and shade.

VI.

Well Risingham young Redmond knew: And much he marvell'd that the crew, Roused to revenge bold Mortham dead Were by that Mortham's foeman led; For never felt his soul the woe, That wails a generous foeman low, Far less that sense of justice strong, That wreaks a generous foeman's wrong. But small his leisure now to pause: Redmond is first, whate'er the cause : And twice that Redmond came so near Where Bertram couch'd like hunted deer. The very boughs his steps displace, Rustled against the ruffian's face, Who, desperate, twice prepared to start, And plunge his dagger in his heart! But Redmond turn'd a different way, And the bent boughs resumed their swav, And Bertram held it wise, unseen, Deeper to plunge in coppice green. Thus, circled in his coil, the snake, When roving hunters beat the brake, Watches with red and glistening eye, Prepared, if heedless step draw nigh, With forked tongue and venom'd fang Instant to dart the deadly pang; But if the intruders turn aside, Away his coils unfolded glide, And through the deep savannah wind, Some undisturb'd retreat to find.

VII.

But Bertram, as he backward drew, And heard the loud pursuit renew, And Redmond's hollo on the wind, Oft mutter'd in his savage mind"Redmond O'Neale! were the Alone this day's event to try, With not a second here to see, But the grey cliff and oaken to That voice of thine, that so loud,

Should ne'er repeat its summon No! nor e'er try its melting p Again in maiden's summer bou Eluded, now behind him die, Faint and more faint each host He stands in Scargill wood ale Nor hears he now a harsher to Than the hoarse cushat's plain Or Greta's sound that murmur And on the dale, so lone and the summer sun in quiet smile

VIII.

He listen'd long with anxious ! Ear bent to hear, and foot to s And, while his stretch'd attentic Refused his weary frame repos 'Twas silence all—he laid him Where purple heath profusely And throatwort with its azure And moss and thyme his cushi There, spent with toil, he listle The course of Greta's playful t Beneath, her banks now eddyn Now brightly gleaming to the: As, dancing over rock and stor In yellow light her currents she Matching in hue the favourite; Of Albin's mountain-diadem. Then, tired to watch the curren He turned his weary eyes away To where the bank opposing sl Its huge, square cliffs through

wood.
One, prominent above the rest
Rear'd to the sun its pale grey
Around its broken summit gre
The hazel rude, and sable yew
A thousand varied lichens dyed
Its waste and weather-beaten si
And round its rugged basis lay,
By time or thunder rent away,
Fragments, that, from its front
Were mantled now by verdant
Such was the scene's wild maje
That fill'd stern Bertram's gazi

ood he lay reclined, in his stormy mind, eed, the fruitless guilt, blood by treason spilt; seem'd, so dire and dread, power to wake the dead, ering on his life betray'd art to Redmond's blade, as purpose to withhold, Mortham's promised gold, full revenge he vow'd and, forward, fierce, and i:

Wilfrid-on his sire engeance, swift and dire!ood, (as legends say, lieved that simple day,) of Man has power the evil hour, wretch, prepared to change demption for revenge ! ris vows, with such a fire nd intense desire ce dark and fell, were made, it reach hell's lowest shade, ands the grove embrown'd, unders shook the ground ;knew his vassal's heart, temptation's needless art.

x

with the direful theme, am's form-Wasit a dream? en, in vision true, ortham whom he slew? ring flesh appear'd m on earth he fear'd ?rystic cause intent, at on the cliff were bent, t once a dazzling glance, n flash'd from sword or lance. tarted as for fight, eman was in sight; e cushat's murmur hoarse, e river's sounding course; woodlands lay, og in the summer ray. ke lion roused, around, gain upon the ground. e thought, some fitful beam, on from the sparkling stream; Then plunged him from his gloomy train.
Of ill-connected thoughts again,
Until a voice behind him cried,
"Bertram! well met on Greta side."

XI.

Instant his sword was in his hand,
As instant sunk the ready brand;
Yet, dubious still, opposed he stood
To him that issued from the wood:
"Guy Denzil!—is it thou?" he said;
"Do we two meet in Scargill shade!—
Stand back a space!—thy purpose show,
Whether thou comest as friend or foe.
Report hath said, that Denzil's name
From Rokeby's band was raised with
shame."—

"A shame I owe that hot O'Neale,
Who told his knight, in peevish zeal,
Of my marauding on the clowns
Of Calverley and Bradford downs.
I reck not. In a war to strive,
Where, save the leaders, none can thrive,
Suits ill my mood; and better game
Awaits us both, if thou'rt the same
Unscrupulous, bold Risingham,
Who watch'd with me in midnight dark,
To snatch a deer from Rokeby-park.
How thinks't thou?"—"Speak thy purpose out;

I love not mystery or doubt."-

XII.

"Then list.—Not far there lurk a crew Of trusty comrades, stanch and true, Glean'd from both factions—Roundheads, freed

From cant of sermon and of creed;
And Cavaliers, whose souls, like mine,
Spurn at the bonds of discipline.
Wiser, we judge, by dale and wold,
A warfare of our own to hold,
Than breathe our last on battle-down,
For cloak or surplice, mace or crown.
Our schemes are laid, our purpose set,
A chief and leader lack we yet.—
Thou art a wanderer, it is said;
For Mortham's death, thy steps waylaid.

Thy head at price—so say our spies, Who range the valley in disguise. Join then with us:—though wild debate And wrangling rend our infant state, Each to an equal loath to bow, Will yield to chief renown'd as thou."—

XIII.

"Even now," thought Bertram, passionstirr'd,
"I call'd on hell, and hell has heard!
What lack I, vengeance to command,
But of stanch comrades such a band?
This Denzil, vow'd to every evil,
Might read a lesson to the devil.
Well, be it so! each knave and fool
Shall serve as my revenge's tool."—
Aloud, "I take thy proffer, Guy,
But tell me where thy comrades lie?"—
"Not far from hence," Guy Denzil said;
"Descend, and cross the river's bed,
Where rises yonder cliff so grey."
"Do thou," said Bertram, "lead the
way."

Then mutter'd, "It is best make sure; Guy Denzil's faith was never pure." He follow'd down the steep descent, Then through the Greta's streams they

And, when they reach'd the farther shore, They stood the lonely cliff before.

XIV.

With wonder Bertram heard within
The flinty rock a murmur'd din;
But when Guy pull'd the wilding spray,
And brambles, from its base away,
He saw, appearing to the air,
A little entrance, low and square,
Like opening cell of hermit lone,
Dark, winding through the living stone.
Here enter'd Denzil, Bertram here;
And loud and louder on their ear,
As from the bowels of the earth,
Resounded shouts of boisterous mirth.
Of old, the cavern strait and rude,
In slaty rock the peasant hew'd;
And Brignall's woods, and Scargill's,
wave,

E'en now, o'er many a sister cave, Where, far within the darksome rift, The wedge and lever ply their thrift. But war had silenced rural trade, And the deserted mine was made The banquet-hall and fortress too Of Denzil and his desperate crew There Guilt his anxious revel key There, on his sordid pallet, slept Guilt-horn Excess, the goblet drugstill in his slumbering grasp retain Regret was there, his eye still caw With vain repining on the past; Among the feasters waited near Sorrow, and unrepentant Fear, And Blasphemy, to frenzy drives With his own crimes reproaching he While Bertram show'd, amid the The Master-Fiend that Milton de

XV.

Hark! the loud revel wakes again To greet the leader of the train. Behold the group by the pale is a That struggles with the earthy do By what strange features Vice known,

To single out and mark her own Yet some there are, whose brows Less deeply stamp'd her brand and See yon pale stripling! when a b A mother's pride, a father's joy! Now, 'gainst the vault's rude we clined.

An early image fills his mind:
The cottage, once his sire's, he si
Embower'd upon the banks of T
He views sweet Winston's wo
scene.

And shares the dance on Gainford A tear is springing—but the zest Of some wild tale, or brutal jest II ath to loud laughter stirr'd the On him they call, the aptest mat For jovial song and merry feat: Fast flies his dream—with da

As one victorious o'er Despair,
He bids the ruddy cup go round,
Till sense and sorrow both are dr
And soon, in merry wassail, he,
The life of all their revelry,
Peals his loud song!—The mu
found

Her blossoms on the wildest gro Mid noxious weeds at random st Themselves all profitless and rad erate merriment he sung, a to the chorus rung; ed with his reckless glee bitter agony.

XVL

Song.

Il banks are wild and fair, eta woods are green, nay gather garlands there, grace a summer queen. rode by Dalton-hall, the turrets high, on the castle wall ging merrily,—

CHORUS,

all banks are fresh and fair, eta woods are green; rove with Edmund there, ign our English queen."—

en, thou would st wend with me,
e both tower and town,
must guess what life lead we,
well by dale and down?
ou canst that riddle read,
full well you may,
we greenwood shalt thou speed,
we as Queen of May."—

CHORUS.

the, "Brignall banks are fair, eta woods are green; rove with Edmund there, ign our English queen.

XVII.

ou, by your bugle horn, your palfrey good, a for a ranger sworn, the king's greenwood." r. lady, winds his horn, at peep of light; a heard at merry morn, ne at dead of night."—

CHORUS.

the, "Brignall banks are fair, eta woods are gay; were with Edmund there, this Queen of May! "With burnish'd brand and musketoon, So gallantly you come, I read you for a bold Dragoon,

That lists the tuck of drum,"—
"I list no more the tuck of drum,

No more the trumpet hear; But when the beetle sounds his hum, My comrades take the spear.

CHORUS.

"And, O! though Brignall banks be fair, And Greta woods be gay, Vet mickle must the maiden dare, Would reign my Queen of May!

XVIII.

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead, :
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.

CHORUS.

"Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, And you may gather garlands there Would grace a summer queen."

When Edmund ceased his simple song, Was silence on the sullen throng, Till waked some ruder mate their glee With note of coarser minstrelsy. But, far apart, in dark divan, Denzil and Bertram many a plan, Of import foul and fierce, design'd, While still on Bertram's grasping mind The wealth of murder'd Mortham hung; Though half he fear'd his daring tongue, When it should give his wishes birth, Might raise a spectre from the earth!

XIX.

At length his wondrous tale he told: When, scornful, smiled his comrade bold; For, train'd in license of a court, Religion's self was Denzil's sport; Then judge in what contempt he held The visionary tales of eld! His awe for Bertram scarce repress'd. The unbeliever's sneering jest.

"'Twere hard," he said, "for sage or

To spell the subject of your fear;
Nor do I boast the art renown'd,
Vision and omen to expound.
Yet, faith if I must needs afford
To spectre watching treasured hoard,
As ban-dog keeps his master's roof,
Bidding the plunderer stand aloof,
This doubt remains—thy goblin gaunt
Hath chosen ill his ghostly haunt;
For why his guard on Mortham hold,
When Rokeby castle hath the gold
Thy patron won on Indian soil,
By stealth, by piracy, and spoil?"—

XX.

At this he paused—for angry shame Lower'd on the brow of Risingham. He blush'd to think, that he should seem Assertor of an airy dream, And gave his wrath another theme. "Denzil," he says, "though lowly laid, Wrong not the memory of the dead; For, while he lived, at Mortham's look Thy very soul, Guy Denzil, shook! And when he tax'd thy breach of word To yon fair rose of Allenford, I saw thee crouch like chasten'd hound, Whose back the huntsman's lash hath found.

Nor dare to call his foreign wealth
The spoil of piracy or stealth;
He won it bravely with his brand,
When Spain waged warfare with our land.
Mark, too—I brook no idle jeer,
Nor couple Bertram's name with fear;
Mine is but half the demon's lot,
For I believe, but tremble not.—
Enough of this.—Say, why this hoard
Thou deem'st at Rokeby castle stored;
Or think'st that Mortham would bestow
His treasure with his faction's foe?"

XXI.

Soon quench'd was Denzil's ill-timed mirth;
Rather he would have seen the earth Give to ten thousand spectres birth,
Than venture to awake to flame

The deadly wrath of Risingham.

Submiss he answer'd,-" Mort mind,

Thou know'st, to joy was ill inclin In youth, 'tis said, a gallant free, A lusty reveller was he; But since return'd from over sea, A sullen and a silent mood Hath numb'd the current of his bl Hence he refused each kindly call To Rokeby's hospitable hall, And our stout knight, at dawn or Who loved to hear the bugle-hom Nor less, when eve his oaks embro To see the ruddy cup go round, Took umbrage that a friend so no Refused to share his chase and ch Thus did the kindred barons jar, Ere they divided in the war. Yet, trust me, friend, Matilda fair Of Mortham's wealth is destined he

XXII

"Destined to her! to you slight " The prize my life had wellnigh pa When 'gainst Laroche, by Cayo's I fought, my patron's wealth to sa Denzil, I knew him long, yet ne'e Knew him that joyons cavalier, Whom youthful friends and early Call'd soul of gallantry and game A moody man, he sought our cre Desperate and dark, whom no one And rose, as men with us must ri By scorning life and all its ties. On each adventure rash he roved As danger for itself he loved: On his sad brow nor mirth nor w Could e'er one wrinkled knot unt Ill was the omen if he smiled. For 'twas in peril stern and wild But when he laugh'd, each luckles Might hold our fortune desperate Foremost he fought in every broi Then scornful turn'd him from the Nay, often strove to bar the way Between his comrades and their Preaching, even then, to such as Hot with our dear-bought victory Of mercy and humanity.

XXIII.

"I loved him well—His rearless | His gallant leading, won my hear fter each victorious fight, I that wrangled for his right, m'd his portion of the prey reedier mates had torn away : d and storm thrice saved his life, nce amid our comrades' strife.have loved thee! Well hath proved II. my danger, how I loved! ill I mourn no more thy fate, e in life, in death ingrate. thou canst !" he look'd around, ternly stamp'd upon the groundwith thy bearing proud and high, as this morn it met mine eye, ive me, if thou darest, the lie!" aused-then, calm and passionfreed. Denzil with his tale proceed.

xxiv.

thou hast cause to wot so well,

Superstition's nets were twined nd the Lord of Mortham's mind; nce he drove thee from his tower, id he found in Greta's bower, e speech, like David's harp, had arm his evil fiend away. w not if her features moved mbrance of the wife he loved; would gaze upon her eye, is mood soften'd to a sigh. shom no living mortal sought estion of his secret thought, every thought and care confess'd s fair niece's faithful breast; was there aught of rich and rare, rth, in ocean, or in air, must deck Matilda's hair. ove still bound him unto life; en awoke the civil strife, nenials bore, by his commands, coffers, with their iron bands, Mortham's vault, at midnight deep, r lone bower in Rokeby-Keep, erous with gold and plate of pride, ft, if he in battle died."-

XXV.

Denzil, as I guess, lays train, iron-handed chests to gain;

Else, wherefore should he hover here, Where many a peril waits him near, For all his feats of war and peace, For plunder'd boors, and harts of greese? Since through the hamlets as he fared, What hearth has Guy's marauding spared, Or where the chase that hath not rung With Denzil's bow, at midnight strung?" "I hold my wont-my rangers go, Even now to track a milk-white doe. By Rokeby-hall she takes her lair, In Greta wood she harbours fair, And when my huntsman marks her way, What think'st thou, Bertram, of the prey? Were Rokeby's daughter in our power, We rate her ransom at her dower."-

XXVI.

"'Tis well!—there's vengeance in the thought, Matilda is by Wilfrid sought; And hot-brain'd Redmond, too, 'tis said, Pays lover's homage to the maid.

Pays lover's homage to the maid.
Bertram she scorn'd—If met by chance,
She turn'd from me her shuddering
glance,

Like a nice dame, that will not brook
On what she hates and loathes to look;
She told to Mortham she could ne'er
Behold me without secret fear,
Foreboding evil:—She may rue
To find her prophecy fall true!—
The war has weeded Rokeby's train,
Few followers in his halls remain;
If thy scheme miss, then, brief and bold,
We are enow to storm the hold;
Bear off the plunder, and the dame,
And leave the castle all in flame."—

XXVII.

"Still art thou Valour's venturous son! Yet ponder first the risk to run: The menials of the castle, true, And stubborn to their charge, though few, The wall to scale—the moat to cross—The wicket-grate—the inner fosse."——"Fool! if we blench for toys like these, On what fair guerdon can we seize? Our hardiest venture, to explore Some wretched peasant's fenceless door, And the best prize we bear away, The earnings of his sordid day."—
"A while thy hasty taunt forbeax;

246

ROKEBY.

In sight of road more sure and fair,
Thou would'st not choose, in blindfold
wrath.

Or wantonness, a desperate path?
List, then;—for vantage or assault,
From gilded vane to dungeon vault,
Each pass of Rokeby-house I know:
There is one postern, dark and low,
That issues at a secret spot,
By most neglected or forgot.
Now, could a spial of our train
On fair pretext admittance gain,
That sally-port might be unbarr'd:
Then, vain were battlement and ward!"—
XXVIII.

"Now speak'st thou well :-- to me the

If force or art shall urge the game; Indifferent, if like fox I wind, Or spring like tiger on the hind.—But, hark! our merry men so gay Troll forth another roundelay."—

Song.

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
No more of me you knew,
My love!

No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry June, I to The rose is budding fain;" But she shall bloom in winter

Ere we two meet again."
He turn'd his charger as he sp
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shal
Said, "Adieu for evermore,

My l

XXIX.

"What youth is this, your ban The best for minstrelsy and so In his wild notes seem aptly π A strain of pleasure and regre "Edmund of Winston is his n The hamlet sounded with the Of early hopes his childhood Now center'd all in Brignall c I watch him well—his waywar Shows oft a tincture of remors Some early love-shaft grazed h And oft the scar will ache and Yet is he useful ;-of the rest, By fits, the darling and the jes His harp, his story, and his lay Oft aid the idle hours away: When unemploy'd, each fiery 1 Is ripe for mutinous debate. He tuned his strings e'en now-He wakes them, with a blither

XXX.

Song.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

MS.—To the Printer.—" The abruptness as to the song is unavoidable. The music of the drinking party could only operate as a sudden interruption to Bertram's conversation, however naturally it might be introduced among the feasters, who were at some distance.

"Fain, in old English and Scotch, I think, a propensity to give and resusurable emotions, a sort of fonders we without harshness, I think, be applied in the act of blooming. You remained fow and Jenny fain."—W.S." The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride, And he views his domains upon Arkindale side. The mere for his net, and the land for his game, The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame; Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale, Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stammore meets Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home:
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
"Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry;
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

XXXL.

u see'st that, whether sad or gay, mingles ever in his lay. hen his boyish wayward fit he hath address and wit ; is a brain of fire, can ape dialect, each various shape."then, to aid thy project, Guy-Hamlin! hast thou lodged our deer?"we but two fair stags are near, ch'd her, as she slowly stray'd Egliston up Thorsgill glade; Vilfrid Wycliffe sought her side, hen young Redmond, in his pride, down to meet them on their way : as it seem'd, was theirs to say: is time to pitch both toil and net, e their path be homeward set." med and a whisper'd speech Bertram's will to Denzil teach; turning to the robber band, four, the bravest, take the brand.

CANTO FOURTH.

WHEN Denmark's raven soar'd on high, Triumphant through Northumbrian sky, Till, hovering near, her fatal croak Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke, And the broad shadow of her wing Blacken'd each cataract and spring, Where Tees in tumult leaves his source, Thundering o'er Caldron and High-

Force;
Beneath the shade the Northmen came,
Fix'd on each vale a Runic name,
Rear'd high their altar's rugged stone,
And gave their Gods the land they

won.
Then, Balder, one bleak garth was thine,
And one sweet brooklet's silver line,
And Woden's Croft did title gain
From the stern Father of the Slain;
But to the Monarch of the Mace,
That held in fight the foremost place,
To Odin's son, and Sifia's spouse,
Near Stratforth high they paid their yows,

Remember'd Thor's victorious fame, And gave the dell the Thunderer's name.

47.

Yet Scald or Kemper err'd, I ween, Who gave that soft and quiet scene, With all its varied light and shade, And every little sunny glade, And the blithe brook that strolls along Its pebbled bed with summer song, To the grim God of blood and scar, The grisly King of Northern War. O, better were its banks assign'd To spirits of a gentler kind! For where the thicket-groups recede, And the rath primrose decks the mead, The velvet grass seems carpet meet For the light fairies' lively feet. You tufted knoll, with daisies strown, Might make proud Oberon a throne, While, hidden in the thicket nigh, Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly; And where profuse the wood-vetch clings Round ash and elm, in verdant rings, Its pale and azure-pencill'd flower Should canopy Titania's bower.

TIT.

Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade; But, skirting every sunny glade, In fair variety of green The woodland lends its silvan screen. Hoary, yet haughty, frowns the oak, Its boughs by weight of ages broke; And towers erect, in sable spire, The pine-tree scathed by lightning-fire; The drooping ash and birch, between, Hang their fair tresses o'er the green, And all beneath, at random grow Each coppice dwarf of varied show, Or, round the stems profusely twined, Fling summer odours on the wind. Such varied group Urbino's hand Round Him of Tarsus nobly plann'd, What time he bade proud Athens own On Mars's Mount the God Unknown! Then grey Philosophy stood nigh, Though bent by age, in spirit high: There rose the scar-seam'd veteran's spear,

There Grecian Beauty bent to hear, While Childhood at her foot was placed, Or clung delighted to her waist, TV.

"And rest we here," Matilda said And sat her in the varying shade. "Chance-met, we well may steal an To friendship due from fortune's p Thou, Wilfrid, ever kind, must le Thy counsel to thy sister-friend; And, Redmond, thou, at my behe No farther urge thy desperate 'que For to my care a charge is left, Dangerous to one of aid bereft, Wellnigh an orphan, and alone, Captive her sire, her house o'erthr Wilfrid, with wonted kindness gra Beside her on the turf she placed Then paused, with downcast look at Nor bade young Redmond seat him Her conscious diffidence he saw. Drew backward as in modest awe And sat a little space removed, Unmark'd to gaze on her he loved

V.

Wreathed in its dark-brown rings, h Half hid Matilda's forehead fair, Half hid and half reveal'd to vie Her full dark eye of hazel hue. The rose, with faint and feeble st So slightly tinged the maiden's ci That you had said her hue was p But if she faced the summer gale Or spoke, or sung, or quicker me Or heard the praise of those she Or when of interest was express' Aught that waked feeling in her The mantling blood in ready pla Rivall'd the blush of rising day. There was a soft and pensive gra A cast of thought upon her face, That suited well the forehead his The eyelash dark, and downcast The mild expression spoke a min In duty firm, compos'd, resign'd 'Tis that which Roman art has g To mark their maiden Queen of H In hours of sport, that mood gay To Fancy's light and frolic play And when the dance, or tale, or In harmless mirth sped time alor Full oft her doting sire would ca His Maud the merriest of them

var, and civil crime, ill such festal time, pensiveness of brow d into sadness now, seld her father ta'en, dispersed, brave Mortham

ill her soul foretold,
I's thirst of power and gold,
houghts that she must part
ision of her heart,—
round the lovely maid,
or dejection's shade.

vI.
heard—while Erin yet
t the Saxon's iron bit—
heard how brave O'Neale
ood imbrued his steel,
eorge's cross blazed high
of his Tanistry,
xx gave the foil,
a prince on Ulster's soil?
se his victor pride,
rraye Marshal fought and

uff to ocean bore
ed with Saxon gore.
that disastrous fight,
fortham proved their might,
ey fallen amongst the rest,
h'd a chieftain's breast;
the to great O'Neale;
the followers' bloody zeal,
book the kinsman bold,
ach silvan joy to know,
d's cliffs and woods could

them Erin's festal cheer, the chase of wolf and deer, fitting time was come, anson'd sent them home, many a gift, to prove oc's respect and love.

away. On Rokeby's head of early snow was shed; by'd, by Greta's wave, ich James the Peaceful gave, aam far beyond the main, ree wars on Indian Spain.

It chanced upon a wintry night,
That whiten'd Stanmore's stormy height,
The chase was o'er, the stag was kill'd,
In Rokeby hall the cups were fill'd,
And by the huge stone chimney sate,
The Knight in hospitable state.
Moonless the sky, the hour was late,
When a loud summons shook the gate,
And sore for entrance and for aid
A voice of foreign accent pray'd.
The porter answer'd to the call,
And instant rush'd into the hall
A Man, whose aspect and attire
Startled the circle by the fire.

VIII.

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread Around his bare and matted head; On leg and thigh, close stretch'd and trim, His vesture show'd the sinewy limb; In saffron dyed, a linen vest Was frequent folded round his breast; A mantle long and loose he wore, Shaggy with ice, and stain'd with gore. He clasp'd a burden to his heart, And, resting on a knotted dart, The snow from hair and beard he shook, And round him gazed with wilder'd look. Then up the hall, with staggering pace, He hasten'd by the blaze to place, Half lifeless from the bitter air, His load, a Boy of Beauty rare. To Rokeby, next, he louted low, Then stood erect his tale to show, With wild majestic port and tone, Like envoy of some barbarous throne. "Sir Richard, Lord of Rokeby, hear! Turlough O'Neale salutes thee dear; He graces thee, and to thy care Young Redmond gives, his grandson fair. He bids thee breed him as thy son, For Turlough's days of joy are done; And other lords have seized his land, And faint and feeble is his hand; And all the glory of Tyrone Is like a morning vapour flown. To bind the duty on thy soul, He bids thee think on Erin's bowl! If any wrong the young O'Neale, He bids thee think of Erin's steel. To Mortham first this charge was due, But, in his absence, honours you.

Now is my master's message by, And Ferraught will contented die."

. His look grew fix'd, his cheek grew pale. He sunk when he had told his tale; For, had beneath his mantle wide, A mortal wound was in his side. Vain was all aid—in terror wild, And sorrow, scream'd the orphan Child. New Ferraught raised his wistful eves, And faintly strove to soothe his cries; All reckless of his dying pain, He blest, and blest him o'er again! And kiss'd the little hands outspread, And kiss'd and cross'd the infant head, And, in his native tongue and phrase, l'rav'd to each saint to watch his days; Then all his strength together drew, The charge to Rokeby to renew. When half was falter'd from his breast, And half by dving signs express'd, "Bless thee, O'Neale!" he faintly said, And thus the faithful spirit fled.

'Twas long ere soothing might prevail Upon the Child to end the tale : And then he said, that from his home His grandsire had been forced to roam, Which had not been if Redmond's hand Had but had strength to draw the brand, The brand of Lenaugh More the Red, That hung beside the grey wolf's head.-'Twas from his broken phrase descried, His foster father was his guide, Who, in his charge, from Ulster bore Letters, and gifts a goodly store; But ruffians met them in the wood, Ferraught in battle boldly stood, Till wounded and o'erpower'd at length, And stripp'd of all, his failing strength Just hore him here and then the child Renew'd again his mouning wild.

٧.

The tear, down childhood's check that flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
When by their case, the orphan Child
and his new protector smiled.

With dimpled cheek and eye so fai Through his thick curls of flazen he But blithest laugh'd that cheek and When Rokeby's little Maid was ni 'Twas his, with elder brother's pri Matilda's tottering steps to guide; His native lays in Irish tongue, To soothe her infant ear he sung, And primrose twined with daisy fa To form a chaplet for her hair. By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's sta The children still were hand in has And good Sir Richard smiling eye The early knot so kindly tied.

YII

But summer months bring wilding From bud to bloom, from bloom to And years draw on our human spa From child to boy, from boy to m And soon in Rokeby's woods is se A gallant boy in hunter's green. He loves to wake the felon boar, In his dark haunt on Greta's shore And loves, against the deer so dun To draw the shaft, or lift the gun: Yet more he loves, in autumn pris The hazel's spreading boughs to d And down its cluster'd stores to be Where young Matilda holds her w And she, whose veil receives the sh Is alter'd too, and knows her pow Assumes a monitress's pride, Her Redmond's dangerous spor chide;

Yet listens still to hear him tell How the grim wild-boar fought an How at his fall the bugle rung, Till rock and greenwood answer i Then blesses her, that man can fu A pastime of such savage kind!

XIII.

But Redmond knew to weave his
So well with praise of wood and d
And knew so well each point to t
Gives living interest to the chase,
And knew so well o'er all to thro
His spirit's wild romantic glow,
That, while she blamed, and whi
fear'd,

She loved each venturous tale she l

hen drifted snow and rain and hall their steps restrain, ney explor'd the page hard or gifted sage; the evening fire beside, el art alternate tried, some harp and lively lay r-night flit fast away : their childhood blending still their study, and their skill, of the soul they prove, ot think that it was love. they dared not, envious Fame I to give that union name ; so often, side by side, to year the pair she eyed, imes blamed the good old ear and dim of sight, his purpose would declare, O'Neale should wed his heir.

XIV.

Wilfrid rent disguise age from the lovers' eyes; n that Oswald, for his son, by's favour wellnigh won. they meet with change of cheer, ral looks of shame and fear ; Matilda stray apart, her disobedient heart : nond now alone must rue e never can subdue. ns rose, and Rokeby sware, s son should wed his heir; nond, nurtured while a child bard's traditions wild, ht the lonely wood or stream, h there a happier dream, won by sword or lance, regions of romance; the heroes of his line, of the Pledges Nine, mas wild, and Geraldine, man-more, who vow'd his race to the fight and chase, ed him, of his lineage born, athe the sword to reap the corn, the mountain and the wold, I himself in castled hold. examples hope he drew, men'd as the trumpet blew.

XV.

If brides were won by heart and blade, Redmond had both his cause to aid, And all beside of nurture rare That might beseem a baron's heir, Turlough O'Neale, in Erin's strife, On Rokeby's Lord bestow'd his life, And well did Rokeby's generous Knight Young Redmond for the deed requite. Nor was his liberal care and cost Upon the gallant stripling lost: Seek the North Riding broad and wide, Like Redmond none could steed bestride; From Tynemouth search to Cumberland, Like Redmond none could wield a brand; And then, of humour kind and free, And bearing him to each degree With frank and fearless courtesy, There never youth was form'd to steal Upon the heart like brave O'Neale.

XVI.

Sir Richard loved him as his son; And when the days of peace were done, And to the gales of war he gave The banner of his sires to wave, Redmond, distinguish'd by his care, He chose that honour'd flag to bear, And named his page, the next degree In that old time to chivalry. In five pitch'd fields he well maintain'd The honour'd place his worth obtain'd, And high was Redmond's youthful name Blazed in the roll of martial fame. Had fortune smiled on Marston fight, The eve had seen him dubb'd a knight; Twice, 'mid the battle's doubtful strife, Of Rokeby's Lord he saved the life, But when he saw him prisoner made, He kiss'd and then resign'd his blade, And yielded him an easy prey To those who led the Knight away; Resolved Matilda's sire should prove In prison, as in fight, his love.

XVII

When lovers meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sun-glimpse through a shower,
A watery ray, an instant seen
The darkly closing clouds between.
As Redmond on the turf reclined,
The past and present fill'd his mind;

"It was not thus," Affection said,
"I dream'd of my return, dear maid!
Not thus, when from thy trembling hand,
I took the banner and the brand,
When round me, as the bugles blew,
Their blades three hundred warriors
drew.

And, while the standard I unroll'd, Clash'd their bright arms, with clamour bold.

Where is that banner now?—its pride Lies whelm'd in Ouse's sullen tide! Where now these warriors?—in their gore,

They cumber Marston's dismal moor!
And what avails a useless brand,
Held by a captive's shackled hand,
That only would his life retain,
To aid thy sire to bear his chain!"
Thus Redmond to himself apart;
Nor lighter was his rival's heart;
For Wilfrid, while his generous soul
Disdain'd to profit by control,
By many a sign could mark too plain,
Save with such aid, his hopes were
vain.—

But now Matilda's accents stole
On the dark visions of their soul,
And bade their mournful musing fly,
Like mist before the zephyr's sigh.

XVIII.

"I need not to my friends recall, How Mortham shunn'd my father's hall; A man of silence and of woe, Yet ever anxious to bestow On my poor self whate'er could prove A kinsman's confidence and love. My feeble aid could sometimes chase The clouds of sorrow for a space: But oftener, fix'd beyond my power, I mark'd his deep despondence lower. One dismal cause, by all unguess'd, Ilis fearful confidence confess'd; And twice it was my hap to see Framples of that agony, Which for a season can o'erstrain And wreck the structure of the brain. the had the awful power to know The approaching mental overthrow, And while his mind had courage yet fir attingule with the dreadful fit,

The victim writhed against its t Like wretch beneath a murderer This malady, I well could mari Sprung from some direful causes But still he kept its source conc Till arming for the civil field; Then in my charge he bade me A treasure huge of gens and go With this disjointed dismal sor That tells the secret of his soul. In such wild words as oft betra A mind by anguish forced astra

XIX.

MORTHAM'S HISTORY.

"Matilda! thou hast seen me s As if a dagger thril!'d my heart When it has happ'd some casus Waked memory of my former of Believe, that few can backward Their thoughts with pleasure on But I !-- my youth was rash and And blood and rage my manho And my grey hairs must now d To my cold grave without a fri Even thou, Matilda, wilt disow Thy kinsman, when his guilt is And must I lift the bloody veil, That hides my dark and fatal to I must—I will—Pale phantom, Leave me one little hour in pea Thus haunted, think'st thou I h Thine own commission to fulfil Or, while thou point'st with gestu Thy blighted cheek, thy bloods How can I paint thee as thou v So fair in face, so warm in hear

XX.

"Yes, she was fair !—Matilda, Hast a soft sadness on thy brow But hers was like the sunny glo That laughs on earth and all be We wedded secret—there was I Differing in country and in cree And when to Mortham's tower s We mentioned not her race and Until thy sire, who fought afar, Should turn him home from fore On whose kind influence we rel To soothe her father's ire and p

hs we lived retired, unknown, one dear friend alone, g friend—I spare his shame, write the villain's name! sses I might forget, vengeance for the debt brother worm to me, to God's clemency, at me penitential time, e off amid my crime.—

XXI.

smile to all she lent, husband's friend 'twas bent at from its harmless glee, misconstrued villany. n his presumptuous love, snare the traitor wove. at-the flask had flow'd, with heat unwonted glow'd, ugh the alley'd walk we spied ed step my Edith glide, beneath the verdant screen, willing to be seen. not paint the fiendish smile the traitor's cheek the while! question'd of the cause; cold and artful pause, 'd it might not chafe my a a gallant in the wood !" en shooting at the deer; ow (evil chance!) was near: weapon of my wrath grove my wife I found, s arms her neck had bound! is heart-the bow I drewshaft-'twas more than true! Edith's dying charms er murder'd brother's arms! secret to inquire and reconcile her sire.

XXIL

ny rage—the villain first, ft my jealousy had nursed; in far and foreign clime the vengeance of his crime, of the slaughter done a to few, my guilt to none; Some tale my faithful steward framed-I know not what-of shaft mis-aim'd; And even from those the act who knew. He hid the hand from which it flew. Untouch'd by human laws I stood, But God had heard the cry of blood! There is a blank upon my mind, A fearful vision ill-defined, Of raving till my flesh was torn, Of dungeon-bolts and fetters worn-And when I waked to woe more mild, And question'd of my infant child-(Have I not written, that she bare A boy, like summer morning fair?)-With looks confused my menials tell That armed men in Mortham dell Beset the nurse's evening way, And bore her, with her charge, away. My faithless friend, and none but he, Could profit by this villany; Him then, I sought, with purpose dread Of treble vengeance on his head! He 'scaped me-but my bosom's wound Some faint relief from wandering found; And over distant land and sea I bore my load of misery.

XXIII.

"Twas then that fate my footsteps led Among a daring crew and dread, With whom full oft my hated life. I ventured in such desperate strife, That even my fierce associates saw My frantic deeds with doubt and awe. Much then I learned, and much can show, Of human guilt and human woe, Yet ne'er have, in my wanderings, known A wretch, whose sorrows match'd my own!—

Own!—
It chanced, that after battle fray,
Upon the bloody field we lay;
The yellow moon her lustre shed
Upon the wounded and the dead,
While, sense in toil and wassail drown'd,
My ruffian comrades slept around,
There came a voice—its silver tone
Was soft, Matilda, as thine own—
'Ah, wretch!' it said, 'what makest
thou here,

While unavenged my bloody bier, While unprotected lives mine heir, Without a father's name and care?

XXIV

"I heard -obey'd-and homeward drew; The horsest of our desperate crew I brought, at time of need to aid My purposed vengeance, long delay'd. But, humble be my thanks to Heaven, That better hopes and thoughts has given, And by our Lord's dear prayer has taught, Mercy by mercy must be bought !-I et me in misery rejoice—
I ve seen his face—I ve heard his voice— I claim'd of him my only child— As he disown'd the theft, he smiled! That very calm and callous look, That fiendish sneer his visage took, As when he said, in scornful mood, 'There is a gallant in the wood!'-I did not slay him as he stood-All praise be to my Maker given! Long suffrance is one path to heaven."

XXV.

Thus far the woful tale was heard, When something in the thicket stirr'd. Up Redmond sprung; the villain Guy, (For he it was that lurk'd so nigh.) Drew back- he durst not cross his steel A moment's space with brave O'Neale, For all the treasured gold that rests In Mortham's iron-banded chests. Redmond resumed his seat; -- he said, Some roe was rustling in the shade. Bertram laugh'd grimly when he saw His timorous connade backward draw; "A trusty mate art thou, to fear A single arm, and aid so near! Yet have I seen thee mark a deer. Give me thy carabine. I'll show An art that thou wilt gladly know, How thou may'st safely quell a foe."

XXVI.

On hands and knees heree Bertram drew The spreading birch and hazels through, Tall he had Redmond full in view; The gun he levell'd. Mark like this Was Bertram hever known to miss, When fair opposed to aim there sate An abact of his montal hate. The day young Redmond's death had seen.

🖅 tuur Malihla came between

The carabine and Redmond's brea Just ere the spring his finger press A deadly oath the ruffian swore, But yet his fell design forebore: "It ne'er," he mutter'd "shall be That thus I scath'd thee, hanghty m Then moved to seek more open a When to his side Guy Denzil cam "Bertram forbear!—we are undo For ever, if thou fire the gun. By all the fiends, an armed force Descends the dell, of foot and ho We perish if they hear a shot-Madman! we have a safer plot-Nay, friend, be ruled, and bear theel Behold, down yonder hollow trad The warlike leader of the band Comes, with his broadsword in his Bertram look'd up; he saw, he ki That Denzil's fears had counsell'd Then cursed his fortune and with Threaded the woodlands undescrit And gain'd the cave on Greta side

XXVIL

They whom dark Bertram, in his v
Doom'd to captivity or death,
Their thoughts to one sad subject.
Saw not nor heard the ambushme
Heedless and unconcern'd they ss
While on the very verge or fate;
Heedless and unconcern'd remain
When Heaven the murderer's ar
strain'd:

As ships drift darkling down the t Nor see the shelves o'er which they Uninterrupted thus they heard What Mortham's closing tale ded He spoke of wealth as of a load, By fortune on a wretch bestow'd, In bitter mockery of hate, His cureless woes to aggravate; But yet he pray'd Matilda's care Might save that treasure for his he His Edith's son-for still he raved As confident his life was saved: In frequent vision, he averr'd, He saw his face, his voice he heart Then argued calm—had murder be The blood, the corpses, had been i Some had pretended, too, to mark On Windermere a stranger bark,

with jealous care, yet mild, emale and a child. faint proofs he told and d, d to kindle in his breast; insistent, vague, and vain, s judgment and his brain.

XXVIII.

n words his story close:tness for me, that I chose his sad civil fight, o cause but England's right. s groans have bid me draw r gospel and for law ;d, I fling arms aside, y son through Europe wide. on which a kinsman nigh s a grasping eye ay unsuspected lie. n her trust three years; n me, the treasure claim, fortham's race and name. eave her generous hand, bounty o'er the land; ounded prisoner's lot, peasant's ruin'd cot; quired by fight atar, te domestic war."

XXIX us youths, who well had 's mind the powerful tone, mind, by sorrow swerved, thy his woes deserved; chiet, who saw reveal'd un wish'd his life conceal'd, subtless, to pursue his wilder'd fancy drew. e heard Matilda tell, uld share her father's cell, of captivity, prison-house should be; to think that Rokeby-hall, and forsook by all, ne and to stealth, safeguard for the wealth her kinsman kind, noble use design'd. nd Castle then her choice," red with hasty voice,

"Since there the victor's laws ordain Her father must a space remain?"
A flutter'd hope his accent shook,
A flutter'd joy was in his look,
Matilda hasten'd to reply,
For anger flash'd in Redmond's eye;—
"Duty," she said, with gentle grace,
"Kind Wilfrid, has no choice of place;
Else had I for my sire assign'd
Prison less galling to his mind,
Than that his wild-wood haunts which
sees

And hears the murmur of the Tees, Recalling thus, with every glance, What captive's sorrow can enhance; But where those woes are highest, there Needs Rokeby most his daughter's care,"

XXX.

He felt the kindly check she gave,
And stood abash'd—then answer'd
grave:—
"I sought thy purpose, noble maid,
Thy doubts to clear, thy schemes to aid.
I have beneath mine own command,
So wills my sire, a gallant band,
And well could send some horsemen

wight
To bear the treasure forth by night,
And so bestow it as you deem
In these ill days may safest seem."—
"Thanks, gentle Wilfrid, thanks," she
said:

"O, be it not one day delay'd!
And, more thy sister-friend to aid,
Be thou thyself content to hold,
In thine own keeping, Mortham's gold,
Safest with thee." — While thus she
spoke,

Arm'd soldiers on their converse broke, The same of whose approach afraid, The ruffians left their ambuscade. Their chief to Wilfrid bended low, Then look'd around as for a foe, "What mean'st thou, friend," young

Wycliffe said,
"Why thus in arms beset the glade?"—
"That would I gladly learn from you;
For up my squadron as I drew,
To exercise our martial game
Upon the moor of Barninghame,

A stranger told you were waylaid, Surrounded, and to death betray'd. He had a leader's voice, I ween, A falcon glance, a warrior's mien. He bade me bring you instant aid; I doubted not, and I obey'd."

XXXI.

Wilfrid changed colour, and, amazed, Turn'd short, and on the speaker gazed; While Redmond every thicket round Track'd earnest as a questing hound, And Denzil's carabine he found; Sure evidence, by which they knew The warning was as kind as true. Wisest it seem'd, with cautious speed To leave the dell. It was agreed, That Redmond, with Matilda fair, And fitting guard, should home repair; At nightfall Wilfrid should attend, With a strong band, his sister-friend, To bear with her from Rokeby's bowers To Barnard Castle's lofty towers, Secret and safe the banded chests, In which the wealth of Mortham rests. This hasty purpose fix'd, they part, Each with a grieved and anxious heart.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

THE sultry summer day is done, The western hills have hid the sun, But mountain peak and village spire Retain reflection of his fire. Old Barnard's towers are purple still, To those that gaze from Toller-hill; Distant and high, the tower of Bowes Like steel upon the anvil glows; And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay, Rich with the spoils of parting day, In crimson and in gold array'd, Streaks yet a while the closing shade, Then slow resigns to darkening heaven The tints which brighter hours had given. Thus aged men, full loath and slow, The vanities of life forego, And count their youthful follies o'er, Till memory lends her light no more.

TT.

The eve, that slow on upland fades, Has darker closed on Rokeby's glades, Where, sunk within their banks; Her guardian streams to meeting The stately oaks, whose somb Of noontide made a twilight h Impervious now to fainter ligh Of twilight make an early nigh Hoarse into middle air arose The vespers of the roosting cre And with congenial murmurs s To wake the Genii of the stree For louder clamour'd Greta's t And Tees in deeper voice repli And fitful waked the evening v Fitful in sighs its breath resign Wilfrid, whose fancy-nurtured Felt in the scene a soft control With lighter footstep press'd the And often paused to look arou And, though his path was to ! Could not but linger in the gr To drink the thrilling interest Of awful pleasure check'd by Such inconsistent moods have Even when our passions strike

TIT

Now,through the wood's dark # The opening lawn he reach'd Where, silver'd by the moonli The ancient Hall before him Those martial terrors long we That frown'd of old around it The battlements, the turrets & Seem'd half abandon'd to de On Barbican and keep of stor Stern Time the foeman's work Where banners the invader b The harebell now and wallflow In the rude guard-room, whe Their weary hours the warde Now, while the cheerful fago On the paved floor the spind The flanking guns dismounte The moat is ruinous and dry, The grim portcullis gone—as The fortress turn'd to peacef

IV.

But yet precautions, lately to Show'd danger's day revived The court-yard wall show'd m The fall'n defences to repair

such strength as might withstand ult of marauding band. ms once more were taught to bear mbling drawbridge into air, till question'd o'er and o'er, lfrid oped the jealous door, en he entered, bolt and bar d their place with sullen jar; s he cross'd the vaulted porch, grey porter raised his torch, w'd him o'er, from foot to head, he hall his steps he led, age old hall, of knightly state, tled seem'd and desolate. on through transom-shafts of tone, ross'd the latticed oriels, shone, the mournful light she gave, thic vault seem'd funeral cave. and banner waved no more ums of stag and tusks of boar, mmering arms were marshall'd ce those silvan spoils between. rms, those ensigns, borne away, lish'd Rokeby's brave array, were lost on Marston's day! e and there the moonbeams fall armour yet adorns the wall, us of size, uncouth to sight, less in the modern fight ! teran relic of the wars, only by neglected scars.

soon to greet him came, le them light the evening flame; for parting was prepared, ried but for Wilfrid's guard. reluctant to unfold 's avarice of gold, al, that lest jealous eye on their precious burden pry, d it best the castle gate when the night wore late; efore he had left command se he trusted of his band, should be at Rokeby met, e the midnight-watch was set. mond came, whose anxious care was busied to prepare

All needful, meetly to arrange The mansion for its mournful change. With Wilfrid's care and kindness pleased, His cold unready hand he seized. And press'd it, till his kindly strain The gentle youth return'd again. Seem'd as between them this was said, "A while let jealousy be dead; And let our contest be, whose care Shall best assist this helpless fair.'

There was no speech the truce to bind, It was a compact of the mind, A generous thought, at once impress'd On either rival's generous breast. Matilda well the secret took, From sudden change of mien and look; And-for not small had been her fear Of jealous ire and danger near-Felt, even in her dejected state, A joy beyond the reach of fate. They closed beside the chimney's blaze, And talk'd, and hoped for happier days, And lent their spirits' rising glow A while to gild impending woe; High privilege of youthful time, Worth all the pleasures of our prime! The bickering fagot sparkled bright, And gave the scene of love to sight, Bade Wilfrid's cheek more lively glow, Play'd on Matilda's neck of snow Her nut-brown curls and forehead high. And laugh'd in Redmond's azure eye. Two lovers by the maiden sate, Without a glance of jealous hate; The maid her lovers sat between, With open brow and equal mien; It is a sight but rarely spied, Thanks to man's wrath and woman's pride.

VII.

While thus in peaceful guise they sate, A knock alarm'd the outer gate, And ere the tardy porter stirr'd, The tinkling of a harp was heard. A manly voice of mellow swell, Bore burden to the music well :-

Song.

"Summer eve is gone and past, Summer dew is falling fast;

I have wander'd all the day,
I/O not bid me farther stray!
Gentle hearts, of gentle kin,
Take the wandering harper in!"
It the stern porter answer gave,

But the stern porter answer gave, With "Get thee hence, thou strolling knave!

The king wants soldiers; war, I trow, Were meeter trade for such as thou." At this unkind reproof, again Answer'd the ready Minstrel's strain:—

Song resumed.

"Bid not me, in battle-field,
Buckler lift, or broadsword wield!
All my strength and all my art
Is to touch the gentle heart,
With the wizard notes that ring
From the peaceful minstrel-string."—
The porter, all unmoved, replied.—
"Depart in peace, with Heaven to guide;
If longer by the gate thou dwell,
Trust me, thou shalt not part so well."

VIII.

With somewhat of appealing look, The harper's part young Wilfrid took: "These notes so wild and ready thrill, They show no vulgar minstrel's skill; Hard were his task to seek a home More distant, since the night is come; And for his faith I dare engage Your Harpool's blood is sour'd by age; His gate, once readily display'd, To greet the friend, the poor to aid, Now even to me, though known of old, Did but reluctantly unfold."-"() blame not, as poor Harpool's crime, An evil of this evil time. He deems dependent on his care The safety of his patron's heir, Nor judges meet to ope the tower To guest unknown at parting hour, Urging his duty to excess Of rough and stubborn faithfulness. For this poor harper, I would fain He may relax :--Hark to his strain!"-

IX.

Song resumed.

"I have song of war for knight, Lay of love for lady bright, Fairy tale to hall the hei Goblin grim the maids t Dark the night, and lon Do not bid me farther s

- "Rokeby's lords of mar I can count them name Legends of their line th Known to few, but known If you honour Rokeby's Take the wandering har
- "Rokeby's lords had fai For the harp, and for th Baron's race throve new Where the curse of min If you love that noble k Take the weary harper i

"Hark! Harpool parle hope," Said Redmond, "that the

ope."—

"For all thy brag and b Nought know'st thou of the Quoth Harpool, "nor how She roam'd, and Rokeby: Nor how Ralph Rokeby g To Richmond's friars to n Of Gilbert Griffinson the Goes, and of gallant Peter That well could strike with And of the valiant son of Friar Middleton, and blitt There were a jest to make If thou canst tell it, in yor Thou'st won thy supper as

X.

Matilda smiled; "Cold ho "From Harpool's love of But, for this harper, may v Redmond, to mend his fare?"—

—"O, ask me not!—At n My heart from infancy wo Nor can I hear its simples But it brings Erin's dream When placed by Owen Ly (The Filea of O'Neale wa: A blind and bearded man, Was sacred as a prophet's

en a ring of rugged kerne, spects shaggy, wild, and stern, sted by the master's lay, around the livelong day, om wild rage to wilder glee, to grief, to ecstacy, l each varied change of soul at to the bard's control. andeboy! thy friendly floor Donard's oak shall light no more; ven's harp, beside the blaze, iden's love or hero's praise! ntling brambles hide thy hearth, of hospitable mirth; istinguish'd in the glade,
s' glad home is prostrate laid,
assals wander wide and far, reign lords in distant war, w the stranger's sons enjoy ely woods of Clandeboy I" te, and proudly turn'd aside. ting tear to dry and hide.

XL

a dark and soften'd eye tening ere O'Neale's was dry. d upon his arm she laid,will of Heaven," she said. ink'st thou, Redmond, I can part is loved home with lightsome to wild neglect whate'er m my infancy was dear? is calm domestic bound Matilda's pleasures found. rth, my sire was woni to grace, may be a stranger's place; in which a child I play'd e, dear Redmond, lowly laid, able and the thorn may braid; d for aye from me and mine, my shelter Rokeby's line. enersulation given, and, - tis the will of Heaven. her action, and her phrase, ily as in early days; reserve had lost its power, s symphathetic hour. edimond dared not trust his had it been his choice

To share that melancholy hour, Than, arm'd with all a chieftain's power, In full possession to enjoy Slieve-Donard wide, and Clandeboy.

XII

The blood left Wilfrid's ashen cheek, Matilda sees, and hastes to speak. "Happy in friendship's ready aid, Let all my murmurs here be staid! And Rokeby's maiden will not part From Rokeby's hall with moody heart. This night at least, for Rokeby's fame, The hospitable hearth shall flame, And, ere its native heir retire, Find for the wanderer rest and fire, While this poor harper, by the blaze, Recounts the tale of other days. Bid Harpool ope the door with speed, Admit him, and relieve each need.-Meantime, kind Wycliffe, wilt thou try Thy minstrel skill ?- Nay, no reply-And look not sad !- I guess thy thought, Thy verse with laurels would be bought; And poor Matilda, landless now, Has not a garland for thy brow. True, I must leave sweet Rokeby's glades, Nor wander more in Greta shades; But sure, no rigid jailer, thou Wilt a short prison-walk allow, Where summer flowers grow wild at will, On Marwood-chase and Toller Hill; Then holly green and lily gay Shall twine in guerdon of thy lay." The mournful youth, a space aside, To tune Matilda's harp applied; And then a low sad descant rung, As prelude to the lay he sung.

XIII.

The Cypress Wireath.

O, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree!

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine With tendrils of the laughing vine;

The manly oak, the pensive yew, To patriot and to sage be due; The mortle bough bids lovers live, but that Matilda will not give; Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me, the twine it of the cypress-tree!

let merry England proudly rear Her blended roses, bought so dear; Let Albin bind her bonnet blue With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew; On favour'd Erin's crest be seen The flower she loves of emerald green— But, Lady, twine no wreath for me, Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare The ivy meet for minstrel's hair; And, while his crown of laurel-leaves, With bloody hand the victor weaves, Let the loud trump his triumph tell; But when you hear the passing-bell, Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me, And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress-bough; But, O Matilda, twine not now! Stay till a few brief months are past, And I have look'd and loved my last! When villagers my shroud bestrew With panzies, rosemary, and rue,— Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me, And weave it of the cypress-tree.

XIV.

O'Neale observed the starting tear, And spoke with kind and blithesome

chect "No, noble Wilfrid I ere the day When mourns the land thy silent lay, Shall many a wreath be freely wove By hand of friendship and of love. I would not wish that rigid Fate Had doom'd ther to a captive's state, Whose hands are bound by honour's law, Who wears a swoull be must not draw; But were it so, in minstrel pride The land together would we ride, On prancing atomia, like harpers old, Bound for the halls of barons hold, Each love of the lyes wo'd sock, From Michael's Mount to Skiddaw's Peak.

Survey wild Albin's mountain And roam green Erin's lovely While thou the gentler souls she With lay of pity and of love, And I, thy mate, in rougher a Would sing of war and warris Old England's bards were 1 then,

And Scotland's vaunted Hawt And, silenced on Iernian shor M'Curtin's harp should charmi In lively mood he spoke, to w From Wilfrid's woe-worn chee

W

"But," said Matilda, "ere thy Good Redmond, gain its desti Say, wilt thou kindly deign to Thy brother-minstrel to the h Bid all the household, too, at Each in his rank a humble fri I know their faithful hearts w When their poor Mistress takes So let the horn and beaker flo To mitigate their parting woe The harper came :—in youth's Himself; in mode of olden ti His garb was fashion'd, to ext The ancient English minstrel' A seemly gown of Kendal gri With gorget closed of silver s His harp in silken scarf was a And by his side an anlace hur It seem'd some masquer's qua For revel or for holiday.

XVI.

He made obeisance with a free Yet studied air of courtesy. Each look and accent, framed Seem'd to affect a playful ease His face was of that doubtful That wins the eye, but not the Yet harsh it seem'd to deem a Of brow so young and smooth His was the subtle look and sl That, spving all, seems nought Round all the group his glance Unmark'd themselves, to markt

* Drummond of Hawthornden v zenith of his reputation as a poet Civil Wars. He died in 1649. ink beneath Matilda's look, ould the eye of Redmond brook. e suspicious, or the old, and dangerous and bold eem'd this self-invited guest; oung our lovers,—and the rest, in their sorrow and their fear thing of their Mistress dear, blinded, to the Castle-hall, as to bear her funeral pall.

XVII.

it expression base was gone, waked the guest his minstrel tone; at inspiration's call, the demon fled from Saul,* soble glance he cast around, free-drawn breath inspired the sound, he beat bolder and more high, the pride of minstrelsy! too soon that pride was o'er, with the lay that bade it soar! ul resumed, with habit's chain, es wild and follies vain, we the talent, with him born, a common curse and scorn. was the youth whom Rokeby's condescending kindness, pray'd o renew the strains she loved,

XVIII.

lance heard, and well approved.

Song.

THE HARP.

a wild and wayward boy, ildhood scorn'd each childish toy; d from all, reserved and coy,

To musing prone, d my solitary joy. My Harp alone.

at the Spirit of the Lord departed from

Saul said unto his servants, Provide mum that can play well, and bring me. And it came to pass, that when spirit from God was upon Saul, that we am harp, and played with his hand: was refreshed, and was well, and the departed from him."—1 SAMUEL, a4, 27, 21.

My youth, with bold Ambition's mood, Despised the humble stream and wood, Where my poor father's cottage stood,

To fame unknown;—
What should my soaring views make,
good?

My Harp alone!

Love came with all his frantic fire, And wild romance of vain desire: The baron's daughter heard my lyre, And praised the tone;—

What could presumptuous hope inspire?
My Harp alone!

At manhood's touch the bubble burst, And manhood's pride the vision curst, And all that had my folly nursed

Love's sway to own;
Yet spared the spell that lull'd me first,
My Harp alone!

Woe came with war, and want with woe; And it was mine to undergo Each outrage of the rebel foe:—

Can aught atone
My fields laid waste, my cot laid low?
My Harp alone!

Ambition's dreams I've seen depart, Have rued of penury the smart, Have felt of love the venom'd dart, When hope was flown;

Yet rests one solace to my heart,—
My Harp alone!

Then over mountain, moor, and hill, My faithful Harp, I'll bear thee still; And when this life of want and ill Is wellnigh gone,

Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill, My Harp alone!

XIX.

"A pleasing lay!" Matilda said; But Harpool shook his old grey head, And took his baton and his torch, To seek his guard-room in the porch. Edmund observed—with sudden change, Among the strings his fingers range, Until they waked a bolder glee Of military melody;



262

ROKEBY.

Then paused amid the martial sound, And look'd with well-feign'd fear around;—

"None to this noble house belong," He said, "that would a Minstrel wrong, Whose fate has been, through good and ill, To love his Royal Master still; And, with your honour'd leave, Rejoice you with a loyal strai Then, as assured by sign and The warlike tone again he to And Harpool stopp'd, and hear A ditty of the Cavalier,

XX.

Song.

THE CAVALIER.

While the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray, My true love has mounted his steed and away, Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er down; Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown!

He has doff'd the silk doublet the breast-plate to bear, He has placed the steel-cap o'er his long-flowing hair, From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs down,— Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown!

For the rights of fair England that broadsword he draws, Her King is his leader, her Church is his cause; His watchword is honour, his pay is renown,— God strike with the Gallant that strikes for the Crown!

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall; But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town, That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown.

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes; There's Erin's high Ormond and Scotland's Montrose! Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey, and Brown With the Barons of England, that fight for the Crown!

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier! Be his banner unconquer'd, resistless his spear, Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown, In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and her Crown.

YYI.

"Alas!" Matilda said, "that strain, Good Harper, now is heard in vain! The time has been, at such a sound, When Rokeby's vassals gather'd round, An hundred manly hearts would bound; But now, the stirring verse we hear, Like trump in dying soldier's ear! Listless and sad the notes we own, The power to answer them is flown. Yet not without his meet applause Be he that sings the rightful cause,

Even when the crisis of its fat To human eye seems desperal While Rokeby's Heir such pow Let this slight guerdon pay th And, lend thy harp; I fain w If my poor skill can aught sa Ere yet I leave my fathers' ha To mourn the cause in which

XXII.

The harper, with a downcast And trembling hand, her bout

he conscious pride of art I'd him in his treacherous part; ful spring, of force unguess'd, 1 each gentler mood suppress'd, n'd in many a human breast; that plans the red campaign, at wastes the woodland reign. ng wing, the blood-shot eye,tsman marks with apathy, ling of his victim's ill in his own successful skill. ran, too, who now no more o head the battle's roar, 11 the triumph of his art, es on the pencill'd chart rn invader's destined way, blood and ruin, to his prey; to death, and towns to flame, 15, to raise another's name, es the guilt, though not the fame. ys him for his span of time premeditating crime? ainst pity arms his heart !conscious pride of art.

XXIII.

ciples in Edmund's mind seless, vague, and undefined. like bark with rudder lost, on's changeful tide was tost; e nor Virtue had the power the impression of the hour; when Passion rules, how rare rs that fall to Virtue's share! she roused her—for the pride, k of sterner guilt supplied, arce support him when arose that mourned Matilda's woes.

Song.

THE FAREWELL.

ound of Rokeby's woods I hear, y mingle with the song:
Greta's voice is in mine ear, ust not hear them long.
every loved and native haunt
native Heir must stray,
like a ghost whom sunbeams
aunt,
it part before the day.

Soon from the halls my fathers rear'd,
Their scutcheons may descend,
A line so long beloved and fear'd
May soon obscurely end.
No longer here Matilda's tone
Shall bid those echoes swell;
Yet shall they hear her proudly own
The cause in which we fell.

The Lady paused, and then again Resumed the lay in loftier strain.—

XXIV.

Let our halls and towers decay, Be our name and line forgot, Lands and manors pass away We but share our Monarch's lot. If no more our annals show Battles won and Banners taken. Still in death, defeat, and woe, Ours be loyalty unshaken! Constant still in danger's hour, Princes own'd our fathers' aid; Lands and honours, wealth and power, Well their loyalty repaid. Perish wealth, and power, and pride! Mortal boons by mortals given; But let Constancy abide, Constancy's the gift of Heaven.

YYV

While thus Matilda's lay was heard, A thousand thoughts in Edmund stirr'd. In peasant life he might have known As fair a face, as sweet a tone; But village notes could ne'er supply That rich and varied melody; And ne'er in cottage maid was seen The easy dignity of mien, Claiming respect, yet waving state, That marks the daughters of the great. Yet not, perchance, had these alone His scheme of purposed guilt o'erthrown; But while her energy of mind Superior rose to griefs combined, Lending its kindling to her eye, Giving her form new majesty, To Edmund's thought Matilda seem'd The very object he had dream'd; When, long ere guilt his soul had known, In Winston bowers he mused alone,

Then paused amid the martial sound, And look'd with well-feign'd fear around;—

"None to this noble house belong,"
He said, "that would a Minstrel wrong,
Whose fate has been, through good and ill,
To love his Royal Master still;

And, with your honour'd leave, won Rejoice you with a loyal strain."
Then, as assured by sign and look
The warlike tone again he took;
And Harpool stopp'd, and tun
hear
A ditty of the Cavalier.

XX.

Song.

THE CAVALIER.

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They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall; But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town, That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown.

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes; There's Erin's high Ormond and Scotland's Montrose! Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey, and Brown, With the Barons of England, that fight for the Crown?

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier! Be his banner unconquer'd, resistless his spear, Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown, In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and her Crown.

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With all the agony that e'er Was gender'd 'twixt suspense and fear, She watch'd the line of windows tall, Whose Gothic lattice lights the Hall, Distinguish'd by the paly red The lamps in dim reflection shed, While all beside in wan moonlight, Each grated casement glimmer'd white. No sight of harm, no sound of ill, It is a deep and midnight still. Who look'd upon the scene, had guess'd All in the Castle were at rest-When sudden on the windows shone A lightning flash, just seen and gone! A shot is heard—Again the flame Flash'd thick and fast-a volley came! Then echo'd wildly, from within Of shout and scream the mingled din, And weapon-clash and maddening cry, Of those who kill, and those who die!-As fill'd the Hall with sulphurous smoke, More red, more dark, the death-flash broke;

And forms were on the lattice cast, That struck, or struggled, as they past.

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What sounds upon the midnight wind Approach so rapidly behind? It is, it is, the tramp of steeds, Matilda hears the sound, she speeds, Seizes upon the leader's rein-"O, haste to aid, ere aid be vain! Fly to the postern—gain the Hall!" From saddle spring the troopers all; Their gallant steeds, at liberty, Run wild along the moonlight lea. But, ere they burst upon the scene. Full stubborn had the conflict been. When Bertram mark'd Matilda's flight, It gave the signal for the fight; And Rokeby's veterans, seam'd with scars Of Scotland's and of Erin's wars, Their momentary panic o'er, Stood to the arms which then they bore; (For they were weapon'd, and prepared Their mistress on her way to guard.) Then cheer'd them to the fight O'Neale, Then peal'd the shot, and clash'd the steel; The war-smoke soon with sable breath Darken'd the scene of blood and death, Taxing his fancy to combine
The face, the air, the voice divine,
Of princess fair, by cruel fate
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"Such was my vision!" Edmund thought;

"And have I, then, the ruin wrought Of such a maid, that fancy ne'er In fairest vision form'd her peer? Was it my hand that could unclose The postern to her ruthless foes? Foes, lost to honour, law, and faith, Their kindest mercy sudden death! Have I done this? I! who have swore, That if the globe such angel bore, I would have traced its circle broad, To kiss the ground on which she trode!—And now—O! would that earth would rive,

And close upon me while alive!—
Is there no hope?—is all then lost?—
Bertram's already on his post!
Even now, beside the Hall's arch'd door,
I saw his shadow cross the floor!
He was to wait my signal strain—
A little respite thus we gain:
By what I heard the menials say,
Young Wycliffe's troop are on their way—
Alarm precipitates the crime!
My harp must wear away the time."—
And then, in accents faint and low,
He falter'd forth a tale of woe.

XXVII.

Ballad.

"And whither would you lead me then?"
Quoth the Friar of orders gray;
And the Ruffians twain replied again,
"By a dying woman to pray."—

"I see," he said, "a lovely sight, A sight bodes little harm, A lady as a lily bright, With an infant on her arm."—

"Then do thine office, Friar gray,
And see thou shrive her free!
Else shall the sprite, that parts to-night,
Fling all its guilt on thee.

"Let mass be said, and trentrals real When thou'rt to convent gone, And bid the bell of St Benedict Toll out its deepest tone."

The shrift is done, the Friar is gone, Blindfolded as he came... Next morning, all in Littlecot Hall Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darrell is an alter'd man, The village crones can tell; He looks pale as clay, and strives to pi If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darrell's way, He'll beard him in his pride— If he meet a Friar of orders gray, He droops and turns aside.

XXVIIL

"Harper! methinks thy magic lays,
Matilda said, "can goblins raise!
Wellnigh my fancy can discern,
Near the dark porch a visage stern;
E'en now, in yonder shadowy nook,
I see it!—Redmond, Wilfrid, look!
A human form distinct and ciear—
God, for thy mercy!—It draws ness
She saw too true. Stride after strid
The centre of that chamber wide
Fierce Bertram gain'd; then mad
stand,

And, proudly waving with his hand Thunder'd—" Be still, upon

lives!—

He bleeds who speaks, he dies strives."

Behind their chief the robber crew, Forth from the darken'd portal drei In silence—save that echo dread Return'd their heavy measured trea. The lamp's uncertain lustre gave Their arms to gleam, their plume

wave;
File after file in order pass,
Like forms on Banquo's mystic glas
Then, halting at their leader's sign,
At once they form'd and curved their!
Hemming within its crescent drear
Their victims, like a herd of deer.
Another sign, and to the aim
Levell'd at once their muskets came

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XXXVL

: is Bertram !—Soaring high, al flame ascends the sky; I group the soldiers gaze broad and roaring blaze, e infernal demon, sent his penal element, and to pollute the air,-Il gore, on fire his hair, 1 the central mass of smoke form of Bertram broke! ish'd sword on high he rears, ged among opposing spears; left arm his mantle truss'd, und foil'd three lances' thrust; his headlong course withstood, s he snapp'd the tough ashъd. foes around him clung: :hless force aside he flung lest,—as the bull, at bay, ban-dogs from his way, orty foes his path he made,

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Where far the mansion of her sires Beacon'd the dale with midnight fires. In gloomy arch above them spread, The clouded heaven lower'd bloody red; Beneath, in sombre light, the flood Appear'd to roll in waves of blood. Then, one by one, was heard to fall The tower, the donjon-keep, the hall. Each rushing down with thunder sound, A space the conflagration drown'd; Till, gathering strength, again it rose, Announced its triumph in its close, Shook wide its light the landscape o'er, Then sunk—and Rokeby was no more!

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

THE summer sun, whose early power Was wont to gild Matilda's bower, And rouse her with his matin ray Her duteous orisons to pay, That morning sun has three times seen The flowers unfold on Rokeby green, But sees no more the slumbers fly From fair Matilda's hazel eye; That morning sun has three times broke On Rokeby's glades of elm and oak, But, rising from their silvan screen, Marks no grey turrets glance between. A shapeless mass lie keep and tower, That, hissing to the morning shower, Can but with smouldering vapour pay The early smile of summer day. The peasant, to his labour bound, Pauses to view the blacken'd mound, Striving, amid the ruin'd space, Each well-remember'd spot to trace. That length of frail and fire-scorch'd wall Once screen'd the hospitable hall: When yonder broken arch was whole, 'Twas there was dealt the weekly dole; And where you tottering columns nod, The chapel sent the hymn to God.-So flits the world's uncertain span! Nor zeal for God, nor love for man, Gives mortal monuments a date Beyond the power of Time and Fate. The towers must share the builder's doom ;

Ruin is theirs, and his a tomb:

While on the few defenders close The Bandits, with redoubled blows, And, twice driven back, yet fierce and fell Renew the charge with frantic yell,

XXXIII.

Wilfrid has fall'n—but o'er him stood Young Redmond, soil'd with smoke and blood,

Cheering his mates with heart and hand Still to make good their desperate stand.—

"Up, comrades, up! In Rokeby halls Ne'er be it said our courage falls. What! faint ye for their savage cry, Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye? These rafters have return'd a shout As loud at Rokeby's wassail rout, As thick a smoke these hearths have given At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even. Stand to it yet! renew the fight, For Rokeby's and Matilda's right! These slaves! they dare not, hand to hand.

Bide buffet from a true man's brand."
Impetuous, active, fierce, and young,
Upon the advancing foes he sprung.
Woe to the wretch at whom is bent
His brandish'd falchion's sheer descent?
Backward they scatter'd as he came,
Like wolves before the levin flame,
When, 'mid their howling conclave

driven,
Hath glanced the thunderbolt of heaven.
Bertram rush'd on—But Harpool clasp'd
His knees, although in death he gasp'd,
His falling corpse before him flung,
And round the trammell'd ruffian clung.
Just then, the soldiers fill'd the dome,
And, shouting, charged the felons home
So fiercely, that, in panic dread,
They broke, they yielded, fell, or fled,
Bertram's stern voice they heed no more,
Though heard above the battle's roar;
While, trampling down the dying man,
He strove, with volley'd threat and ban,
In scorn of odds, in fate's despite,

xxxiv.

Soon murkier clouds the Hall enfold, Than e'er from battle-thunders roll'd,

To rally up the desperate fight,

So dense, the compatants scarce kn To aim or to avoid the blow. Smothering and blindfold grows

fight-But soon shall dawn a dismal light Mid cries, and clashing arms, there c The hollow sound of rushing flame; New horrors on the tumult dire Arise—the Castle is on fire! Doubtful, if chance had cast the bra Or frantic Bertram's desperate hand Matilda saw—for frequent broke From the dim casements gusts of smo Yon tower, which late so clear defin On the fair hemisphere reclined, That, pencill'd on its azure pure, The eye could count each embrasse, Now, swath'd within the sweeping do Seems giant-spectre in his shroud; Till, from each loop-hole flashing he A spout of fire shines ruddy bright, And, gathering to united glare, Streams high into the midnight air; A dismal beacon, far and wide That waken'd Greta's slumbering side Soon all beneath, through gallery los And pendant arch, the fire flash'd strong Snatching whatever could maintain, Raise, or extend, its furious reign; Startling, with closer cause of dread, The females who the conflict fled, And now rush'd forth upon the plain, Filling the air with clamours vain.

XXXV.

But ceased not yet, the Hall within, The shriek, the shout, the carnage-di Till bursting lattices give proof The flames have caught the rafter'd n What! wait they till its beams amai Crash on the slayers and the slain? The alarm is caught—the drawbrifells

falls,
The warriors hurry from the walls,
But, by the conflagration's light,
Upon the lawn renew the fight.
Each straggling felon down was hew
Not one could gain the sheltering wo
But forth the affrighted harper sprun
And to Matilda's robe he clung.
Her shriek, entreaty, and command,
Stopp'd the pursuer's lifted hand.

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"None to this noble house belong,"
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Whose fate has been, through good and ill,
To love his Royal Master still;

And, with your honour'd leave, we Rejoice you with a loyal strain.'
Then, as assured by sign and lo The warlike tone again he took And Harpool stopp'd, and to hear
A ditty of the Cavalier.

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While the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray, My true love has mounted his steed and away, Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er down; Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown!

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XXIII.

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Song.

THE FAREWELL.

ound of Rokeby's woods I hear, by mingle with the song: Greta's voice is in mine ear, ust not hear them long, every loved and native haunt anative Heir must stray, like a ghost whom sunbeams aunt, st part before the day. Soon from the halls my fathers rear'd,
Their scutcheons may descend,
A line so long beloved and fear'd
May soon obscurely end.
No longer here Matilda's tone
Shall bid those echoes swell;
Yet shall they hear her proudly own
The cause in which we fell.

The Lady paused, and then again Resumed the lay in loftier strain. -

XXIV.

Let our halls and towers decay,
Be our name and line forgot,
Lands and manors pass away,—
We but share our Monarch's lot.
If no more our annals show
Battles won and Banners taken,
Still in death, defeat, and woe,
Ours be loyalty unshaken!

Constant still in danger's hour,
Princes own'd our fathers' aid;
Lands and honours, wealth and power,
Well their loyalty repaid.
Perish wealth, and power, and pride!
Mortal boons by mortals given;
But let Constancy abide,
Constancy's the gift of Heaven,

XXV.

While thus Matilda's lay was heard, A thousand thoughts in Edmund stirr'd. In peasant life he might have known As fair a face, as sweet a tone; But village notes could ne'er supply That rich and varied melody; And ne'er in cottage maid was seen The easy dignity of mien, Claiming respect, yet waving state, That marks the daughters of the great. Yet not, perchance, had these alone His scheme of purposed guilt o'erthrown; But while her energy of mind Superior rose to griefs combined, Lending its kindling to her eye, Giving her form new majesty,— To Edmund's thought Matilda seem'd The very object he had dream'd; When, long ere guilt his soul had known, In Winston bowers he mused alone,

Then paused amid the martial sound, And look'd with well-feign'd fear around;—

"None to this noble house belong,"
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Reft of her honours, power, and state,
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And now-O! would that earth would

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And close upon me while alive!—
Is there no hope?—is all then lost?—
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My harp must wear away the time."—
And then, in accents faint and low,
He falter'd forth a tale of woe.

xxvII.

Ballad.

"And whither would you lead me then?"
Quoth the Friar of orders gray;
And the Ruffians twain replied again,
"By a dying woman to pray."—
"I see," he said, "a lovely sight,
A sight bodes little harm,
A lady as a lily bright,
With an infant on her arm."—

"Then do thine office, Friar gray,
And see thou shrive her free!
Else shall the sprite, that parts to-night,
Fling all its guilt on thee.

"Let mass be said, and trentrals read, When thou'rt to convent gone, And bid the bell of St Benedict Toll out its deepest tone."

The shrift is done, the Friar is gone,
Blindfolded as he came—
Next morning, all in Littlecot Hall
Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darrell is an alter'd man, The village crones can tell; He looks pale as clay, and strives to pray If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darrell's way, He'll beard him in his pride— If he meet a Friar of orders gray, He droops and turns aside.

XXVIIL

"Harper! methinks thy magic lays,"
Matilda said, "can goblins raise!
Wellnigh my fancy can discern,
Near the dark porch a visage stern;
E'en now, in yonder shadowy nook,
I see it!—Redmond, Wilfrid, look!—
A human form distinct and ciear—
God, for thy mercy!—It draws near!"
She saw too true. Stride after stride,
The centre of that chamber wide
Fierce Bertram gain'd; then made
stand,

And, proudly waving with his hand, .
Thunder'd — "Be still, upon yo
lives!—

He bleeds who speaks, he dies wh strives."

Behind their chief the robber crew, Forth from the darken'd portal drew In silence—save that echo dread Return'd their heavy measured tread. The lamp's uncertain lustre gave Their arms to gleam, their plumes

wave;
File after file in order pass,
Like forms on Banquo's mystic glass.
Then, halting at their leader's sign,
At once they form'd and curved their lin
Hemming within its crescent drear
Their victims, like a herd of deer.
Another sign, and to the aim
Levell'd at once their muskets came,

their chieftain's word, atal volley heard.

XXIX.

the menials drew; ortal terror, true, startled group oppose a and the foes. e, Wilfrid 1" Redmond

ket by thy side! ilda-gain the woode a while made goodhis, must sure be nigh-ally not-but fly !" rowd their motions hide, wicket door they glide. d passages they wind, acy twined; , and half he bore, ostern door, th the forest tree, s at liberty. s, the fresh gale's caress, ded consciousness ;nond?" eagerly she cries: st not-he dies! he dies! ert him, all bereft with murderers left! he would not yield an—his doom is seal'd! l life, which thou hast

I thank thee not."

XXX.

oach, the angry look, "lifrid could not brook. d, "my band so near, nay'st rest thee here. s death thou shalt not

his safe return."
—his heart throbb'd high,
arsting from his eye;
r injustice press'd
's distracted breast,
stay! all aid is vain!"
turn'd him not again!
the postern-door,
ad is seen no more.

XXXI

With all the agony that e'er Was gender'd 'twixt suspense and fear, She watch'd the line of windows tall, Whose Gothic lattice lights the Hall, Distinguish'd by the paly red The lamps in dim reflection shed, While all beside in wan moonlight, Each grated casement glimmer'd white. No sight of harm, no sound of ill, It is a deep and midnight still. Who look'd upon the scene, had guess'd All in the Castle were at rest-When sudden on the windows shone A lightning flash, just seen and gone! A shot is heard—Again the flame Flash'd thick and fast-a volley came! Then echo'd wildly, from within, Of shout and scream the mingled din, And weapon-clash and maddening cry, Of those who kill, and those who die !-As fill'd the Hall with sulphurous smoke, More red, more dark, the death-flash broke;

And forms were on the lattice cast, That struck, or struggled, as they past.

XXXII.

What sounds upon the midnight wind Approach so rapidly behind? It is, it is, the tramp of steeds, Matilda hears the sound, she speeds, Seizes upon the leader's rein-"O, haste to aid, ere aid be vain! Fly to the postern-gain the Hall !" From saddle spring the troopers all: Their gallant steeds, at liberty, Run wild along the moonlight lea. But, ere they burst upon the scene, Full stubborn had the conflict been. When Bertram mark'd Matilda's flight, It gave the signal for the fight; And Rokeby's veterans, seam'd with scars Of Scotland's and of Erin's wars, Their momentary panic o'er, Stood to the arms which then they bore; (For they were weapon'd, and prepared Their mistress on her way to guard.) Then cheer'd them to the fight O'Neale, Then peal'd the shot, and clash'd the steel; The war-smoke soon with sable breath Darken'd the scene of blood and death, While on the few defenders close The Bandits, with redoubled blows, And, twice driven back, yet fierce and fell Renew the charge with frantic yell,

XXXIII.

Wilfrid has fall'n—but o'er him stood Young Redmond, soil'd with smoke and blood,

Cheering his mates with heart and hand Still to make good their desperate

stand.—
"Up, comrades, up! In Rokeby halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.
What! faint ye for their savage cry,
Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye?
These rafters have return'd a shout
As loud at Rokeby's wassail rout,
As thick a smoke these hearths have given
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even.
Stand to it yet! renew the fight,
For Rokeby's and Matilda's right!
These slaves! they dare not, hand to
hand,

Bide buffet from a true man's brand."
Impetuous, active, fierce, and young,
Upon the advancing foes he sprung.
Woe to the wretch at whom is bent
His brandish'd falchion's sheer descent!
Backward they scatter'd as he came,
Like wolves before the levin flame,
When, 'mid their howling conclave
driven,

Hath glanced the thunderbolt of heaven. Bertram rush'd on—But Harpool clasp'd His knees, although in death he gasp'd, His falling corpse before him flung, And round the trammell'd ruffian clung. Just then, the soldiers fill'd the dome, And, shouting, charged the felons home So fiercely, that, in panic dread, They broke, they yielded, fell, or fled, Bertram's stern voice they heed no more, Though heard above the battle's roar; While, trampling down the dying man, He strove, with volley'd threat and ban, In scorn of odds, in fate's despite, To rally up the desperate fight,

XXXIV

Soon murkier clouds the Hall enfold, Than e'er from battle-thunders roll'd, So dense, the compatants scarce kas To aim or to avoid the blow. Smothering and blindfold grows

fight-But soon shall dawn a dismal light! Mid cries, and clashing arms, there c The hollow sound of rushing flame; New horrors on the tumult dire Arise—the Castle is on fire! Doubtful, if chance had cast the bru Or frantic Bertram's desperate hand. Matilda saw-for frequent broke From the dim casements gusts of smo Yon tower, which late so clear define On the fair hemisphere reclined, That, pencill'd on its azure pure, The eye could count each embrasare, Now, swath'd within the sweeping clo Seems giant-spectre in his shroud; Till, from each loop-hole flashing he A spout of fire shines ruddy bright, And, gathering to united glare, Streams high into the midnight air; A dismal beacon, far and wide That waken'd Greta's slumbering sid Soon all beneath, through gallery lot And pendant arch, the fire flash'd stror Snatching whatever could maintain, Raise, or extend, its furious reign; Startling, with closer cause of dread, The females who the conflict fled, And now rush'd forth upon the plain Filling the air with clamours vain.

XXXV.

But ceased not yet, the Hall within,
The shriek, the shout, the carnaged
Till bursting lattices give proof
The flames have caught the rafter'd n
What! wait they till its beams amai
Crash on the slayers and the slain?
The alarm is caught—the drawbri
falls,

The warriors hurry from the walls, But, by the conflagration's light, Upon the lawn renew the fight. Each straggling felon down was hew Not one could gain the sheltering wo But forth the affrighted harper sprun And to Matilda's robe he clung. Her shriek, entreaty, and command, Stopp'd the pursuer's lifted hand.

and he alive were ta'en; t, save Bertram, all are slain.

XXXVI.

iere is Bertram ?-Soaring high, neral flame ascends the sky; er'd group the soldiers gaze ne broad and roaring blaze, like infernal demon, sent m his penal element, que and to pollute the air,e all gore, on fire his hair, om the central mass of smoke nt form of Bertram broke! ndish'd sword on high he rears, langed among opposing spears; his left arm his mantle truss'd. d and foil'd three lances' thrust; se his headlong course withstood, eds he snapp'd the tough ash-

his foes around him clung; atchless force aside he flung oldest,—as the bull, at bay, the ban-dogs from his way, h forty foes his path he made, fely gain'd the forest glade,

XXXVII.

was this final conflict o'er, rom the postern Redmond bore who, as of life bereft, the fatal Hall been left, d there by all his train; fmond saw, and turn'd again. an oak he laid him down, the blaze gleam'd ruddy brown, n his mantle's clasp undid; held his drooping head, en to breathe the freer air, ng life repaid their care. on them with heavy sigh,have wish'd even thus to die !" e he said, -for now with speed oper had regain'd his steed; dy palfreys stood array'd, fmond and for Rokeby's Maid; Ifrid on his horse sustain, ds his charger by the rein. Matilda look'd behind, se vale of Tees they wind,

Where far the mansion of her sires Beacon'd the dale with midnight fires. In gloomy arch above them spread, The clouded heaven lower'd bloody red; Beneath, in sombre light, the flood Appear'd to roll in waves of blood. Then, one by one, was heard to fall The tower, the donjon-keep, the hall. Each rushing down with thunder sound, A space the conflagration drown'd; Till, gathering strength, again it rose, Announced its triumph in its close, Shook wide its light the landscape o'er, Then sunk—and Rokeby was no more!

CANTO SIXTH.

7.

THE summer sun, whose early power Was wont to gild Matilda's bower, And rouse her with his matin ray Her duteous orisons to pay, That morning sun has three times seen The flowers unfold on Rokeby green, But sees no more the slumbers fly From fair Matilda's hazel eye; That morning sun has three times broke On Rokeby's glades of elm and oak, But, rising from their silvan screen, Marks no grey turrets glance between, A shapeless mass lie keep and tower, That, hissing to the morning shower, Can but with smouldering vapour pay The early smile of summer day. The peasant, to his labour bound, Pauses to view the blacken'd mound, Striving, amid the ruin'd space, Each well-remember'd spot to trace. That length of frail and fire-scorch'd wall Once screen'd the hospitable hall; When yonder broken arch was whole, 'Twas there was dealt the weekly dole; And where you tottering columns nod, The chapel sent the hymn to God .-So flits the world's uncertain span! Nor zeal for God, nor love for man, Gives mortal monuments a date Beyond the power of Time and Fate. The towers must share the builder's doom ;

Ruin is theirs, and his a tomb :

But better boon benignant Heaven To Faith and Charity has given, And bids the Christian hope sublime Transcend the bounds of Fate and Time.

IL.

Now the third night of summer came, Since that which witness'd Rokeby's flame.

On Brignall cliffs and Scargill brake
The owlet's homilies awake,
The bittern scream'd from rush and flag,
The raven slumber'd on his crag,
Forth from his den the otter drew,—
Grayling and trout their tyrant knew,
As between reed and sedge he peers,
With fierce round snout and sharpen'd

Or, prowling by the moonbeam cool, Watches the stream or swims the pool ;— Perch'd on his wonted eyrie high, Sleep seal'd the tercelet's wearied eye, That all the day had watch'd so well The cushat dart across the dell In dubious beam reflected shone That lofty cliff of pale grey stone, Beside whose base the secret cave To rapine late a refuge gave. The crag's wild crest of copse and yew On Greta's breast dark shadows threw; Shadows that met or shunn'd the sight, With every change of fitful light; As hope and fear alternate chase Our course through life's uncertain race.

III.

Gliding by crag and copsewood green, A solitary form was seen To trace with stealthy pace the wold, Like fox that seeks the midnight fold, And pauses oft, and cowers dismay'd, At every breath that stirs the shade. He passes now the ivy bush,-The owl has seen him, and is hush; He passes now the dodder'd oak,-Ye heard the startled raven croak; Lower and lower he descends, Rustle the leaves, the brushwood bends; The otter hears him tread the shore, And dives, and is beheld no more; And by the cliff of pale grey stone The midnight wanderer stands alone.

Methinks, that by the moon we trace A well-remember'd form and face! That stripling shape, that cheek so pak Combine to tell a rueful tale, Of powers misused, of passion's force, Of guilt, of grief, and of remorse! 'Tis Edmund's eye, at every sound That flings that guilty glance around; Tis Edmund's trembling haste divides The brushwood that the cavern hide; And, when its narrow porch lies bars, 'Tis Edmund's form that enters there.

IV.

His flint and steel have sparkled bright A lamp hath lent the cavern light. Fearful and quick his eye surveys Each angle of the gloomy maze. Since last he left that stern abode, It seem'd as none its floor had trode; Untouch'd appear'd the various spoil The purchase of his comrades' toil; Masks and disguises grimed with mud. Arms broken and defiled with blood, And all the nameless tools that aid Night-felons in their lawless trade. Upon the gloomy walls were hung. Or lay in nooks obscurely flung. Still on the sordid board appear The relics of the noontide cheer: Flagons and emptied flasks were the And bench o'erthrown, and shatte chair;

And all around the semblance show?
As when the final revel glow'd,
When the red sun was setting fast,
And parting pledge Guy Denzil past
"To Rokeby treasure-vaults!" th
quafi'd,

And shouted loud and wildly laugh's Pour'd maddening from the rocky do And parted—to return no more!

They found in Rokeby vaults the doom.—

A bloody death, a burning tomb!

v.

There his own peasant dress he spies. Doff'd to assume that quaint diaguise And shuddering thought upon his gle When prank'd in garb of minstrelsy. the fatal art accurst," l, "that moved my folly first; bed by bandits' base applause, arough God's and Nature's laws! immer days are scantly past have trod this cavern last, htless wretch, and prompt to as yet no murderer! w I list my comrades' cheer, neral laugh is in mine ear, raised my pulse and steel'd my eart. earsed my treacherous partald that all since then could seem intom of a fever's dream ! I Memory notes too well rors of the dying yell, y despairing mates that broke, lash'd the fire and roll'd the noke: e avengers shouting came, mm'd us 'twixt the sword and tic flight, -the lifted brand,gel's interposing hand !life from slaughter freed, ald pay some grateful meed !

VI.

e this object of my quest

"-he turn'd, nor spoke the rest.

thward from the rugged hearth, ces five he meets the earth, il'd with mattock to explore rails of the cavern floor, sed till, deep beneath the ground, rch a small steel casket found. ne stoop'd to loose its hasp ulder felt a giant grasp; ted, and look'd up aghast, brick'd !- Twas Bertram held ot !" he said ; but who could hear ep stern voice, and cease to fear? not !- By heaven, he shakes as idge in the falcon's clutch:"d him, and unloosed his hold, om the opening casket roll'd and reliquaire of gold.

Bertram beheld it with surprise,
Gazed on its fashion and device,
Then, cheering Edmund as he could,
Somewhat he smooth'd his rugged mood:
For still the youth's half-lifted eye
Quiver'd with terror's agony,
And sidelong glanced, as to explore,
In meditated flight, the door.
"Sit," Bertram said, "from danger free:
Thou canst not, and thou shalt not, flee,
Chance brings me hither; hill and plain
I've sought for refuge-place in vain.
And tell me now, thou aguish boy,
What makest thou here? what means

this toy?
Denzil and thou, I mark'd, were ta'en;
What lucky chance unbound your chain?
I deem'd, long since on Baliol's tower,
Your heads were warp'd with sun and
shower.

Tell me the whole—and, mark ! nought

Chafes me like falsehood, or like fear," Gathering his courage to his aid, But trembling still, the youth obey'd.

VII.

"Denzil and I two nights pass'd o'er
In fetters on the dungeon floor,
A guest the third sad morrow brought;
Our hold, dark Oswald Wycliffe sought,
And eyed my comrade long askance,
With fix'd and penetrating glance,
'Guy Denzil art thou call'd?'—'The
same.'

'At Court who served wild Buckinghame;

Thence banish'd, won a keeper's place, So Villiers will'd, in Marwood-chase; That lost—I need not tell thee why— Thou madest thy wit thy wants supply, Then fought for Rokeby:—Have I

gness'd
My prisoner right?'—'At thy behest.'—
He paused a while, and then went on
With low and confidential tone;—
Me, as I judge, not then he saw,
Close nestled in my couch of straw.—
'List to me, Guy. Thou know'st the great
Have frequent need of what they hate;
Hence, in their favour off we see
Unscrupled, useful men like thee.

Were I disposed to bid thee live, What wedge of faith hast thou to give?"

VIII

"The ready Fiend, who never yet has the date sharpen Denzil's wit, Thompsed his lie—"His only child Should rest his pledge."—The Baron smiled,

And the death of the art his son?' : www.i -our fetters were undone, And we were led to hear apart A dreadful lesson of his art. Willrid, he said, his heir and son. Had fair Matilda's favour won; And long since had their union been, Rat for her father's bigot spleen, Whose brute and blind-fold party-rage Would, force per force, her hand engage To a base kern of Irish earth, Unknown his lineage and his birth, Save that a dying ruffian bore The infant brat to Rokeby door. Gentle restraint, he said, would lead Old Rokeby to enlarge his creed; But fair occasion he must find For such restraint well meant and kind, The Knight being render'd to his charge But as a prisoner at large.

IX.

"He school'd us in a well-forged tale, Of scheme the Castle walls to scale. To which was leagued each Cavalier That dwells upon the Tyne and Wear That Rokeby, his parole forgot, Had dealt with us to aid the plot. Such was the charge, which Denzil's zeal Of late to Roke by and O'Neale Fredler'd, as witness, to make good, I ven though the forfeit were their blood. I scrupled, until o'cr and o'er His prisoners' salety Wycliffe swore; And then also I what medsthere more? I I new I should not live to say The proflet Leclared that day: Ashamed to live 3rt looth to die, Lead done with that Infamy!" "I con youth! "outd bertram, "wavering eatt,

Unite althe transport of HI !
Put what tell most! Through, at large Harvey coll d and should one total charge,

There never yet, on tragic stage, Was seen so well a painted rage As Oswald's show'd! With load: He call'd his garrison to arm; From tower to tower, from post to He hurried as if all were lost; Consign'd to dungeon and to chain The good old Knight and all his twarn'd each suspected Cavalier, Within his limits, to appear To-morrow, at the hour of noon, In the high church of Eglistone."

х

"Of Eglistone!—Even now I pas Said Bertram, "as the night closed Torches and cressets gleam'd arou I heard the saw and hammer soun And I could mark they toil'd to ra A scaffold, hung with sable baize, Which the grim headsman's scene play'd,

Block, axe, and sawdust ready laid Some evil deed will there be done, Unless Matilda wed his son;— She loves him not—'tis shrewdly gu That Redmond rules the damse!'s bu This is a turn of Oswald's skill; But I may meet, and foil him still! How camest thou to thy freedom!
"There

Lies mystery more dark and rare. In midst of Wycliffe's well-feign'd: A scroll was offer'd by a page, Who told, a muffled horseman late Had left it at the Castle-gate. He broke the seal—his cheek sho

change.
Sudden, portentous, wild, and strag
The mimic passion of his eye
Was turn'd to actual agony;
His hand like summer sapling shook
Terror and guilt were in his look.
Denzil he judged, in time of need,
Fit counsellor for evil deed;
And thus apart his counsel broke,
While with a ghastly smile he spoke

XI.

"'As in the pageants of the stage, The dead av ake in this wild age, hom all men deem'd decreed eadly snare to bleed, avo, whom, o'er sea, aid in murdering me,—'scaped! The coward shot it harm'd the rider not.'" in execration fell, dup, and paced the cell:—grey head, or bosom dark," "may be surer mark!" I sign'd to Edmund, pale to resume his tale.

nt on:—' Mark with what

everie he writes :-

The Eetter.

fortham's destiny! thy victim lives to thee, all that binds to life, a lovelier wife; and friendship, were his

e word, and they are flown.
pays thee:—To thy hand
honours and his land,
nised;—Restore his child!
antive land exiled,
nore returns to claim
honours, or his name;
is, and from the slain
Mortham rise again,'—

XII.

hile the baron read, ccents show'd his dread; forehead with his palm, cornful tone and calm; winds, as billows wild! his spouse or child? ight a joyous dame, lineage or her name : frantic fit, he slew ; child in fear withdrew. witness! wist I where uth, my kinsman's heir,-I would give with joy ms to fold his boy, s lands and towers resign rs of Mortham's line.'that scarcely e'en his fear nzil's cynic sneer;-

'Then happy is thy vassal's part,'
He said, 'to ease his patron's heart!
In thine own jailer's watchful care
Lies Mortham's just and rightful heir;
Thy generous wish is fully won,—
Redmond O'Neale is Mortham's son.'—

XIII.

"Up starting with a frenzied look, His clenched hand the Baron shook: 'Is Hell at work? or dost thou rave, Or darest thou palter with me, slave! Perchance thou wot'st not, Barnard's towers

Have racks, of strange and ghastly powers. Denzil, who well his safety knew, Firmly rejoin'd, 'I tell thee true. Thy racks could give thee but to know The proofs, which I, untortured, show .-It chanced upon a winter night, When early snow made Stanmore white, That very night, when first of all Redmond O'Neale saw Rokeby-hall, It was my goodly lot to gain A reliquary and a chain, Twisted and chased of massive gold. -Demand not how the prize I hold! It was not given, nor lent, nor sold .-Gilt tablets to the chain were hung, With letters in the Irish tongue. I hid my spoil, for there was need That I should leave the land with speed; Nor then I deem'd it safe to bear On mine own person gems so rare, Small heed I of the tablets took, But since have spell'd them by the book, When some sojourn in Erin's land Of their wild speech had given command. But darkling was the sense; the phrase And language those of other days, Involved of purpose, as to foil An interloper's prying toil. The words, but not the sense, I knew, Till fortune gave the guiding clew.

XIV.

"'Three days since, was that clew reveal'd, In Thorsgill as I lay conceal'd, And heard at full when Rokeby's Maid Her uncle's history display'd;

And now I can interpret well Each syllable the tablets tell. Mark, then: Fair Edith was the joy Of old O'Neale of Clandeboy; But from her sire and country fled, In secret Mortham's Lord to wed. O'Neale, his first resentment o'er, Despatch'd his son to Greta's shore, Enjoining he should make him known (Until his farther will were shown)
To Edith, but to her alone. What of their ill-starr'd meeting fell, Lord Wycliffe knows, and none so well.

"'O'Neale it was, who, in despair, Robb'd Mortham of his infant heir; He bred him in their nurture wild, And call'd him murder'd Connel's child. Soon died the nurse; the Clan believed What from their Chieftain they received. His purpose was, that ne'er again The boy should cross the Irish main; But, like his mountain sires, enjoy The woods and wastes of Clandeboy. Then on the land wild troubles came, And stronger Chieftains urged a claim, And wrested from the old man's hands His native towers, his father's lands. Unable then, amid the strife, To guard young Redmond's rights or life, Late and reluctant he restores The infant to his native shores, With goodly gifts and letters stored, With many a deep conjuring word, To Mortham and to Rokeby's Lord. Nought knew the clod of Irish earth, Who was the guide, of Redmond's birth; But deem'd his Chief's commands were

On both, by both to be obey'd. How he was wounded by the way, I need not, and I list not say.'-

"'A wondrous tale! and, grant it true, What,' Wycliffe answer'd, 'might I do? Heaven knows, as willingly as now I raise the bonnet from my brow, Would I my kinsman's manors fair Restore to Mortham, or his heir; But Mortham is distraught—O'Neale IIas drawn for tyranny his steel,

Malignant to our rightful cause, And train'd in Rome's delusive laws. Hark thee apart!'-They whisper'd los Till Denzil's voice grew bold a

strong:—
'My proofs! I never will,' he said, 'Show mortal man where they are lai Nor hope discovery to foreclose, By giving me to feed the crows: For I have mates at large, who know Where I am wont such toys to stow. Free me from peril and from band, These tablets are at thy command; Nor were it hard to form some train, To wile old Mortham o'er the main. Then, lunatic's nor papist's hand Should wrest from thine the good land.'-

-'I like thy wit,' said Wycliffe, 'wel But here in hostage shalt thou dwell, Thy son, unless my purpose err, May prove the trustier messenger. A scroll to Mortham shall he bear From me, and fetch these tokens ran Gold shalt thou have, and that go

And freedom, his commission o'er; But if his faith should chance to fail, The gibbet frees thee from the jail.'

XVII.

"Mesh'd in the net himself had twin What subterfuge could Denzil find? He told me, with reluctant sigh, That hidden here the tokens lie: Conjured my swift return and aid, By all he scoff'd and disobey'd, And look'd as if the noose were tied And I the priest who left his side. This scroll for Mortham Wycliffe ga Whom I must seek by Greta's wave Or in the hut where chief he hides. Where Thorsgill's forester resides. (Thence chanced it, wandering in glade,

That he descried our ambuscade.) I was dismissed as evening fell. And reach'd but now this rocky cell." "Give Oswald's letter."—Bertram re And tore it fiercely, shred by shred: "All lies and villany! to blind His noble kinsman's generous mind,

n him on from day to day, an take his life away.— , declare thy purpose, youth, to answer, save the truth; I mark of Denzil's art, the secret from thy heart!"—

XVIII.

I renounce," he said. or and his deadly trade. s my purpose to declare ham, Redmond is his heir; im in what risk he stands, d these tokens to his hands. s my purpose to atone, may, the evil done; it rests-if I survive ht, and leave this cave alive."nzil!"-"Let them ply the rack, his joints and sinews crack ! d tear him limb from limb, h can Denzil claim from him, soughtless youth he led astray, m'd to this unhallow'd way ? I'd me, faith and vows were vain; my master reap his gain."answerd Bertram, "'tis his eed: etribution in the deed. -thou art not for our course, , hast pity, hast remorse : with us the gale who braves, we such cargo to the waves, ith overloaded prore,

XIX.

rksunburden'd reach the shore."

ed, and, stretching him at length, to repose his bulky strength. In the sat, and half reclined, the sat, and half reclined, the hand his forehead press'd, was dropp'd' across his breast, ggy eyebrows deeper came is eyes of swarthy flame; of pride a while forbore ghty curve till then it wore; iter'd fierceness of his look of darken'd sadness took,—c and sad a presage press'd aly on Bertram's breast,—

And when he spoke, his wonted tone, So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone. His voice was steady, low, and deep, Like distant waves when breezes sleep; And sorrow mix'd with Edmund's fear, Its low unbroken depth to hear.

vv

" Edmund, in thy sad tale I find The woe that warp'd my patron's mind: 'Twould wake the fountains of the eye In other men, but mine are dry. Mortham must never see the fool, That sold himself base Wycliffe's tool; Yet less from thirst of sordid gain, Than to avenge supposed disdain. Say, Bertram rues his fault ;-a word, Till now, from Bertram never heard: Say, too, that Mortham's Lord he prays To think but on their former days; On Quarianna's beach and rock, On Cayo's bursting battle-shock, On Darien's sands and deadly dew, And on the dart Tlatzeca threw ;-Perchance my patron yet may hear More that may grace his comrade's bier. My soul hath felt a secret weight, A warning of approaching fate : A priest had said, 'Return, repent!' As well to bid that rock be rent. Firm as that flint I face mine end: My heart may burst, but cannot bend.

XXI.

"The dawning of my youth, with awe And prophecy, the Dalesmen saw; For over Redesdale it came, As bodeful as their beacon-flame. Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine, When, challenging the Clans of Tyne To bring their best my brand to prove, O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove; But Tynedale, nor in tower nor town, Held champion meet to take it down. My noontide, India may declare; Like her fierce sun, I fired the air! Like him, to wood and cave bade fly Her natives, from mine angry eye. Panama's maids shall long look pale When Risingham inspires the tale; Chili's dark matrons long shall tame The froward child with Bertram's name.

And now, my race of terror run, Mine be the eve of tropic sun! No pale gradations quench his ray, No twilight dews his wrath allay; With disk like battle-target red, He rushes to his burning bed, Dyes the wide wave with bloody light, Then sinks at once—and all is night.—

XXII. "Now to thy mission, Edmund. Seek Mortham out, and bid him hie To Richmond, where his troops are laid, And lead his force to Redmond's aid. Say, till he reaches Eglistone, A friend will watch to guard his son. Now, fare-thee-well; for night draws on, And I would rest me here alone." Despite his ill-dissembled fear, There swam in Edmund's eye a tear; A tribute to the courage high, Which stoop'd not in extremity, But strove, irregularly great, To triumph o'er approaching fate! Bertram beheld the dewdrop start, It almost touch'd his iron heart: "I did not think there lived," he said, "One, who would tear for Bertram shed." He loosen'd then his baldric's hold, A buckle broad of massive gold;-"Of all the spoil that paid his pains, But this with Risingham remains; And this, dear Edmund, thou shalt take, And wear it long for Bertram's sake. Once more—to Mortham speed amain; Farewell! and turn thee not again."

XXIII.
The night has yielded to the morn,
And far the hours of prime are worn.
Oswald, who, since the dawn of day,
Had cursed his messenger's delay,
Impatient question'd now his train,
"Was Denzil's son return'd again?"
It chanced there answer'd of the crew,
A menial, who young Edmund knew:
"No son of Denzil this,"—he said;
"A peasant boy from Winston glade,
For song and minstrelsy renown'd,
And knavish pranks, the hamlets round."
"Not Denzil's son!—from Winston
vale!—

Then it was false, that specious tale;

Or, worse—he hath despatch'd theyor To show to Mortham's lord its truth. Fool that I was!—but 'tis too late;—This is the very turn of fate!—The tale, or true or false, relies On Denzil's evidence!—He dies!—Ho! Provost Marshal! instantly Lead Denzil to the gallows-tree! Allow him not a parting word; Short be the shrift, and sure the con Then let his gory head appal Marauders from the Castle-wall. Lead forth thy guard, that duty don With best despatch to Eglistone.—Basil, tell Wilfrid he must straigh Attend me at the Castle-gate."—

XXIV.

" Alas!" the old domestic said, And shook his venerable head, "Alas, my Lord! full ill to-day May my young master brook the w The leech has spoke with grave ala Of unseen hurt, of secret harm, Of sorrow lurking at the heart, That mars and lets his healing art.' "Tush! tell not me!-Romantic b Pine themselves sick for airy toys, I will find cure for Wilfrid soon; Bid him for Eglistone be boune, And quick !—I hear the dull death-d Tell Denzil's hour of fate is come. He paused with scornful smile, and Resumed his train of thought agen. "Now comes my fortune's crisis ne Entreaty boots not—instant fear, Nought else, can bend Matilda's pi Or win her to be Wilfrid's bride. But when she sees the scaffold place With axe and block and heads graced,

And when she deems, that to deny Dooms Redmond and her sire to di She must give way.—Then, were the Of Rokeby once combined with mi I gain the weather-gage of fate! If Mortham come, he comes too law While I, allied thus and prepared, Bid him defiance to his beard.——If she prove stubborn, shall I dan To drop the axe?—Soft! pause we th

Il lives-you youth may tell ad Pairfax loves him well ;fore should I now delay niety perforce

Without there! Sound to s Redmond from my way ?-

XXV.

in the court below,d march forward ! "-Forth

and trample all around, spears glimmer, trumpets

as sung his parting hymn; turn'd his eyeballs dim, ly conscious what he sees, horsemen down the Tees; v conscious what he hears, ts tingle in his ears. ng bridge they're sweeping

aid by greenwood bough; rearward had pass'd o'er, heard and saw no more! upon the Castle bell, rung his dying knell.

XXVI.

s emblazon'd hues, of old, in Woodstock bower, of the Leaf and Flower, forth the tourney high, hand of Emily ! I paint the tumult broad, crowded abbey flow'd, as with an ocean's sound, rch's ample bound ! I show each varying mien, eful, or serene; with his idiot stare, thy, with anxious air, ected Cavalier, sarm'd, and sad of cheer; ad foe, whose formal eye quest now and mastery; e crowd, whose envious zeal turn of Fortune's wheel, shouts when lowest lie in and station high.

Yet what may such a wish avail? 'Tis mine to tell an onward tale, Hurrying, as best I can, along, The hearers and the hasty song;-Like traveller when approaching home, Who sees the shades of evening come, And must not now his course delay, Or choose the fair, but winding way; Nay, scarcely may his pace suspend, Where o'er his head the wildings bend, To bless the breeze that cools his brow, Or snatch a blossom from the bough.

XXVII.

The reverend pile lay wild and waste, Profaned, dishonour'd, and defaced. Through storied lattices no more In soften'd light the sunbeams pour, Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich Of shrine, and monument, and niche. The Civil fury of the time Made sport of sacrilegious crime : For dark Fanaticism rent Altar, and screen, and ornament, And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-Hugh. And now was seen, unwonted sight, In holy walls a scaffold dight! Where once the priest, of grace divine Dealt to his flock the mystic sign; There stood the block display'd, and

The headsman grim his hatchet bare; And for the word of Hope and Faith, Resounded loud a doom of death. Thrice the fierce trumpet's breath was

heard. And echo'd thrice the herald's word, Dooming, for breach of martial laws, And treason to the Commons' cause The Knight of Rokeby, and O'Neale, To stoop their heads to block and steel. The trumpets flourish'd high and shrill, Then was a silence dead and still; And silent prayers to Heaven were cast, And stifled sobs were bursting fast, Till from the crowd begun to rise Murmurs of sorrow or surprise, And from the distant aisles there came, Deep-mutter'd threats, with Wycliffe's name.

XXVIII.

But Oswald, guarded by his band, Powerful in evil, waved his hand, And bade Sedition's voice be dead, On peril of the murmurer's head. Then first his glance sought Rokeby's Knight,

Who gazed on the tremendous sight,
As calm as if he came a guest
To kindred Baron's feudal feast,
As calm as if that trumpet-call
Were summons to the banner'd hall;
Firm in his loyalty he stood,
And prompt to seal it with his blood.
With downcast look drew Oswald
nigh,—

He durst not cope with Rokeby's eye!—And said, with low and faltering breath, "Thou know'st the terms of life and death."

The Knight then turn'd, and sternly smiled:

"The maiden is mine only child, Yet shall my blessing leave her head, If with a traitor's son she wed." Then Redmond spoke: "The life of one Might thy malignity atone, On me be flung a double guilt! Spare Rokeby's blood, let mine be spilt!" Wycliffe had listen'd to his suit, But dread prevail'd, and he was mute.

XXIX.

And now he pours his choice of fear In secret on Matilda's ear; "An union form'd with me and mine, Ensures the faith of Rokeby's line. Consent, and all this dread array, Like morning dream, shall pass away; Refuse, and, by my duty press'd, I give the word -thou know'st the rest." Matilda, still and motionless, With terror heard the dread address, Pale as the sheeted maid who dies To hopeless love a sacrifice; Then rung her hands in agony, And round her cast bewilder'd eve. Now on the scaffold glanced, and now On Wycliffe's unrelenting brow. She veil'd her face, and, with a voice Scarce audible, —"I make my choice!

Spare but their lives!—for aught!
Let Wilfrid's doom my fate deck!
He once was generous! "—As she
Dark Wycliffe's joy in triumph bu
"Wilfrid, where loiter'd ye so la
Why upon Basil rest thy weight!
Art spell-bound by enchanter's w
Kneel, kneel, and take her yielded
Thank her with raptures, simple
Should tears and trembling spe
joy?"

"O hush, my sire! To prayera
Of mine thou hast refused thine
But now the awful hour draws of
When truth must speak in loftier

XXX.

He took Matilda's hand:—"Dea Could'st thou so injure me," he s "Of thy poor friend so basely de As blend with him this barbarousse Alas! my efforts made in vain, Might well have saved this adder But now, bear witness earth and h That ne'er was hope to mortal gi So twisted with the strings of life As this—to call Matilda wife! I bid it now for ever part, And with the effort bursts my he His feeble frame was worn so low

His feeble frame was worn so low With wounds, with watching, an woe,

That nature could no more susta. The agony of mental pain. He kneel'd—his lip her handhadp Just then he felt the stern arrest. Lower and lower sunk his head. They raised him,—but the life with Then, first alarm'd, his sire and the Tried every aid, but tried in vain. The soul, too soft its ills to bear, Had left our mortal hemisphere, And sought in better world the not blameless life by Heaven decr

XXXI.

The wretched sire beheld, aghast With Wilfrid all his projects past All turn'd and centred on his son On Wilfrid all—and he was gone "And I am childless now," he ss "Childless, through that relentless

e's arts, in vain essay'd,
ting on their artist's head!
imy Wilfrid dead—and there
ated Mortham for his heir,
knit in happy band
ceby's heiress Redmond's hand.
I their triumph soar o'er all
nes deep-laid to work their fall?
eds, which prudence might not
re,
t vengeance and despair.
Press weeps upon his bier—
e to real that feigned tear!
hall share destruction's shock;
ad the captives to the block!"
Provost could divine
gs, and forbore the sign.
to the block!—or I, or they,
the judgment-scat this day!"

XXXIL

ost crowd have heard a sound, i's hoof on harden'd ground; came, and yet more near,—leath's men paused to hear. churchyard now—the tread ed the dwelling of the dead! and old sepulchral stone, tramp in varied tone, tramp in varied tone, on the gateway hung, ough the Gothic arch there mg
in arm'd, at headlong speed—loak, his plume, his steed.

he flinty floor was spurn'd, unwonted clang return'd !s glance around he threw, ebow his pistol drew. ermined was his look! with the spurs he strookd backward as he came, w Bertram Risingham ! ds that noble courser gave; a reach'd the central nave, clear'd the chancel wide, he was at Wycliffe's side. at the Baron's head, port-the bullet spedong account, and last, roan dark Oswald past! luick, that it might seem ghtning, or a dream

XXXIII.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals, Bertram his ready charger wheels; But flounder'd on the pavement-floor The steed, and down the rider bore, And, bursting in the headlong sway, The faithless saddle-girths gave way. 'Twas while he toil'd him to be freed, And with the rein to raise the steed, That from amazement's iron trance All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once. Sword, halberd, musket-but, their blows Hail'd upon Bertram as he rose; A score of pikes, with each a wound, Boredown and pinn'd him to the ground; But still his struggling force he rears, 'Gainst hacking brands and stabbing

spears; Thrice from assailants shook him free, Once gain'd his feet, and twice his knee. By tenfold odds oppress'd at length, Despite his struggles and his strength, He took a hundred mortal wounds, As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds; And when he died, his parting groan Had more of laughter than of moan! -They gazed, as when a lion dies, And hunters scarcely trust their eyes, But bend their weapons on the slain, Lest the grim king should rouse again! Then blow and insult some renew'd, And from the trunk, the headhad hew'd, But Basil's voice the deed forbade; A mantle o'er the corse he laid :-" Fell as he was in act and mind, He left no bolder heart behind : Then give him, for a soldier meet, A soldier's cloak for winding sheet."

XXXIV,

No more of death and dying pang, No more of trump and bugle clang, Though through the sounding woods there come

Banner and bugle, trump and drum.
Arm'd with such powers as well had freed
Young Redmond at his utmost need,
And back'd with such a band of horse,
As might less ample powers enforce;
Possess'd of every proof and sign
That gave an heir to Mortham's line,

The damsel dons her best attire,
The shepherd lights his beltane fire,
Joy! joy! each warder's horn hath sung,
Joy! joy! each matin bell hath rung;
The holy priest says grateful mass,
Loud shouts each hardy galla-glass,
No mountain den holds outcast boor,
Of heart so dull, of soul so poor,
But he hath flung his task aside,
And claim'd this morn for holy-tide;
Yet, empress of this joyful day,
Edith is sad while all are gay."—

ıx.

Proud Edith's soul came to her eye,
Resentment check'd the struggling sigh.
Her hurrying hand indignant dried
The burning tears of injured pride—
"Morag, forbear! or lend thy praise
To swell yon hireling harpers' lays;
Make to yon maids thy boast of power,
That they may waste a wondering hour,
Telling of banners proudly borne,
Of pealing bell and bugle horn,
Or, theme more dear, of robes of price,
Crownlets and gauds of rare device.
But thou, experienced as thou art,
Think'st thou with these to cheat the
heart.

That, bound in strong affection's chain, Looks for return and looks in vain? No! sum thine Edith's wretched lot In these brief words—He loves her not!

x.

"Debate it not—too long I strove To call his cold observance love, All blinded by the league that styled Edith of Lorn,—while yet a child, She tripp'd the heath by Morag's side, The brave Lord Ronald's destined bride. Ere yet I saw him, while afar His broadsword blazed in Scotland's war, Train'd to believe our fates the same, My bosom throbb'd when Ronald's name Came gracing Fame's heroic tale, Like perfume on the summer gale. What pilgrim sought our halls, nor told Of Ronald's deeds in battle bold; Who touch'd the harp to heroes' praise, But his achievements swell'd the lays? Even Morag—not a tale of fame

Was hers but closed with Ronald's name He came! and all that had been told Of his high worth seem'd poor and call Tame, lifeless, void of energy, Unjust to Ronald and to me!

XI.

"Since then, what thought had Edit

And gave not plighted love its part!
And what requital? cold delay—
Excuse that shunn'd the spousal day.
It dawns, and Ronald is not here!—
Hunts he Bentalla's nimble deer,
Or loiters he in secret dell
To bid some lighter love farewell,
And swear, that though he may not sex
A daughter of the House of Lorn,
Yet, when these formal rites are o'er,
Again they meet, to part no more?"

XII.

-"Hush, daughter, hush! thy dou

More nobly think of Ronald's love.
Look, where beneath the castle gray.
His fleet unmoor from Aros bay!
See'st not each galley's topmast beak
As on the yards the sails ascend?
Hiding the dark-blue land they rise,
Like the white clouds on April skies
The shouting vassals man the oars,
Behind them sinkMull's mountain sho
Onward their merry course they keep
Through whistling breeze and foam
deep.

And mark the headmost, seaward ca Stoop to the freshening gale her mas As if she veil'd its banner'd pride, To greet afar her Prince's bride! Thy Ronald comes, and while in spe His galley mates the flying steed, He chides her sloth!"—Fair Edith sig! Blush'd, sadly smiled, and thus replied

XIII.

"Sweet thought, but vain!—No, Mor. mark,

Type of his course, yon lonely bark, That oft hath shifted helm and sail, To win its way against the gale. Since peep of morn, my vacant eyes Have view'd by fits the course she tri

THE LORD OF THE ISLES:

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The scene of this Poem lies, at first, in the Castle of Artornish, on the Argyleshire; and, afterwards, in the Islands of Skye and Arran, and a coast of Ayrshire. Finally, it is laid near Stirling. The story opens in the of the year 1307, when Bruce, who had been driven out of Scotland by the and the Barons who adhered to that foreign interest, returned from the 1 Rachrin on the coast of Ireland, again to assert his claims to the Scotlish Many of the personages and incidents introduced are of historical celebric authorities used are chiefly those of the venerable Lord Hailes, as well enticalled the restorer of Scotlish history, as Bruce the restorer of Scotlish mo and of Archdeacon Barbour, a correct edition of whose Metrical History of Bruce will soon, I trust, appear, under the care of my learned friend, the 1 Jamieson.

ABBOTSFORD, 10th December 1814.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Lord of the Isles" marks, in a more striking manner than "Rokeby" by which Scott, to use his own phrase, declined as a poet to figure as a as the ballad says Queen Eleanor sank at Charing Cross to rise again at he. Although not published till after "Rokeby," it was an earlier conhe. Although not published till after "Rokeby," it was an earlier con-part of it, indeed, was written before a line of "Rokeby" had been compaper, and the progress of the two works was carried on together. g tour of six weeks with the Lighthouse Commissioners supplied Scott erials for the scenery and stage-room for the "Lord of the Isles." ot difficult to account for the inferiority of this poem. Scott was fretted ey complications through his unfortunate connexion with the Ballantynes. as wanting for the completion of Abbotsford, and creditors had begun their claims. Scott's efforts to free himself from these liabilities were s. He worked incessantly. Within a year he wrote the greater part of of Swift," "Waverley," and "Lord of the Isles," together with several articles, and found time, besides, to superintend the building of his and the tangled affairs of the printing firm in whose fortunes he was At this time, moreover, the original cottage which Scott occupied nim no means of retirement, and all his writing was done in the presence nily, and sometimes even of casual visitors. "Neither conversation nor mily, and sometimes even of casual visitors. anys Lockhart, "seemed to disturb him;" and indeed, when we consider ag the works thus produced were "Waverley" and the "Life of Swift," "Guy Mannering" quickly followed as the produce of six weeks' writing mas, we must attribute the defects of the "Lord of the Isles" to other n business anxieties, over-work, or want of privacy. Scott had now disis power as a novelist, and was conscious of his own decline as a poet. had been travestied by incompetent imitators; Byron had distanced him rity; and it was natural that he should have little inclination to prolong ition in which he was obviously being worsted, when a new opening for n presented itself with so much promise of prosperity. ain, from Scott's letters at the time when he was writing the "Lord of the at he found it irksome and distasteful work. He speaks of it repeatedly at and oppressor; and in the Introduction of 1830, he owns "that it was

d unwillingly and in haste, under the painful feeling of one who has hich must be finished, rather than with the ardour of one who endeavours m that task well." This is in allusion to the death of the Duchess of h, who, when Countess of Dalkeith, had suggested the story of the and who had always been one of Scott's warmest friends. It was to her ad intended to dedicate the new poem, and there can be no doubt that he

ly afflicted by her sudden death.

was, probably, also something in the subject of the "Lord of the Isles" apeded its success. Scott has himself noticed that he who attempts ct of distinguished popularity has not the privilege of awakening the enthusiasm of his audience; on the contrary, it is already awakened, and glows, it may be, more ardently than that of the author himself. In this case, the warmth of the author is inferior to that of the party whom he addresses, who has, therefore, little chance of being, in Baye's phrase, 'elevated and surprised' by what he has thought of with more enthusiasm than the writer." Elsewhere, in a familiar letter, he describes the poem as "Scottified up to the teeth;" and though there was no one in whom the spirit of nationality glowed more fervently than a Scott, yet there is an occasional sense of artificial enthusiasm in more than one passage. Although the author's reputation was sufficient to secure a sale of 15,000 copies for the poem, which enabled him, as he says, to retreat from the field with the honours of war, it failed to make a favourable impression on the public. Ballantyne was at first reluctant to inform Scott of the disappointment with which the "Lord of the Isles" had been read; but when the truth was disclosed, the reply was—"Well, James, we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to another."

If the reader desires further topographical illustrations of the poem than are suggested in the Notes, he should refer to the "Diary of the Yachting Tour," which is given at length in Lockhart's "Life," and is well worth perusal on its

own account.

The "Vision of Don Roderick" was a pièce a'occasion, written as a contribution to the fund for the relief of the Portuguese sufferers in Massena's campaign. The "Bridal of Triermain" was composed with the intention that it should be attributed to Scott's old friend, Mr. Erskine, Lord Kinedder, and passages were purposely inserted suggestive of Erskine's feeling manner. On the third edition being published, however, Lord Kinedder felt bound to disclose the deception, which had unexpectedly gone further than had been contemplated, and the real authorship was avowed. "Harold the Dauntless," which was also published anonymously, was generally ascribed to Hogg, from his having written an imitation of Scott for the "Poetic Mirror," closely resembling it.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FIRST.

AUTUMN departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,
Beneath a shroud of russet droop'd with gold,
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of silvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushat, and the redbreast shrill;
And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.

Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it o'er,
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hush'd the clanging wain,
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
Some age-struck wanderer gleans few ears of scatter'd grain.

Deem'st thou these sadden'd scenes have pleasure still, Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray, To see the heath-flower wither'd on the hill, To listen to the wood's expiring lay, To note the red leaf shivering on the spray, To mark the last bright tints the mountain stain, On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way, And moralize on mortal joy and pain?—

O! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the minstrel strain.

No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie, Though faint its beauties as the tints remote That gleam through mist in autumn's evening sky, And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry, When wild November hath his bugle wound; Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I, Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound, Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest found.

So shalt thou list, and haply not unmoved,
To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior day;
In distant lands, by the rough West reproved,
Still live some relics of the ancient lay.
For, when on Coolin's hills the lights decay,
With such the Seer of Skye the eve beguiles;
'Tis known amid the pathless wastes of Reay,
In Harries known, and in Iona's piles,
Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles.

ī.

"WAKE, Maid of Lorn!" the Minstrels sung.—

Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung,
And the dark seas, thy towers that lave,
Heaved on the beach a softer wave,
As 'mid the tuneful choir to keep
The diapason of the Deep.
Lull'd were the winds on Inninmore,
And green Loch-Alline's woodland
shore.

As if wild woods and waves had pleasure In listing to the lovely measure. And ne'er to symphony more sweet Gave mountain echoes answer meet, Since, met from mainland and from isle, Ross, Arran, Islay, and Argyle, Each minstrel's tributary lay Paid homage to the festal day. Dull and dishonour'd were the bard, Worthless of guerdon and regard, Deaf to the hope of minstrel fame, Or lady's smiles, his noblest aim, Who on that morn's resistless call Were silent in Artornish hall.

II.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!"—'twas thus they sung, And yet more proud the descant rung,

"Wake, Maid of Lorn! high right is ours,
To charm dull sleep from Beauty's
bowers;

bowers;
Earth, Ocean, Air, have nought so shy
But owns the power of minstrelsy.
In Lettermore the timid deer
Will pause, the harp's wild chime to hear;
Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark;
To list his notes, the eagle proud
Will poise him on Ben-Cailliach's cloud;

Then let not Maiden's e. The summons of the mir But, while our harps wil Edith of Lorn, awake, a

III.

"O wake, while Dawn, w Wakes Nature's charms to She bids the mottled thr To mate thy melody of v The dew that on the vio Mocks the dark lustre of But, Edith, wake, and a Of sweet and fair shall yie "Shecomes not yet," grey "Brethren, let softer spe Those notes prolong'd, theme,

Which best may mix

dream,
And whisper, with their
The hope she loves, yet
He spoke, and on the ha
The strains of flattery an
More soft, more low, mo
The lay of love he bade

IV.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn! the Which yet that maider Wake, Maiden, wake! the When love shall claim By Fear, thy bosom's flu By Hope, that soon shawe bid thee break the band wake thee at the

"Wake, Edith, wake! i Lies many a galley gai We hear the merry pibre We see the streamers' efinin's praise these pibrochs II, est is on these banners wove, the minstrel, dare not tell ile must be read by Love,"

V.

maiden train among, orn received the song, the minstrel's pride had been er cold demeanour seen; on her cheek awoke f pride when Flattery spoke, their tenderest numbers bring esponsive to the string. had her maidens vied deck the princely bride, in dark-brown length array'd, f Ulne, 'twas thine to braid; a with meet reverence drew it foot the silken shoe, he ankle's slender round gs of pearl fair Bertha wound, h'd Lochryan's depths within, sky still on Edith's skin. , of experience old, tiest task-the mantle's fold artful plait she tied, he form it seem'd to hide, floor descending roll'd of crimson blent with gold.

VI.

here now so cold a maid, in beauty's pomp array'd, a proudest pitch of power, nest won—the bridal hour—y charm that wins the heart, given, enhanced by Art, the fair reflection view, ght mirror pictured true, ne dimple on her cheek consciousness bespeak?—nch maid?—Fair damsels, say, r vouches not my lay, such lived in Britain's isle, rn's bright Edith scorn'd to be.

VII.

, to whose fostering care n had given his daughter fair, Morag, who saw a mother's aid By all a daughter's love repaid, (Strict was that bond—most kind of all—Inviolate in Highland hall)— Grey Morag sate a space apart, In Edith's eyes to read her heart. In vain the attendant's fond appeal To Morag's skill, to Morag's zeal; She mark'd her child receive their care, Cold as the image sculptured fair, (Form of some sainted patroness,) Which cloister'd maids combine to dress; She mark'd—and knew her nursling's

neart
In the vain pomp took little part.
Wistful a while she gazed—then press'd
The maiden to her anxious breast
In finish'd loveliness—and led
To where a turret's airy head,
Slender and steep, and battled round,
O'erlook'd,dark Mull! thy mightySound,
Wherethwarting tides, with mingled roar,
Part thy swarth hills from Morven's shore.

VIII.

"Daughter," she said, "these seas behold, Round twice a hundred islands roll'd, From Hirt, that hears their northern roar, To the green Ilay's fertile shore; Or mainland turn, where many a tower Owns thy bold brother's feudal power, Each on its own dark cape reclined, And listening to its own wild wind, From where Mingarry, sternly placed, O'erawes the woodland and the waste, To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging Of Connal with its rocks engaging. Think'st thou, amid this ample round, A single brow but thine has frown'd, To sadden this auspicious morn, That bids the daughter of high Lorn Impledge her spousal faith to wed The heir of mighty Somerled? Ronald, from many a hero sprung, The fair, the valiant, and the young, LORD OF THE ISLES, whose lofty name A thousand bards have given to fame, The mate of monarchs, and allied On equal terms with England's pride .-From Chieftain's tower to bondsman's

Who hears the tale, and triumphs not?

to be the gets his beltane fire, warder's horn hath sung; warder's horn hath sung; to be such hardy galla-glass.

Some and hardy galla-glass, warder's half holds outcast boor, to be such hardy so so poor, to be such dung his task aside, warder half this morn for holytide; to process of this joyful day, the said while all are gay."—

IX.

Poc. I Viith's soul came to her eye, sestiment check'd the struggling sight as harrying hand indignant dried the harrying hand indignant dried the harring tears of injured pride—Morag, forbear! or lend thy praise "Is swell you hireling harpers lays; to the to you maids thy boast of power. It they may waste a wondering hour, "Is lag of banners proudly forme, "yealing bell and bugle horn." It theme more dear, of robes of price, "ownlets and gauds of rare device. Sur thou, experienced as thou art. Think'st thou with these to cheat the heart.

"San, bound in strong affection's chain, Theks for return and looks in vain? New sum thing Edith's wretched lot at these brief words. He loves her not?

X.

* Debate it not too long I strove " - mil his cold observance love, \$2 Slinded by the league that styled Taik of Lorn, while yet a child, She mpp'd the heath by Morag's side. -"he "-ave Land Ronald's destined bride. يع يعيد [saw him, while afar i's reradsword blazed in Scotland's war, "-un'd to believe our fates the same, in a presont throlded when Bonald's name ame gracing bame's become tale, ite refume on the commer gale. That sulgrim cought our halls, nor told To Sald's demis in buttle hold; sine psychial the heap to heroes' praise, In Na gelievement can Hil the lays? from Morney and a tale of fame

Was hers but closed with Ronald's He came! and all that had been Of his high worth seem'd poor an Tame, lifeless, void of energy, Unjust to Ronald and to me!

Y1

"Since then, what thought had I heart

And gave not plighted love its pa And what requital? cold delay— Excuse that shunn'd the spousal it It dawns, and Ronald is not here Hunts he Bentalla's nimble deer, Or loiters he in secret dell

Or lotters he in secret dell
To bid some lighter love farewell,
And swear, that though he may not
A daughter of the House of Lora,
Yet, when these formal rites are o
Again they meet, to part no more

-"Hush, daughter, hush! thy dremove,

More nobly think of Ronald's low Look, where beneath the castle gr. His fleet unmoor from Aros bay! See'st not each galley's topmast be As on the yards the sails ascend? Hiding the dark-blue land they ris Like the white clouds on April ski The shouting vassals man the oars. Behind them sink Mull's mountainst Onward their merry course they ke Through whistling breeze and for deep.

And mark the headmost, seaward Stoop to the freshening gale her m As if she veil'd its hanner'd pride, To greet afar her Prince's bride! Thy Ronald comes, and while in s His gailey mates the flying steed, He chides her sloth!"—Fair Ediths Plush'd, sadly smiled, and thus repli

XIII.

"Sweet thought, but vain !-No, Mo mark,

Type of his course, you lonely bar That oft hath shifted helm and sail To win its way against the gale. Since peep of morn, my vacant ey. Have view'd by fits the course she!

ough the darkening scud comes n's fair promises be gone, igh the weary crew may see

ering haven on their lee, er to the rising wind we her shivering sail to bind, her to the shelves' dread verge tack her course they urge, y fear'd Artornish more erse winds and breakers' roar."

oke the Maid. -Amid the tide iff she mark'd lay tossing sore, ted oft her stooping side, ry tack from shore to shore. her destined course no more gain'd, of forward way, what a minstrel may compare poor meed which peasants share, toil the livelong day; och the risk her pilot braves, t oft, before she wore, oltsprit kiss'd the broken waves, in white foam the ocean raves n the shelving shore. their destined purpose true, nted toil'd her hardy crew, look'd where shelter lay, Artomish Castle drew, steer'd for Aros bay.

le they strove with wind and ward by the willing breeze, Ronald's fleet swept by, d with silk, and trick'd with rith the noble and the bold land chivalry. peir prows the ocean roars, s beneath their thousand oars, ears them on their way: the war-horse in his might, rard bears some valiant knight, ill both bit and boss are white, foaming, must obey. ly deck they might behold steel and crests of gold, rks with their burnish'd fold, himmer'd fair and free;

And each proud galley, as she pass'd, To the wild cadence of the blast

Gave wilder minstrelsy. Full many a shrill triumphant note Saline and Scallastle bade float

Their misty shores around; And Morven's echoes answer'd well, And Duart heard the distant swell Come down the darksome Sound.

So bore they on with mirth and pride, And if that labouring bark they spied, 'Twas with such idle eye

As nobles cast on lowly boor, When, toiling in his task obscure,

They pass him careless by. Let them sweep on with heedless eyes! But, had they known what mighty prize

In that frail vessel lay, The famish'd wolf, that prowls the wold, Had scatheless pass'd the unguarded fold, Ere, drifting by these galleys bold,

Unchallenged were her way! And thou, Lord Ronald, sweep thou on, With mirth, and pride, and minstrel tone! But hadst thou known who sail'd so nigh, Far other glance were in thine eye! Far other flush were on thy brow, That, shaded by the bonnet, now Assumes but ill the blithesome cheer Of bridegroom when the bride is near!

Yes, sweep they on !—We will not leave, For them that triumph, those who grieve. With that armada gay

Be laughter loud and jocund shout, And bards to cheer the wassail route,

With tale, romance, and lay: And of wild mirth each clamorous art, Which, if it cannot cheer the heart, May stupify and stun its smart,

For one loud busy day. Yes, sweep they on !- But with that skiff Abides the minstrel tale,

Where there was dread of surge and cliff, Labour that strain'd each sinew stiff, And one sad Maiden's wail.

XVIII.

All day with fruitless strife they toil'd, With eve the ebbing currents boil'd More fierce from strait and lake:

And midway through the channel met Conflicting tides that foam and fret, And high their mingled billows jet, As spears, that, in the battle set,

Spring upward as they break.
Then, too, the lights of eve were past,
And louder sung the western blast
On rocks of Inninmore;

On rocks of Innumore;
Rent was the sail, and strain'd the mast,
And many a leak was gaping fast,
And the pale steersman stood aghast,
And gave the conflict o'er.

XIX.

'Twas then that One, whose lofty look Nor labour dull'd nor terror shook,

Thus to the Leader spoke:—
"Brother, how hopest thou to abide
The fury of this wilder'd tide,
Or how avoid the rock's rude side,
Until the day has broke?
Didst thou not mark the vessel reel,

With quivering planks, and groaning keel,
At the last billow's shock?
Yet how of better counsel tell.

Though here thou see'st poor Isabel Half dead with want and fear; For look on sea, or look on land, Or yon dark sky, on every hand Despair and death are near. For her alone I grieve—on me Danger sits light, by land and sea,

I follow where thou wilt; Either to bide the tempest's lour, Or wend to you unfriendly tower, Or rush amid their naval power, With war-cry wake their wassail-hour,

And die with hand on hilt."—

XX.

That elder Leader's calm reply
In steady voice was given,
"In man's most dark extremity
Oft succour dawns from Heaven.
Edward, trim thou the shatter'd sail,
The helm be mine, and down the gale
Let our free course be driven.

Let our free course be driven; So shall we 'scape the western bay, The hostile fleet, the unequal fray, So safely hold our vessel's way Beneath the Castle wall; For if a hope of safety rest,
'Tis on the sacred name of guest,
Who seeks for shelter, storm-distn
Within a chieftain's hall.
If not—it best beseems our worth,
Our name, our right, our lofty birt
By noble hands to fall."

XXI.

The helm, to his strong arm consig Gave the reef'd sail to meet the wi And on her alter'd way, Fierce bounding, forward sprung ship,

Like greyhound starting from thes
To seize his flying prey.

Awaked before the rushing prow,
The mimic fires of ocean glow,

Those lightnings of the wave; Wild sparkles crest the broken tide And, flashing round, the vessel's si With elvish lustre lave,

While, far behind, their livid light
To the dark billows of the night
A gloomy splendow, gare

A gloomy splendour gave,
It seems as if old Ocean shakes
From his dark brow the lucid flake
In envious pageantry,
To match the meteor-light that stn
Grim Hecla's midnight aky.

XXII.

Nor lack'd they steadier light to ke Their course upon the darken'd dee Artornish, on her frowning steep

'Twist cloud and ocean hung. Glanced with a thousand lights of And landward far, and far to sea. Her festal radiance flung.

By that blithe beacon-light they ste Whose lustre mingled well With the pale beam that now appe As the cold moon her head uprear' Above the eastern fell.

XXIII.

Thus guided, on their course they! Until they near'd the mainland she When frequent on the hollow blast Wild shouts of merriment were cas And wind and wave and sea-birds' With wassail sounds in concert vie.

ral shrieks with revelry,
lke the battle-shout
nts heard from cliffs on high,
iumph, Rage, and Agony,
den the fight and rout,
rer yet, through mist and storm
ose the Castle's form,
deepen'd shadow made,
hen'd on the main below,
lancing in reflected glow,
madred torches play d,
g the wave with lights as vain
tres in this vale of pain,
t dazzle as they fade.

XXIV.

the Castle's sheltering lee, d their course in quiet sea. the rock, a passage there he dark fortress by a stair, trait, so high, so steep, mant's staff one valiant hand ell the dizzy pass have mann'd, undreds arm'd with spear and and.

plunged them in the deep.

then the helmsman wound;
we'd every echo round,
in turret, rock, and bay,
ern's hinges crash and groan,
in the Warder's cresset shone
rude steps of slippery stone,
light the upward way.
welcome, holy Sire 1" he said;
ing the spousal train have staid,
vex'd at thy delay,
st, amidst these wildering seas,
some night and freshening breeze
driven thy bark astray."—

XXV.

ring guess some mirth had made ful hour; but nights like these, rough winds wake western seas, or of glee. We crave some aid iful shelter for this maid if the break of day; urselves, the deck's rude plank the mossy bank t's breath'd upon by May. our storm-toss'd skiff we seek Short shelter in this leeward creek, Prompt when the dawn the east shall streak

Again to bear away."—
Answered the Warder, "In what name

Assert ye hospitable claim?
Whence come, or whither bound?
Hath Erin seen your parting sails,
Or come ye on Norweyan gales?
And seek ye England's fertile vales,
Or Scotland's mountain ground?"—

XXVI.

"Warriors—for other title none For some brief space we list to own, Bound by a vow—warriors are we; In strife by land and storm by sea,

We have been known to fame; And these brief words have import dear, When sounded in a noble ear, To harbour safe, and friendly cheer,

That gives us rightful claim.
Grant us the trivial boon we seek,
And we in other realms will speak

Fair of your courtesy;
Deny—and be your niggard Hold
Scorn'd by the noble and the bold,
Shunn'd by the pilgrim on the wold,
And wanderer on the lea!"—

XXVII.

"Bold stranger, no-'gainst claim like

No bolt revolves by hand of mine, Though urged in tone that more express'd A monarch than a suppliant guest. Be what ye will, Artornish Hall On this glad eve is free to all. Though ye had drawn a hostile sword 'Gainst our ally, great England's Lord, Or mail upon your shoulders borne, To battle with the Lord of Lorn, Or, outlaw'd, dwelt by greenwood tree With the herce Knight of Ellerslie, Or aided even the murderous strife, When Comyn fell beneath the knife Of that fell homicide The Bruce, This night had been a term of truce. -Ho, vassals ! give these guests your care, And show the narrow postern stair."

* Sir William Wallace.

XXVIII.

To land these two bold brethren leapt, (The weary crew their vessel kept,) And, lighted by the torches' flare, That seaward flung their smoky glare, The younger knight that maiden bare

Half lifeless up the rock; On his strong shoulder lean'd her head, And down her long dark tresses shed, As the wild vine in tendrils spread,

Droops from the mountain oak. Him follow'd close that elder Lord, And in his hand a sheathed sword,

Such as few arms could wield; But when he boun'd him to such task, Well could it cleave the strongest casque, And rend the surest shield.

XXIX.

The raised portcullis' arch they pass, The wicket with its bars of brass,

The entrance long and low, Flank'd at each turn by loop-holes strait, Where bowmen might in ambush wait, (If force or fraud should burst the gate,)

To gall an entering foe.

But every jealous post of ward

Was now defenceless and unbarr'd,

And all the passage free
To one low-brow'd and vaulted room,
Where squire and yeoman, page and
groom,

Plied their loud revelry.

XXX.

And "Rest ye here," the Warder bade,
"Till to our Lord your suit is said.—
And, comrades, gaze not on the maid,
And on these men who ask our aid,

As if we ne er had seen

A damsel tired of midnight bark,

Or wanderers of a moulding star And bearing martial mien." But not for Eachin's reproof

Would page or vassal stand aloo But crowded on to stare, As men of courtesy untaught,

Till fiery Edward roughly caught From one, the foremost ther His chequer'd plaid, and in its at To hide her from the vulgar crow

Involved his sister fair. His brother, as the clansman ben His sullen bow in discontent,

Made brief and stern excuse
"Vassal, were thine the cloak of
That decks thy lord in bridal hall
'Twere honour'd by her use."

TYYI

Proud was his tone, but calm; his Had that compelling dignity, His mien that bearing haught and

Which common spirits fear; Needed nor word nor signal more Nod, wink, and laughter, all were Upon each other back they bore,

And gazed like startled deer. But now appear'd the Seneschal, Commission'd by his lord to call The strangers to the Baron's hall,

Where feasted fair and free That Island Prince in nuptial tide With Edith there his lovely bride, And her bold brother by her side, And many a chief, the flower and Of Western land and sea.

Here pause we, gentles, for a spat And, if our tale hath won your gr. Grant us brief patience, and again We will renew the minstrel strain.

CANTO SECOND.

FILL the bright goblet, spread the festive board! Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair! Through the loud hall, in joyous concert pour'd, Let mirth and music sound the dirge of Care! But ask thou not if Happiness be there, If the loud laugh disguise convulsive throe, Or if the brow the heart's true livery wear; Lift not the festal mask!—enough to know, No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe.

II.

ers' clang, with harpers' lay, at olden time deem'd gay, Chieftain feasted high; vas in his troubled eye fire, and on his brow en flush'd, and faded now, such as draw their birth er source than festal mirth, paused, and harper's strain s tale went round in vain, on his idle ear sounds which dreamers hear. d he rouse him, and employ aid the clamorous joy, all for pledge and lay, rief space, of all the crowd, loudest of the loud, gayest of the gay.

III.

amiss the bridal throng brief mirth, or musing long; brow, the unlistening ear, to thoughts of raptures near, rce starts of sudden glee rsts of bridegroom's ecstasy. lone misjudged the crowd, Lorn, suspicious, proud, is of his honour'd line, een knight, De Argentine, gland sent on errand high, in league more firm to tie,) 'd in Ronald's mood to find ransport-troubled mind. d heart, one tearful eye, eper through the mystery, d, with agony and fear, ard bridegroom's varied cheer.

TV.

"id—yet fear'd to meet his ice, hunn'd hers;—till when by nee the point of foeman's lance given a milder pang! ie intolerable smart d;—then sternly mann'd his it is hard but destined part, from the table sprang.

"Fill me the mighty cup!" he said,
"Erst own'd by royal Somerled:
Fill it, till on the studded brim
In burning gold the bubbles swim,
And every gem of varied shine
Glow doubly bright in rosy wine!
To you, brave Lord, and brother mine,

To you, brave Lord, and brother mine, Of Lorn, this pledge I drink— The Union of Our House with thine, By this fair bridal-link!"—

v.

"Let it pass round!" quoth He of Lorn,
"And in good time—that winded horn

Must of the Abbot tell; The laggard monk is come at last." Lord Ronald heard the bugle-blast, And on the floor at random cast,

The untasted goblet fell.
But when the Warder in his ear
Tells other news, his blither cheer
Returns like sun of May,

When through a thunder-cloud it

beams !-

Lord of two hundred isles, he seems
As glad of brief delay,
As some poor criminal might feel,
When from the gibbet or the wheel
Respited for a day.

"Brother of Lorn," with hurried voice He said, "and you, fair lords, rejoice!

Here, to augment our glee, Come wandering knights from travel far, Well proved, they say, in strife of war,

And tempest on the sea.—
Ho! give them at your board such place
As best their presences may grace.

As best their presences may grace,
And bid them welcome free!"
With solemn step, and silver wand,
The Seneschal the presence scann'd
Of these strange guests; and well be knew
How to assign their rank its due;

For though the costly furs That erst had deck'd their caps were torn, And their gay robes were over-worn,

And soil'd their gilded spurs, Yet such a high commanding grace Was in their mien and in their face, As suited best the princely dais,*

* Dais—the great hall-table—elevated a step or two above the rest of the room.

11 3

And royal canopy; And there he marshall'd them their place, First of that company.

VII.

Then lords and ladies spake aside, And angry looks the error chide, That gave to guests unnamed, unknown, A place so near their prince's throne; But Owen Erraught said—

"For forty years a seneschal, To marshal guests in bower and hall

Has been my honour'd trade. Worship and birth to me are known, By look, by bearing, and by tone, Not by furr'd robe or broider'd zone;

And 'gainst an oaken bough
I'll gage my silver wand of state,
That these three strangers oft have sate
In higher place than now,"—

VIII.

"I, too," the aged Ferrand said,
"Am qualified by minstrel trade
Of rank and place to tell;—
Mark'd ye the younger stranger's eye,
My mates, how quick, how keen, how
high,

How herce its flashes fell, Glancing among the noble rout As if to seek the noblest out, Because the owner might not brook On any save his peers to look?

And yet it moves me more, That steady, calm, majestic brow, With which the elder chief even now

Scann'd the gay presence o'er, Like being of superior kind, In whose high-toned impartial mind Degrees of mortal rank and state / Seem objects of indifferent weight. The lady too—though closely tied

The mantle veil both face and eye, Her motions' grace it could not hide, Nor could her form's fair symmetry."

IX.

Suspicious doubt and lordly scorn Lour'd on the haughty front of Lorn. From underneath his brows of pride, The stranger guests he sternly eyed, And whisper'd closely what the ear Of Argentine alone might hear; Then question'd, high and brief, If, in their voyage, aught they knew Of the rebellious Scottish crew, Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew.

With Carrick's outlaw'd Chief?
And if, their winter's exile o'er,
They harbour'd still by Ulster's short
Or launch'd their galleys on the main
To vex their native land again?

¥.

That younger stranger, fierce and hig At once confronts the Chieftain's eye

With look of equal scorn;—
"Of rebels have we nought to show;
But if of royal Bruce thou dst know,
I warm thee he has sworn,

Ere thrice three days shall come and His banner Scottish winds shall blow Despite each mean or mighty foe, From England's every bill and bow, To Allaster of Lorn."

Kindled the mountain Chieftain's ire But Ronald quench'd the rising fire: "Brother, it better suits the tim To chase the night with Ferrand's rhy. Than wake, 'midst mirth and wine, the That flow from these unhappy wars. "Content," said Lorn; and spoke a With Ferrand, master of his art,

Then whisper'd Argentine,—
"The lay I named will carry smart
To these bold strangers' haughty be
If right this guess of mine."
He ceased, and it was silence all.

Until the minstrel waked the hall.

The Broach of Forn.

"Whence the broach of burning gr That clasps the Chieftain's mantle-! Wrought and chased with rare devi Studded fair with gems of price, On the varied tartans beaming, As, through night's pale rain gleaming,

Fainter now, now seen afar, Fitful shines the northern star?

"Gem! ne'er wrought on High mountain, Did the fairy of the fountain, maid of the wave,
in some coral cave?
land's darksome mine,
art hands thy metal twine?
moulded, comest thou here,
land's love, or France's fear?

XIL

Song continued.

y splendours nothing tell t or fairly spell. hou for monarch's use, revening Bence, myal more he tied at of weath and pride; triumph west thou turn, tor hand of Lorn!

the pers was won and lest, as the war-cry ban'd!

to Bendamin's felt.

(Durchast's sounding felt, due from wild Terestram, a baniciste, o'learners, length with sounder and some places with soundering less.)

Sen mintel

to the the Desgin bead, the Complete a transfer that the transfer tha

that for its former and one that the property of the property

glam the figure on the line to 6 in by home of, one in bostonic con-

Now on the Bert, now on his Lord, So Edward glassi and grasp's h sword—

But steen his brother spoke.—" Be still What I are thou yet so wild of will, a firer high decis and sefferings long. To chair there for a menial's wong!— Well hast flow framed, Old Man, sting steeling.

To penies the hand that pays thy paint. Yet something might thy song laws toled Of Lors's their vanils, true and lead, Who sent their Last from Brace's hold As undersexti his later he loy, and died to more him in the free. I've heard the Brooks dook and doop Was dended within their front group, What time a hundred former more Resid to me, and look the rector loos, Long after Lorn ind left the strik, Full glad to scape with limit and life. Except of the Ant, Mentel, bold, to make the the date of pick. For Salary lays a Six excess, To speak more nowly of the hence,"-

27.

"Now, by Colombia's defeat, I mage. but over mint that I based there. Tale hand!" Los senis con." " And for my known of a feeth let then to body Konti alla-"Februa" See is ny toja vide basel I mar Committee with the water in Or hard of stranger state my land. This product inches of my more tind by purpose or will red by the last Before the facility for the factor is In despite total by several THE SECTION SECTION * Knip e mais !- wheel and Time Sugar Could would be Talk and his said of the latest the Tor Chee's of Consum Date of to total me the second With the second The Real Property lies To the last two days COLUMN TO A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

So shalt thou list, and haply not unmoved,
To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior day;
In distant lands, by the rough West reprov
Still live some relics of the ancient lay.
For, when on Coolin's hills the lights decay
With such the Seer of Skye the eve beguild
'Tis known amid the pathless wastes of Re
In Harries known, and in Iona's piles,
Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the

I.

"WARE, Maid of Lorn!" the Minstrels

sung.—
Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung,
And the dark seas, thy towers that lave,.
Heaved on the beach a softer wave,
As mid the tuneful choir to keep
The diapason of the Deep.
Lull'd were the winds on Inninmore,

And green Loch-Alline's woodland shore,

As if wild woods and waves had pleasure In listing to the lovely measure. And ne'er to symphony more sweet Gave mountain echoes answer meet, Since, met from mainland and from isle, Ross, Arran, Islay, and Argyle, Each minstrel's tributary lay Paid homage to the festal day. Dull and dishonour'd were the bard, Worthless of guerdon and regard, Deaf to the hope of minstrel fame, Or lady's smiles, his noblest aim, Who on that morn's resistless call Were silent in Artornish hall.

II.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!"—'twas thus they sung,

And yet more proud the descant rung,
"Wake, Maid of Lorn! high right is ours,
To charm dull sleep from Beauty's

bowers;
Earth, Ocean, Air, have nought so shy
But owns the power of minstrelsy.
In Lettermore the timid deer
Will pause, the harp's wild chime to hear;
Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark;

To list his notes, the eagle proud Will poise him on Ben-Cailliach's cloud;

Then let not Ma The summons o But, while our l Edith of Lorn,

"O wake, while Wakes Nature's She bids the m To mate thy m The dew that ϵ Mocks the darl But, Edith, wa Of sweet and fa "She comes not " Brethren, let Those notes ; theme, Which best 1 dream, And whisper, The hope she He spoke, and The strains of More soft, mc The lay of lo

"Wake, Maid Which yet Wake, Maide When love By Fear, thy By Hope, tl We bid thee And wake

"Wake, Edit Lies many We hear the We see the tain's praise these pibrochs

st is on these banners wove, ne minstrel, dare not tell e must be read by Love."

V.

maiden train among. rn received the song. he minstrel's pride had been r cold demeanour seen; n her cheek awoke pride when Flattery spoke, cir tenderest numbers bring ponsive to the string. d her maidens vied eck the princely bride. dark-brown length array'd, Ulne, 'twas thine to braid; with meet reverence drew foot the silken shoe, e ankle's slender round s of pearl fair Bertha wound, d Lochryan's depths within, y still on Edith's skin. of experience old, est task-the mantle's fold artful plait she tied, form it seem'd to hide, oor descending roll'd crimson blent with gold.

VI.

ere now so cold a maid, a beauty's pomp array'd, proudest pitch of power, st won—the bridal hour—charm that wins the heart, given, enhanced by Art, he fair reflection view, at mirror pictured true, e dimple on her cheek tonsciousness bespeak?—ch maid?—Fairdamsels, say, wouches not my lay, uch lived in Britain's isle, i's bright Edith scorn'd to

VII.

to whose fostering care had given his daughter fair, Morag, who saw a mother's aid By all a daughter's love repaid, (Strict was that bond—most kind of all—Inviolate in Highland hall)—Grey Morag sate a space apart, In Edith's eyes to read her heart. In vain the attendant's fond appeal To Morag's skill, to Morag's zeal; She mark'd her child receive their care, Cold as the image sculptured fair, (Form of some sainted patroness,) Which cloister'd maids combine to dress; She mark'd—and knew her nursling's

In the vain pomp took little part.
Wistful a while she gazed—then press d
The maiden to her anxious breast
In finish'd loveliness—and led
To where a turret's airy head,
Slender and steep, and battled round,
O'erlook'd,dark Mull!thy mightySound,
Where thwarting tides, with mingled roar,
Part thy swarth hills from Morven's shore.

VIII.

"Daughter," she said, "these seas behold, Round twice a hundred islands roll'd, From Hirt, that hears their northern roar, To the green Ilay's fertile shore; Or mainland turn, where many a tower Owns thy bold brother's feudal power, Each on its own dark cape reclined, And listening to its own wild wind, From where Mingarry, sternly placed, O'erawes the woodland and the waste, To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging Of Connal with its rocks engaging. Think'st thou, amid this ample round, A single brow but thine has frown'd, To sadden this auspicious morn, That bids the daughter of high Lorn Impledge her spousal faith to wed The heir of mighty Somerled? Ronald, from many a hero sprung, The fair, the valiant, and the young, LORD OF THE ISLES, whose lofty name A thousand bards have given to fame, The mate of monarchs, and allied On equal terms with England's pride. From Chieftain's tower to bondsman's

Who hears the tale, and triumphs not?

The damsel dons her best attire,
The shepherd lights his beltane fire,
Joy! joy! each warder's horn hath sung,
Joy! joy! each matin bell hath rung;
The holy priest says grateful mass,
Loud shouts each hardy galla-glass,
No mountain den holds outcast boor,
Of heart so dull, of soul so poor,
But he hath flung his task aside,
And claim'd this morn for holy-tide;
Yet, empress of this joyful day,
Edith is sad while all are gay."—

IX.

Proud Edith's soul came to her eye,
Resentment check'd the struggling sigh.
Her hurrying hand indignant dried
The burning tears of injured pride—
"Morag, forbear! or lend thy praise
To swell yon hireling harpers lays;
Make to yon maids thy boast of power,
That they may waste a wondering hour,
Telling of banners proudly borne,
Of pealing bell and bugle horn,
Or, theme more dear, of robes of price,
Crownlets and gauds of rare device.
But thou, experienced as thou art,
Think'st thou with these to cheat the
heart,

That, bound in strong affection's chain, Looks for return and looks in vain? No! sum thine Edith's wretched lot In these brief words—He loves her not!

X.

"Debate it not-too long I strove To call his cold observance love, All blinded by the league that styled Edith of Lorn, -while yet a child, She tripp'd the heath by Morag's side, The brave Lord Ronald's destined bride. Ere yet I saw him, while afar His broadsword blazed in Scotland's war, Train'd to believe our fates the same, My bosom throbb'd when Ronald's name Came gracing Fame's heroic tale, Like perfume on the summer gale. What pilgrim sought our halls, nor told Of Ronald's deeds in battle bold; Who touch'd the harp to heroes' praise, But his achievements swell'd the lays? Even Morag-not a tale of fame

Was hers but close He came 1 and al Of his high worth Tame, lifeless, we Unjust to Ronald

"Since then, who heart
And gave not pli
And what require Excuse that shum
It dawns, and Ro Hunts he Bental
Or loiters he in a
To bid some ligh
And swear, that t
A daughter of th
Yet, when these
Again they meet

-"Hush, daugi remove, More nobly thin Look, where ber His fleet unmoor See'st not each g As on the yards Hiding the dark Like the white of The shouting var Behind them sink Onward their mo Through whistlin

deep.
And mark the histoop to the fress As if she veil'd it.
To greet afar her Thy Ronald com. His galley mates Hechides her slott. Blush'd, sadly sm

"Sweet thought, mark, Type of his cours That oft hath shi That oft hath shi Since peep of mo Have view'd by ! igh the darkening scud comes

's fair promises be gone,
h the weary crew may see
ring haven on their lee,
'40 the rising wind
e her shivering sail to bind,
r to the shelves' dread verge
ack her course they urge,
fear'd Artornish more
ne winds and breakers' roar."

XIV.

e the Maid .- Amid the tide f she mark'd lay tossing sore, oft her stooping side, tack from shore to shore. er destined course no more in'd, of forward way, at a minstrel may compare or meed which peasants share, oil the livelong day; the risk her pilot braves, ft, before she wore, sprit kiss'd the broken waves, white foam the ocean raves the shelving shore, heir destined purpose true, ed toil'd her hardy crew, ok'd where shelter lay, Artornish Castle drew, er'd for Aros bay.

xv. they strove with wind and

and by the willing breeze, conald's fleet swept by, with silk, and trick'd with

In the noble and the bold and chivalry, ir prows the ocean roars, beneath their thousand oars, ars them on their way: he war-borse in his might, and bears some valiant knight, and bears some valiant knight, both bit and boss are white, aming, must obey, and deck they might behold heel and crests of gold, his with their burnish'd fold, himmer'd fair and free;

And each proud galley, as she pass'd, To the wild cadence of the blast

Gave wilder minstrelsy. Full many a shrill triumphant note Saline and Scallastle bade float

Their misty shores around; And Morven's echoes answer'd well, And Duart heard the distant swell Come down the darksome Sound,

XVI.

So bore they on with mirth and pride, And if that labouring bark they spied,

'Twas with such idle eye
As nobles cast on lowly boor,
When, toiling in his task obscure,
They mass him careless by

They pass him careless by. Let them sweep on with heedless eyes! But, had they known what mighty prize

In that frail vessel lay,
The famish'd wolf, that prowls the wold,
Had scatheless pass'd the unguarded fold,
Ere, drifting by these galleys bold,

Unchallenged were her way!

And thou, Lord Ronald, sweep thou on, With mirth, and pride, and minstrel tone! But hadst thou known who sail'd so nigh, Far other glance were in thine eye! Far other flush were on thy brow, That, shaded by the bonnet, now Assumes but ill the blithesome cheer Of bridegroom when the bride is near!

XVII.

Yes, sweep they on !—We will not leave, For them that triumph, those who grieve.

With that armada gay Be laughter loud and jocund shout, And bards to cheer the wassail route,

With tale, romance, and lay; And of wild mirth each clamorous art, Which, if it cannot cheer the heart, May stupify and stun its smart,

For one loud busy day.
Yes, sweep they on!—But with that skiff
Abides the minstrel tale.

Where there was dread of surge and cliff, Labour that strain'd each sinew stiff, And one sad Maiden's wail.

XVIII.

All day with fruitless strife they toil'd, With eve the ebbing currents boil'd More herce from strait and lake;

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

so the state of th

His priests received As breathless in th I anctual his order: The train refused a Embark'd, raised:

CANT: THIRD.

Hast thou not mark I when after thy startle Sudden and been the thin terspeal has roll'd, How when it's eithers fire a some dead Sunk on the wook the mid low, and the wol. The ryegrass shakes not in the sal-built fold. The rustling aspens leaves are mute and still. The wall-flower waves not in the rund hold. Till, marmaring distant first, then near and so The savage whirtwind wakes, and is weeps the g

11

A conoch? such a salence sunk

(i.e. thy half), when that grey Monk

(1.e. prophet) speech had spoke;

(i.e. ab, hout brethren's sail

(i.e. ac, half to meet the southern gale

(i.e. accomming) sounds of doubt and

(i.e. accomming) sounds ear,

(i.e. accommi

making at hingth with frowning look,
'to hard be clearly thing apart;
And be actually thing apart;
And be an at thou me so mean of mood,
An energy the mortal feud,
And appear the solution of the solution of the mortal feud,
And appear the solution of the sol

2. Call the Maid of Lorn! South Association further scorn. Pe sure nor she no Assay, De Argent We'r rally nor t In Bruce's friend,

But who the Chie When, sought fro To highest tower No Lady Edith w He shouted—" ery!—

Revenge and bloc To him that will: A Baron's lands! Was scarcely by t That Morag share And that, in hurn 'Scaped noteless, Two strangers bark.—

"Man every galley
The priest his tree
Ay, and the time
When we shall hea.
Will pay his feign
Such was fierce Lo
And Cormac Doil
Hoisted his sail, h
(For, glad of each
A pirate sworn wa
But others, lingeri
"The maid has giv
To Konald of

s with revelry,
ttle-shout
from cliffs on high,
age, and Agony,
ght and rout.
rough mist and storm
istle's form,
shadow made,
the main below,
reflected glow,
ches play d,
e with lights as vain
s vale of pain,
they fade.

KIV.

's sheltering lee, urse in quiet sea. a passage there rtress by a stair, igh, so steep, f one valiant hand cy pass have mann'd, rm'd with spear and

them in the deep.
helmsman wound;
ry echo round,
rock, and bay,
es crash and groan,
der's cresset shone
s of slippery stone,
pward way.
holy Sire!" he said;
usal train have staid,
thy delay,
these wildering seas,
and freshening breeze
by bark astray."—

XV.

inger stranger said, some mirth had made but nights like these, ids wake western seas,

We crave some aid r for this maid k of day; the deck's rude plank by bank d upon by May. toss'd skiff we seek Short shelter in this leeward creek, Prompt when the dawn the east shall streak

Again to bear away."— Answered the Warder, "In what name Assert ye hospitable claim?

Whence come, or whither bound? Hath Erin seen your parting sails, Or come ye on Norweyan gales? And seek ye England's fertile vales, Or Scotland's mountain ground?"—

XXVI.

"Warriors—for other title none For some brief space we list to own, Bound by a vow—warriors are we; In strife by land and storm by sea,

We have been known to fame; And these brief words have import dear, When sounded in a noble ear, To harbour safe, and friendly cheer,

That gives us rightful claim. Grant us the trivial boon we seek, And we in other realms will speak

Fair of your courtesy;
Deny—and be your niggard Hold
Scorn'd by the noble and the bold,
Shunn'd by the pilgrim on the wold,
And wanderer on the lea!"—

XXVII.

"Bold stranger, no—'gainst claim like thine,

No bolt revolves by hand of mine, Though urged in tone that more express'd A monarch than a suppliant guest. Be what ye will, Artornish Hall On this glad eve is free to all. Though ye had drawn a hostile sword 'Gainst our ally, great England's Lord, Or mail upon your shoulders borne, To battle with the Lord of Lorn, Or, outlaw'd, dwelt by greenwood tree With the herce Knight of Ellerslie, Or aided even the murderous strife, When Comyn fell beneath the knife Of that fell homicide The Bruce, This night had been a term of truce.-Ho, vassals ! give these guests your care, And show the narrow postern stair,"

* Sir William Wallace.

Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the crime,

Since, guiltier far than you, Even I "—he paused; for Falkirk's woes, Upon his conscious soul arose. The Chieftain to his breast he press'd, And in a sigh conceal'd the rest.

IX.

They proffer'd aid, by arms and might, To reposess him in his right; But well their counsels must be weigh'd, Rre banners raised and musters made, For English hire and Lorn's intrigues Bound many chiefs in southern leagues. In answer, Bruce his purpose bold To his new vassals frankly told :-"The winter worn in exile o'er, I long'd for Carrick's kindred shore. I thought upon my native Ayr, And long'd to see the burly fare That Clifford makes, whose lordly call Now echoes through my father's hall. But first my course to Arran led, Where valiant Lennox gathers head, And on the sea, by tempest toss'd, Our barks dispersed, our purpose cross'd, Mine own, a hostile sail to shun, Far from her destined course had run, When that wise will, which masters ours, Compell'd us to your friendly towers.'

X.

Then Torquil spoke:—"The time craves speed!
We must not linger in our deed,
But instant pray our Sovereign Liege,
To shun the perils of a siege.
The vengeful Lorn, with all his powers,
Lies but too near Artornish towers,
And England's light-arm'd vessels ride,
Not distant far, the waves of Clyde,
Prompt at these tidings to unmoor,
And sweep each strait, and guard each
shore.

Then, till this fresh alarm pass by, Secret and safe my liege must lie In the far bounds of friendly Skye, Torquil thy pilot and thy guide."— "Not so, brave Chieftain," Ronald cried; "Myself will on my Sovereign wait, And raise in arms ti Whilst thou, reno debate, Shalt sway their sor And awe them by t —"And if my word This ponderous sv scale."

x

"The scheme," sa me well; Meantime, 'twere I For safety, with m Again to friendly I There Edward, too In need to cheer h And muster up eac Here seem'd it as Would other coun But, all achieved a Both barks, in sec

From out the hard on different voyage. This for the coast And that for Ea

3

With Bruce and R
To favouring wine
Till Mull's dark l
knew,

And Ardnamurch But then the squal And, fain to strik

And take them With these rude s They strove the li Nor till the dawn Of Skye's roma

Where Coolin sto They saw upon hi The sun's arisin But such the labo Ere they were mo

(For calmer Heav He shot a weste Then Ronald said These are the save North of Strathna No human foot

these adverse breezes blow, Liege love hunter's bow, ers that on land we go, trike a mountain-deer? page, shall with us wend; deftly can he bend, meet a herd, may send it shall mend our cheer." took bow and bolts in hand, boat launch'd and leapt to

oft their skiff and train, wild stream with headlong ling down its bed of rock,

igle with the main.

eir route they silent made, n who stalk for mountain-deer, od Bruce to Ronald said,-Mary! what a scene is here! ed many a mountain-strand, in my native land, been my lot to tread ty more than pleasure led; a waste I've wander'd o'er, any a crag, cross'd many a

y my halidome, rude, so wild as this, ime in barrenness, wandering footsteps press, er I happ'd to roam.

thus the Monarch spake; rely human eye has known stern as that dread lake, s dark ledge of barren stone. primeval earthquake's sway strange and shatter'd way the rude bosom of the hill, ich naked precipice, e, and dark abyss, f the outrage still. glen, but this, can show of Nature's genial glow; nmore green mosses grow, bells bud in deep Glencroe, pse on Cruchan-Ben; above, around, below, untain or in glen,

Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,

Nor ought of vegetative power, The weary eye may ken. For all is rocks at random thrown, Black waves, bare crags, and banks of

As if were here denied The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew, That clothe with many a varied hue The bleakest mountain-side.

And wilder, forward as they wound, Were the proud cliffs and lake profound. Huge terraces of granite black Afforded rude and cumber'd track;

For from the mountain hoar, Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear, When yell'd the wolf and fled the deer,

Loose crags had toppled o'er; And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay,

So that a stripling arm might sway A mass no host could raise, In Nature's rage at random thrown, Yet trembling like the Druid's stone

On its precarious base, The evening mists, with ceaseless change, Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,

Now left their foreheads bare, And round the skirts their mantle furl'd, Or on the sable waters curl'd, Or on the eddying breezes whirl'd,

Dispersed in middle air. And oft, condensed, at once they lower, When, brief and fierce, the mountain

shower

Pours like a torrent down, And when return the sun's glad beams, Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams Leap from the mountain's crown.

XVI.

"This lake," said Bruce, whose "barriers drear

Are precipices sharp and sheer, Yielding no track for goat or deer,

Save the black shelves we tread, How term you its dark waves? and how You northern mountain's pathless brow, And yonder peak of dread,

That to the evening sun uplifts The griesly gulfs and slaty rifts, Which seam its shiver'd head?"-"Coriskin call the dark lake's name, Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim, From old Cuchullin, chief of fame. But bards, familiar in our isles Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles, Full oft their careless humours please By sportive names from scenes like these. I would old Torquil were to show His maidens with their breasts of snow, Or that my noble Liege were nigh To hear his Nurse sing lullaby ! (The Maids-tall cliffs with breakers white. The Nurse—a torrent's roaring might,) Or that your eye could see the mood Of Corryvrekin's whirlpool rude, When dons the Hag her whiten'd hood-Tis thus our islesmen's fancy frames,

XVII. Answer'd the Bruce, "And musing

For scenes so stern, fantastic names.

mind Might here a graver moral find. These mighty cliffs, that heave on high Their naked brows to middle sky, Indifferent to the sun or snow, Where nought can fade, and nought can blow, May they not mark a Monarch's fate, -Raised high 'mid storms of strife and state, Beyond life's lowlier pleasures placed, His soul a rock, his heart a waste? O'er hope and love and fear aloft High rears his crowned head—But soft! Look, underneath you jutting crag Are hunters and a slaughter'd stag. Who may they be? But late you said No steps these desert regions tread?"-

XVIII.

"So said I-and believed in sooth," Ronald replied, "I spoke the truth. Yet now I spy, by yonder stone, Five men—they mark us, and come on; And by their badge on bonnet borne, I guess them of the land of Lorn,

Foes to my liege.". I've faced worse ode But the poor pag Then be our battle If our free passage Cope thou with :

"Not so, my Liege This sword shall n My strength, my ski And less the loss sl But islesmen soon Allan has sword as And were my Mor Two shafts should even."-

"No! not to save " Enough of blood Too rashly spill'd-Whether they com

Nigh came the nigh ;-Still less they plear Men were they all Down-look'd, unv They moved with And bent on eartl The foremost two With brogue and b And bore the arm Daggers and bro spears.

The three, that lag Seem'd serfs of m Goat-skins or dee: Made a rude fenc Their arms and fee Matted their bear For arms, the cair A club, an axe, a

Onward still mute "Tell who ye be, Said Bruce; "I meet, Men pass not as i Still, at his stern And proffer'd gre rtesy so ill,
fear, and not of will.
we are, as you may be;
fiven by wind and sea,
ist to taste our cheer,
th you this fallow deer."—
the sea, where lies your

deep in ocean dark! ernight: but we are men, use of peril ken. medown—the day is shut with us to our hut?" waits us in the bay; your proffer—have good-

ur galley, then, which rode m shore when evening

Then spare your needless

e now be sought in vain, rom the mountain head, it George's blazon red essel bore in sight, raised sail, and took to

XXI.

crood, unwelcome news!"
Lord Ronald communed
cere light enough to show
ale be true or no.
n bred of churlish kind,
uts have hardest rind;
ith them—food and fire
g roof our wants require,
unstireachery will we keep,
by turns our comrades'

thanks; your guests we'll

l pay the courtesy.
where your lodging lies, —
we mix not companies.
path o'er crag and stone,
follow you;—lead on."

XXII

the dreary cabin, made

And there, on entering, found A slender boy, whose form and mien Ill suited with such savage scene, In cap and cloak of velvet green,

Low seated on the ground. His garb was such as minstrels wear, Dark was his hue, and dark his hair, His youthful cheek was marr'd by care,

His eyes in sorrow drown'd.
"Whence this poor boy?"—As Ronald spoke,

The voice his trance of anguish broke; As if awaked from ghastly dream,

He raised his head with start and scream, And wildly gazed around; Then to the wall his face he turn'd, And his dark neck with blushes burn'd.

XXIII.

"Whose is the boy?" again he said,
"By chance of war our captive made;
He may be yours, if you should hold
That music has more charms than gold;
For, though from earliest childhood mute,
The lad can defily touch the lute,

And on the rote and viol play,
And well can drive the time away
For those who love such glee;
For me, the favouring breeze, when loud
It pipes upon the galley's shroud,
Makes blither melody."—

"Hath he, then, sense of spoken sound?"—

"Aye; so his mother bade us know, A crone in our late shipwreck drown'd,

And hence the silly stripling's woe.

More of the youth I cannot say,
Our captive but since yesterday;
When wind and weather wax'd so grim,
We little listed think of him.—
But why waste time in idle words?
Sit to your cheer—unbelt your swords."
Sudden the captive turn'd his head,
And one quick glance to Ronald sped.
It was a keen and warning look,
And well the Chief the signal took.

XXIV.

"Kind host," he said, "our needs require A separate board and separate fire; For know, that on a pilgrimage Wend I, my comrade, and this page.

And, sworn to vigil and to fast, Long as this hallow'd task shall last, We never doff the plaid or sword, Or feast us at a stranger's board; And never share one common sleep, But one must still his vigil keep. Thus, for our separate use, good friend, We'll hold this hut's remoter end."-"A churlish vow," the elder said, "And hard, methinks, to be obey'd. How say you, if, to wreak the scorn That pays our kindness harsh return, We should refuse to share our meal?" "Then say we, that our swords are steel ! And our vow binds us not to fast, Where gold or force may buy repast."-Their host's dark brow grew keen and fell,

His teeth are clench'd, his features swell; Yet sunk the felon's moody ire Before Lord Ronald's glance of fire, Nor could his craven courage brook The monarch's calm and dauntless look. With laugh constrain'd—"Let every man Follow the fashion of his clan! Each to his separate quarters keep, And feed or fast, or wake or sleep."

XXV.

Their fire at separate distance burns, By turns they eat, keep guard by turns; For evil seem'd that old man's eve, Dark and designing, fierce yet shy. Still he avoided forward look, But slow, and circumspectly took A circling, never-ceasing glance, By doubt and cunning mark'd at once, Which shot a mischief-boding ray, From under eyebrows shagg'd and gray. The younger, too, who seem'd his son, Had that dark look the timid shun; The half-clad serfs behind them sate, And scowl'd a glare'twixt fear and hate-Till all, as darkness onward crept, Couch'd down, and seem'd to sleep, or slept.

Nor he, that boy, whose powerless tongue Must trust his eyes to wail his wrong, A longer watch of sorrow made, But stretch'd his limbs to slumber laid. XX

Not in his dangerou The King, but wars Ronald keeps ward Then wakes the Kin. Thus rank'd, to give The rest required by What is Lord Ronal To chase the languor (For deem not that Much care upon suc He thinks of lovely When at her foema Nor less when, place She glanced on him At Woodstocke wh Nor, fair in joy, in In pride of place as Must she alone eng His thoughts to his To Edith, turn-O When here his love And there his fair

Heaven! No drowsy ward 'ti For seldom lovers! Till sung his midni Answer'd the dog-! Then waked the K. Lord Ronald strete

vv

What spell was goo To drive the weary His was the patriot Of Freedom's battl Of castles storm'd, Of deep design and Of England's roses And Scotland's cro Of rout and rally, v As heroes think, so No marvel, 'mid su Sleep shunn'd the h

eye.
Now over Coolin's
The greyish light bi
The otter to his cas
And clamour'd shril
Then watch'd the P
The King resigned

XXVIIL

yes was harder task, ratch their safeties ask. the fire, and gave to shine ng light the splinter'd pine; a while, where silent laid were shrouded by the plaid, r waked in his mind, bred of martial kind, anhood he arrive, he boldest knight alive. t he of his mother's tower. er's greenwood bower, e Easter-gambols pass, Joseph's lengthen'd mass. re his weary eye ng'd the blazes diesed him-on the lake , where now the twilight-

dawn began to wake. cliffs the mist lay furl'd, breeze the lake had curl'd, ark waves, heaved to the

ess plash kiss'd cliff or

abrous sound—he turn'd hich his youth had burn'd, outh by demon cross'd, elf or yelling ghost, eitch's baneful cot, l's slahaster grot, aer limbs in sunless well haird's enchanted cell, ey rapt he flies, ght the vaults arise; rk walls he sees no more, the marble floor, head the dazzling spars firmament of stars!

that thrilling shriek ! ate, with Allan's dream aptive's warning scream. round he strives to start, gger finds his heart! asts his dizzy eyes, . . . master's name, . . . and

XXXX

Not so awoke the King! his hand Snatch'd from the flame a knotted brand, The nearest weapon of his wrath; With this he cross'd the murderer's path,

And venged young Allan well! The spatter'd brain and bubbling blood Hiss'd on the half-extinguish'd wood,

The miscreant gasp'd and fell!
Nor rose in peace the Island Lord;
One caitiff died upon his sword,
And one beneath his grasp lies prone,
In mortal grapple overthrown.
But while Lord Ronald's dagger drank
The life-blood from his panting flank,
The Father-ruffian of the band
Behind him rears a coward hand!

—O for a moment's aid, Till Bruce, who deals no double blow, Dash to the earth another foe,

Above his comrade laid!— And it is gain'd—the captive sprung On the raised arm, and closely clung,

And, ere he shook him loose, The master'd felon press'd the ground, And gasp'd beneath a mortal wound, While o'er him stands the Bruce.

XXX.

"Miscreant! while lasts thy flitting spark,

Give me to know the purpose dark, That arm'd thy hand with murderous knife,

Against offenceless stranger's life?"—
"No stranger thou!" with accent fell,
Murmur'd the wretch; "I know thee
well;

And know thee for the foeman sworn Of my high Chief, the mighty Lorn."— "Speak yet again, and speak the truth For thy soul's sake!—from whence this youth?

His country, birth, and name declare, And thus one evil deed repair."—

-"Vex me no more!... my blood

runs cold . . .

No more I know than I have told.

We found him in a bark we sought

With different purpose . . . and I

thought"

Fate cut him short; in blood and broil, As he had lived, died Cormac Doil.

XXXL

Then resting on his bloody blade,
The valiant Bruce to Ronald said,—
"Now shame upon us both!—that boy
Lifts his mute face to heaven,

And clasps his hands, to testify His gratitude to God on high, For strange deliverance given.

For strange deliverance given.

His speechless gesture thanks hath paid,
Which our free tongues have left unsaid!"

He raised the youth with kindly word, But mark'd him shudder at the sword: He cleansed it from its hue of death, And plunged the weapon in its sheath. "Alas, poor child! unfitting part Fate doom'd, when'with so soft a heart, And form so alight as thine,

And form so slight as thine,
She made thee first a pirate's slave,
Then, in his stead, a patron gave
Of wayward lot like mine;

Of wayward lot like mine;
A landless prince, whose wandering life
Is but one scene of blood and strife—
Yet scant of friends the Bruce shall be,
But he'll find resting-place for thee.—

Come, noble i Enough thy g And well has Come, wend broke. Seek we our i Was false, tha

Yet, ere they The Island La To Allan :-He said, "in Oh, who his v That, ere his l Rest thee, poo For mass and While o'er the The wolf shall And now the On the dark la Bright gleams Ravine and pr (So earthly po Reveals his sp O'er sheets of Rent and unec In sad discour And the mute

CANTO FOURTH.

1

STRANGER! if e'er thine ardent step hath the northern realms of ancient Caledon, Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hat By lake and cataract, her lonely throne; Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath know Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high, Listing where from the cliffs the torrents the Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry, And with the sounding lake, and with the mo

Yes! 'twas sublime, but sad.—The loneline Loaded thy heart, the desert tired thine eye And strange and awful fears began to press Thy bosom with a stern solemnity. Then hast thou wish'd some woodman's cot Something that show'd of life, though low Glad sight, its curling wreath of smoke to: Glad sound, its cock's blithe carol would he Or children whooping wild beneath the willow

Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur wakes An awful thrill that softens into sighs; Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes, In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise: Or farther, where, beneath the northern skies, Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hoar—But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize Of desert dignity to that dread shore, That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin roar.

IL

th such wild scenes the champion pass'd, bold halloc and bugle-blast he breeze came loud and fast, "said the Bruce, "rung Edward's horn! an have caused such brief return? e, brave Ronald,—see him dart sek and stone like hunted hart, tate, as is the use, or sport, of Edward Bruce. barks us, and his eager cry II his news ere he be nigh."

dward shouts, "What make ye upon the mountain-deer, en Scotland wants her King? from Lennox cross'd our track, er in speed I hurried back, ese joyful news to bringpart stirs in Teviotdale, ouglas wakes his native vale; rm-toss'd fleet hath won its way ttle loss to Brodick-Bay, nnox, with a gallant band, nt thy coming and command them o'er to Carrick strand. re blithe news |-but mark the , the deadliest of our foes, his host he northward pass'd, n the borders breathed his last."

ood the Bruce—his steady check the wont his joy to speak, t then his colour rose:— Scotland! shortly shalt thou see, od's high will, thy children free, ad yengrance on thy foes! Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs, Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs

My joy o'er Edward's bier; I took my knighthood at his hand, And lordship held of him, and land, And well may youch it here.

And well may vouch it here, That, blot the story from his page, Of Scotland ruin'd in his rage, You read a monarch brave and sage,

And to his people dear."—
"Let London's burghers mourn her Lord,
And Croydon monks his praise record,"
The eager Edward said;

"Eternal as his own, my hate Surmounts the bounds of mortal fate, And dies not with the dead!

And dies not with the dead!
Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
When vengeance clench'd his palsied
hand,

That pointed yet to Scotland's land,
As his last accents pray'd
Disgrace and curse upon his heir,
If he one Scottish head should spare,
Till stretch'd upon the bloody lair.

Till stretch'd upon the bloody lair
Each rebel corpse was laid!
Such hate was his, when his last breath
Renounced the peaceful house of death,
And bade his bones to Scotland's coast
Be borne by his remorseless host,
As if his dead and stony eye
Could still enjoy her misery!
Such hate was his—dark, deadly, long;
Mine,—as enduring, deep, and strong!"—

v.

"Let women, Edward, war with words, With curses monks, but men with swords: Nor doubt of living foes, to sate Deepest revenge and deadliest hate. Now, to the sea! Behold the beach, And see the galley's pendants stretch Their futtering length down favouring

Abound, abound and holst the sail. Held, we our way for Arran first, Where meet in aims our friends dispersed:
Lemoy the loyal, De la Have,

Aril Royd the bold in battle fray. I long the hardy band to head, And see once more my standard

spread. ---

Does noble Ronald share our course, or stay to take his island force ?" — "Come weal, come woe, by Brace's side," Rep'aed the Chief, "will Ronald bide. And since two galleys yonder ride, Be mine, so please my liege, dismiss'd To wake to arms the clans of Uist, And all who hear the Minche's roar, On the Long Island's lonely shore. We nearer Isles, with slight delay, Chriselves may summon in our way; And soon on Arran's shore shall meet, Web Lorquil's aid, a gallant fleet, anglet avails their Chieftain's hest Ameng the islesinen of the west."

١ı.

They was their venturous council said. The contribution is being alleys spread, i.e. An about it being alleys spread, i.e. An about its did not cookin high. They are the subtle like passed slow,—They are to such a sight of woe,—They are to the highest body.

They are to did then to the slove.

A read when they moved again, the contribution of their claimorous.

A control of the base of the particle of the control of the contro

Merrily, merrily bo She bounds be The mountain breez Is joyous in he With fluttering so hoarse,

The cords and The waves, divided In rippling eddies c As if they laug Not down the br

flew,
Skimming the wave
Than the gay;
Her course upon the
And Coolin's crest
And Slapin's c
Twas then that we
Dunscaith's dark t
lake,

And soon, from C: Thick wreaths of spread; A summons these

To the brave clans
And, ready at
Each warrior to bi
And targe upon hi
Impatient for
Mac-Kinnon's chic
Had charge to mu
And guide their be

v

Signal of Roland's A beacon gleam'd From Canna's togray,

Like falcon-nest of Seek not the giddy To view the turret It is a task of doub To aught but goar

But rest thee on And let the aged His tale of His cur's wild el And for thy seat His varied



ll, how with their Chieftain nt times, a foreign dame nder turret gray. her Lord's suspicious mind, rude a jail confined and fair a thrall ! when moon on ocean slept, y lady sate and wept the castle-wall, her eye to southern climes, ht perchance of happier times, d her lute by fits, and sung s in her native tongue. when on the cliff and bay pale the moonbeams play, very breeze is mute, lone Hebridean's ear ange pleasure mix'd with fear, n that cliff he seems to hear surmur of a lute, s, as of a captive lone, urns her woes in tongue nown. the tale-but all too long ath it staid the songho may pass them by, and tower in ruins gray, ir hapless tenant pay ribute of a sigh !

IX.

errily bounds the bark

he broad ocean driven,

y Ronin's mountains dark

teerman's hand hath given.

n's mountains dark have sent hunters to the shore, his ashen bow unbent, rave his pastime o'er, a Island Lord's command, ag spear took warrior's brand. agg next a warning light I her warriors to the fight; as race, ere stern MacLeod bleak shores in vengeance de, in vain the ocean-cave to his victims gave.

relentless in his wrath, ag heath blockades the path;

In dense and stifling volumes roll'd,
The vapour fill'd the cavern'd hold!
The warrior-threat, the infant's plain,
The mother's screams, were heard in vain;
The vengeful Chief maintains his fires,
Till in the vault a tribe expires!
The bones which strew that cavern's
gloom,

Too well attest their dismal doom.

X.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark On a breeze from the northward free,

So shoots through the morning sky the

Or the swan through the summer sea. The shores of Mull on the eastward lay, And Ulva dark, and Colonsay, And all the group of islets gay

That guard famed Staffa round. Then all unknown its columns rose, Where dark and undisturb'd repose

The cormorant had found, And the shy seal had quiet home, And welter'd in that wondrous dome, Where, as to shame the temples deck'd By skill of earthly architect, Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise A Minster to her Maker's praise ! Not for a meaner use ascend Her columns, or her arches bend : Nor of a theme less solemn tells That mighty surge that ebbs and swells, And still, between each awful pause, From the high vault an answer draws, In varied tone prolong d and high, That mocks the organ's melody. Nor doth its entrance front in vain To old Iona's holy fane, That Nature's voice might seem to say, "Well hast thou done, frail Child of

clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Task'd high and hard—but witness
mine!"

XI.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark—
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.

They left Loch-Tua on their lee,
And they waken'd the men of the wild
Tiree,

And the Chief of the sandy Coll; They pansed not at Columba's isle, Though peal'd the bells from the holy

With long and measured toll; No time for matin or for mass, And the sounds of the holy summons

Away in the billows' roll,
Lochbuie's fierce and warlike Lord
Their signal saw, and grasp'd his sword,
And verdant Islay call'd her host,
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
Lord Ronald's call obey,

And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore Still rings to Corrievreken's roar, And lonely Colonsay;

Scenes sung by him who sings no more!

His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has LEYDEN'S cold remains!

XII.

Ever the breeze blows merrily, But the galley ploughs no more the sea. Lest, rounding wild Cantyre, they meet The southern foeman's watchful fleet,

They held unwonted way;—
Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,
Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus o'er,
As far as Kilmaconnel's shore,

Upon the eastern bay.

It was a wondrous sight to see
Topmast and pennon glitter free,
High raised above the greenwood tree,
As on dry land the galley moves,
By cliff and copse and alder groves.
Deep import from that selcouth sign,
Did many a mountain Seer divine,
For ancient legends told the Gael,
That when a royal bark should sail
O'er Kilmaconnel moss,

Old Albyn should in fight prevail, And every foe should faint and quail Before her silver Cross. Now hanch'd or They furrow with And steer fo The sun, ere yet Ben-Ghoil," the Gave his grim pe And bade I Thither their des It seem'd the isle So brilliant was The ocean s Each puny wave O'er the calm de With azure The hill, the val Glow'd with the The beech The wind breath And, oft renew's With breatl O who, with spe

Is it of war Lor The blush that of The timid look, And faltering vo And good K press'd, He ponder'd

Would wish to l

Of such end

As doubtful
Yet in his eye
Dwelt the b
smile,
Which manh

guile,
When love
Anxious his suit
—"And for m
said,

"My Liege has Of Edith from Too hard her fa To blame her fe Be joy and happ But she hath fle And Lorn recal In the assemble

fil our fathers' band,
I I could—my hand—
lsed with scorn;
I should ill assert,
he feelings of my heart,
blay a suitor's part
pleasure Lorn."—

XV.

the Royal Bruce replied, must the Church decide; rd, since rumours state fford for her mate, hich she hath broke, still be binding yoke. er Isabeloman who can tell? impion of the Rock, e tourney shock, cnown, to whom the prize favour in her eyes; rother Nigel's fate, e and hapless state, oy and hope estranged, pless mourner changed. re smiled the noble King, other musings bring. know-you mountains

ent of Saint Bride; Edward, she must stay, ive more prosperous day; Il I bear thy suit, advocate be mute."

lk'd in earnest mood, boy beside them stood. head against the mast, came thick and fast, ould not be repress'd, burst his youthful breast. inst his forehead held, his tears repell'd, fingers, long and slight, drops of crystal bright. valk'd the deck apart, conflict of the heart. brave, with bluntness kind eer the sorrower's mind; miler hand he drew or eyes that stream'd with As in his hold the stripling strove,—
('Twas a rough grasp, though meant in love,)

Away his tears the warrior swept, And bade shame on him that he wept. "I would to heaven, thy helpless tongue Could tell me who hath wrought thee

wrong!

For, were he of our crew the best,
The insult went not unredress'd.

Come, cheer thee; thou art now of age
To be a warrior's gallant page;
Thou shalt be mine!—a palfrey fair
O'er hill and holt my boy shall bear,
To hold my bow in hunting grove,
Or speed on errand to my love;
For well I wot thou wilt not tell
The temple where my wishes dwell."

XVII.

Bruce interposed,—"Gay Edward, no, This is no youth to hold thy bow, To fill thy goblet, or to bear Thy message light to lighter fair. Thou art a patron all too wild And thoughtless, for this orphan child. See'st thou not how apart he steals, Keeps lonely couch, and lonely meals? Fitter by far in yon calm cell To tend our sister Isabel, With father Augustine to share The peaceful change of convent prayer, Than wander wild adventures through, With such a reckless guide as you."—"Thanks, brother!" Edward answer'd

"For the high laud thy words convey!
But we may learn some future day,
If thou or I can this poor boy
Protect the best, or best employ.
Meanwhile, our vessel nears the strand;
Launch we the boat, and seek the land."

XVIII.

To land King Robert lightly sprung,
And thrice aloud his bugle rung
With note prolong d and varied strain,
Till bold Ben-Ghoil replied again.
Good Douglas then, and De la Haye,
Had in a glen a hart at bay,
And Lennox cheer'd the laggard hounds,
When waked that horn the greenwood
bounds.

"It is the foe!" cried Boyd, who came In breathless haste with eye of flame,—
"It is the foe!—Each valiant lord Fling by his bow, and grasp hissword!"—
"Not so," replied the good Lord James,
"That blast no English bugle claims.
Oft have I heard it fire the fight, Cheer the pursuit, or stop the flight. Dead were my heart, and deaf mine ear, If Bruce should call, nor Douglas hear! Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring; That blast was winded by the King!"

XIX.

Fast to their mates the tidings spread,
And fast to shore the warriors sped.
Bursting from glen and greenwood tree,
High waked their loyal jubilee!
Around the royal Bruce they crowd,
And clasp'd his hands, and wept aloud.
Veterans of early fields were there,
Whose helmets press'd their hoary hair,
Whose swords and axes bore a stain
From life-blood of the red-hair'd Dane;
And boys, whose hands scarce brook'd
to wield

The heavy sword or bossy shield. Men too were there, that bore the scars Impress'd in Albyn's woeful wars, At Falkirk's fierce and fatal fight, Teyndrum's dread rout, and Methven's

flight :

The might of Douglas there was seen, There Lennox with his graceful mien; Kirkpatrick, Closeburn's dreaded Knight; The Lindsay, fiery, fierce, and light; The Heir of murder'd De la Haye, And Boyd the grave, and Seton gay. Around their King regain'd they press'd, Wept, shouted, clasp'd him to their breast, And young and old, and serf and lord, And he who ne'er unsheathed a sword, And he in many a peril tried, Alike resolved the brunt to bide, And live or die by Bruce's side!

XX.

Oh, War! thou hast thy fierce delight, Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright! Such gleams, as from thy polish'd shield Fly dazzling o'er the battle-field! Such transports wake Amid the pealing on Scarce less, when, af Muster the remnants And as each comradi Who in the well-fou Knitting stern brow Vow to avenge them Warriors!—and wl

found,
If not on martial Br
And who, when wak
Love more than they
Know ye not,—hear
That joy, deep-thrill
At which the hearts
And wake the fount
And blame ye, then
Of tear is on his mi
When, scanty relics
That hail'd at Scon
This patriot band a
And to his knees at
Blame ye the Be
blamed,

But shared the weak With haughty laugh And dash'd away th

X

'Tis morning, and Long time had ceas Within thy wa An aged Sister sou

Assign'd to Lady I And hurriedly "Haste, gentle Lady A noble stranger a Saint Bride's poor v A Knight of such p His errand, as he b Is with the Lady Is The princess rose,-Low bent she told "Let him by thee ! I may not give a str "Saint Bride forefen The portress cross c "Not to be Priores Debate his will, his "Has earthly show Power o'er a sister

, like the worldly train, r splendours light and

XXIL

in old eyes like mine, o glitter, gems no shine; s rank attendants vain, page is all his train. the eye, the word, of that stranger Lord; manly, bold, and tall, in such just degrees, ength seems lightsome ease. tendrils of the vine on his forehead twine, e where some touch of gray youthful hue away. war their rougher trace that majestic face ;ignity of eye! appliant, would I fly, danger, wrongs, and grief, redress, reliefif guilty, would I dread the doom that spoke me ough," the Princess cried, nd's hope, her joy, her pride! ont was ne'er assign'd o'er the common mindhigh designs to aid, O Heaven! how long de-, haste, to introduce

XXIII.

prother, Royal Bruce!"

te friends who part in pain, a doubtful hope again. bdued that fitful swell, urvey'd the humble cell;—thine, poor Isabel!—couch, and naked wall, state, and bed of pall; bes and jewels rare, beads and zone of hair; trumpet's sprightly call banquet, grove or hall, im voice divides thy care, of penitence and prayer!—

O ill for thee, my royal claim From the First David's sainted name! O woe for thee, that while he sought His right, thy brother feebly fought!"—

XXIV.

"Now lay these vain regrets aside,
And be the unshaken Bruce!" she cried.
"For more I glory to have shared
The woes thy venturous spirit dared,
When raising first thy valiant band
In rescue of thy native land,
Than had fair Fortune set me down
The partner of an empire's crown.
And grieve not that on Pleasure's stream
No more I drive in giddy dream,
For Heaven the erring pilot knew,
And from the gulf the vessel drew,
Tried me with judgments stern and
great,

My house's ruin, thy defeat,
Poor Nigel's death, till, tamed, I own,
My hopes are fix'd on Heaven alone;
Nor e'er shall earthly prospects win
My heart to this vain world of sin."—

XXV.

"Nay, Isabel, for such stern choice, First wilt thou wait thy brother's voice; Then ponder if in convent scene No softer thoughts might intervene-Say they were of that unknown Knight, Victor in Woodstock's tourney-fight— Nay, if his name such blush you owe, Victorious o'er a fairer foe!" Truly his penetrating eye Hath caught that blush's passing dye,-Like the last beam of evening thrown On a white cloud, - just seen and gone. Soon with calm cheek and steady eye, The Princess made composed reply :-"I guess my brother's meaning well; For not so silent is the cell, But we have heard the islemen all Arm in thy cause at Ronald's call, And mine eye proves that Knight un-

known
And the brave Island Lord are one.—
Had then his suit been earlier made,
In his own name, with thee to aid,
(But that his plighted faith forbade,)
I know not . . . But thy page so near?—
This is no tale for menial's eax."

XXVL

Still stood that page, as far apart As the small cell would space afford; With dizzy eye and bursting heart, He leant his weight on Bruce's sword, The monarch's mantle too he bore, And drew the fold his visage o'er. "Fear not for him-in murderous strife," Said Bruce, "his warning saved my life; Full seldom parts he from my side, And in his silence I confide, Since he can tell no tale again. He is a boy of gentle strain, And I have purposed he shall dwell In Augustine the chaplain's cell, And wait on thee, my Isabel.-Mind not his tears; I've seen them flow, As in the thaw dissolves the snow. 'Tis a kind youth, but fanciful, Unfit against the tide to pull, And those that with the Bruce would sail, Must learn to strive with stream and gale. But forward, gentle Isabel-My answer for Lord Ronald tell."-

XXVII.

"This answer be to Ronald given—
The heart he asks is fix'd on heaven.
My love was like a summer flower,
That wither'd in the wintry hour,
Born but of vanity and pride,
And with these sunny visions died.
If further press his suit—then say,
He should his plighted troth obey,
Troth plighted both with ring and word,
And sworn on crucifix and sword.—
Oh, shame thee, Robert! I have seen
Thou hast a woman's guardian been!
Even in extremity's dread hour,
When press'd on thee the Southern
power,

And safety, to all human sight,
Was only found in rapid flight,
Thou heard'st a wretched female plain
In agony of travail-pain,
And thou didst bid thy little band
Upon the instant turn and stand,
And dare the worst the foe might do,
Rather than, like a knight untrue,
Leave to pursuers merciless
A woman in her last distress.—

And wilt thou now deny thine aid To an oppress'd and injured maid, Even plead for Ronald's perfidy, And press his fickle faith on me?—So witness Heaven, as true I vow, Had I those earthly feelings now, Which could my former bosom move Ere taught to set its hopes above, I'd spurn each proffer he could bring. Till at my feet he laid the ring. The ring and spousal contract both, And fair acquittal of his oath, By her who brooks his perjured scor The ill-requited Maid of Lorn!"

XXVIIL

With sudden impulse forward sprung The page, and on her neck he hung; Then, recollected instantly, His head he stoop'd, and bent his her Kiss'd twice the hand of Isabel, Arose, and sudden left the cell.—The Princess, loosen'd from his hold, Blush'd angry at his bearing bold;

But good King Robert cried,
"Chafe not—by signs he speaks 1
mind,

He heard the plan my care design'd, Nor could his transports hide.-But, sister, now bethink thee well; No easy choice the convent cell: Trust, I shall play no tyrant part, Either to force thy hand or heart, Or suffer that Lord Ronald scorn. Or wrong for thee, the Maid of Lor. But think,—not long the time has be That thou wert wont to sigh unseen. And would'st the ditties best approv That told some lay of hapless love. Now are thy wishes in thy power, And thou art bent on cloister bower O! if our Edward knew the change, How would his busy satire range, With many a sarcasm varied still On woman's wish, and woman's will!'

"Brother, I well believe," she said,
"Even so would Edward's part be play
Kindly in heart, in word severe,
A foe to thought, and grief, and fear,
He holds his humour uncontroll'd;
But thou art of another mould.

to Ronald, as I say,
fore my feet he lay
which bound the faith he
ore,
freely yielded o'er,
his suit to me no more.
promise, even if now
absolved of spousal vow,
and change my purpose made,
me in holy shade.—
for little space, farewell!
duties warns the bell."—

XXX.

the world," King Robert said, had left the royal maid, the world by lot severe, gem lies buried here, misfortune's cruel frost, of fair affection lost! have I with love to do? r cares my lot pursue.

-Pent in this isle we may not lie, Nor would it long our wants supply. Right opposite, the mainland towers Of my own Turnberry court our powers--Might not my father's beadsman hoar, Cuthbert, who dwells upon the shore, Kindle a signal-flame, to show The time propitious for the blow? It shall be so-some friend shall bear Our mandate with despatch and care; -Edward shall find the messenger. That fortress ours, the island fleet May on the coast of Carrick meet. O Scotland! shall it e'er be mine To wreak thy wrongs in battle-line, To raise my victor-head, and see Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free,-That glance of bliss is all I crave, Betwixt my labours and my grave!" Then down the hill he slowly went, Oft pausing on the steep descent, And reach'd the spot where his bold train Held rustic camp upon the plain,

CANTO FIFTH.

L

On fair Loch-Ranza stream'd the early day,
Thin wreaths of cottage-smoke are upward curi'd
From the lone hamlet, which her inland bay
And circling mountains sever from the world,
And there the fisherman his sail unfurl'd,
The goat-herd drove his kids to steep Ben-Ghoil,
Before the hut the dame her spindle twirl'd,
Courting the sunbeam as she plied her toil,—
For, wake where'er he may, Man wakes to care and coil.

But other duties call'd each convent maid, Roused by the summons of the moss-grown hell; Sung were the matins, and the mass was said, And every sister sought her separate cell, Such was the rule, her rosary to tell. And Isabel has knelt in lonely prayer; The sunbeam, through the narrow lattice, fell— Upon the snowy neck and long dark hair, As stoop'd her gentle head in meek devotion there. II.

She raised her eyes, that duty done, When glanced upon the pavement-stone, Gemm'd and enchased, a golden ring, Bound to a scroll with silken string, With few brief words inscribed to tell, "This for the Lady Isabel." Within, the writing farther bore,-"'Twas with this ring his plight he swore, With this his promise I restore; To her who can the heart command, Well may I yield the plighted hand. And O! for better fortune born, Grudge not a passing sigh to mourn Her who was Edith once of Lorn!" One single flash of glad surprise Just glanced from Isabel's dark eyes, But vanish'd in the blush of shame, That, as its penance, instant came. "O thought unworthy of my race! Selfish, ungenerous, mean, and base, A moment's throb of joy to own, That rose upon her hopes o'erthrown !-Thou pledge of vows too well believed, Of man ingrate and maid deceived, Think not thy lustre here shall gain Another heart to hope in vain! For thou shalt rest, thou tempting gaud, Where worldly thoughts are overawed, And worldly splendours sink debased. Then by the cross the ring she placed.

III.

Next rose the thought,—its owner far, How came it here through bolt and bar?— But the dim lattice is ajar.— She looks abroad,—the morning dew A light short step had brush'd anew,

And there were footprints seen On the carved buttress rising still, Till on the mossy window-sill

Their track effaced the green.
The ivy twigs were torn and fray'd,
As if some climber's steps to aid.—
But who the hardy messenger,
Whose venturous path these signs
infer!—

Strange doubts are mine!—Mona, draw

-Nought 'scapes old Mona's curious eye-

What strangers, gentle mother, say, Have sought these holy walls to-day?" "None, Lady, none of note or name Only your brother's foot-page came, At peep of dawn—I pray'd him pass To chapel where they said the mass; But like an arrow he shot by, And tears seem'd bursting from his en

The truth at once on Isabel,
As darted by a sunbeam fell:
"Tis Edith's self!—her speechless we
Her form, her looks, the secret show.
—Instant, good Mona, to the bay,
And to my royal brother say,
I do conjure him seek my cell,
With that mute page he loves so well.""What! know'st thou not his warls
host

At break of day has left our coast?
My old eyes saw them from the towe.
At eve they couch'd in greenwood bowe,
At dawn a bugle signal, made
By their bold Lord, their ranks arrayd;
Up sprung the spears through bush and
tree,

No time for benedicite! Like deer, that, rousing from their bit, Just shake the dewdrops their bit, And toss their armed crest aloft, Such matins theirs!"—"Good moths,

where does my brother bend his way!"—
"As I have heard, for Brodick-Bay,
Across the isle—of barks a score
Lie there, 'tis said, to wast them o'e,
On sudden news, to Carrick-shore."—
"If such their purpose, deep the need,
Said anxious Isabel, "of speed!
Call Father Augustine, good dame."—
The nun obey'd, the Father came.

"Kind Father, hie without delay, Across the hills to Brodick-Bay. This message to the Bruce be given; I pray him, by his hopes of Heave, That, till he speak with me, he stay! Or, if his haste brook no delay, That he deliver, on my suit, Into thy charge that stripling mute. Thus prays his sister Isabel, For causes more than she may tell—

ood Father! and take heed, and death are on thy speed." the good old priest did on, piked staff and sandall'd shoon, a palmer bent by eld, s and moor his journey held.

VI. d dull the foot of age,

ed was the pilgrimage; were there beside, whose care h important message bear. pirchen copse he wander'd slow, nd sapless, thin and low; a mountain stream he pass'd, tall cliffs in tumult cast, o foam their waters dun, kling in the summer sun. s grey head the wild curlew fearless circle flew. ms he pass'd, where fractures ary eye and ample stride; his brow beside the stone, mids erst heard victims groan, e cairns upon the wild, a heathen hero piled, ed a timid prayer for those ere Shiloh's sun arose. acfarlane's Cross he staid, d his hours within the shade, e stream his thirst allay'd. nward journeying slowly still, ig closed he reach'd the hill, ising through the woodland ck's gothic towers were seen, stings, late their English lord, ad won them by the sword. hat sunk behind the isle, ed them with a parting smile.

VII.

the beams of light decay, stle all in Brodick Bay.

a followers crowd the shore, and barges some unmoor, the sail, some seize the oar; oft turn'd where glimmer'd far the have seem'd an early star n's blue arch, save that its light to flickering, fierce, and bright. Far distant in the south, the ray Shone pale amid retiring day,
But as, on Carrick shore,
Dim seen in outline faintly blue,
The shades of evening closer drew,
It kindled more and more.
The monk's slow steps now press the sands,
And now amid a scene he stands,
Full strange to churchman's eye;
Warriors, who, arming for the fight,
Rivet and clasp their harness light,
And twinkling spears, and axes bright,
And helmets, flashing high.
Oft, too, with unaccustom'd ears,
A language much unmeet he hears,
While, hastening all on board,
As stormy as the swelling surge

With many a haughty word.

That mix'd its roar, the leaders urge

Their followers to the ocean verge,

Through that wild throng the Father pass'd, And reach'd the Royal Bruce at last. He leant against a stranded boat, That the approaching tide must float, And counted every rippling wave, As higher yet her sides they lave, And oft the distant fire he eyed, And closer yet his hauberk tied, And loosen'd in his sheath his brand. Edward and Lennox were at hand, Douglas and Ronald had the care The soldiers to the barks to share. The Monk approach'd and homage paid; "And art thou come," King Robert said, "So far to bless us ere we part ?"-"My Liege, and with a loyal heart!-But other charge I have to tell,"-And spoke the hest of Isabel. -"Now by Saint Giles," the Monarch "This moves me much !- this morning tide, I sent the stripling to Saint Bride,

I sent the stripling to Saint Bride,
With my commandment there to bide."
—"Thither he came the portress show'd,
But there, my Liege, made brief
abode."—

IX.

"'Twas I," said Edward, "found employ Of nobler import for the boy. Deep pondering in my anxious mind, A fitting messenger to find, To bear thy written mandate o'er To Cuthbert on the Carrick shore, I chanced, at early dawn, to pass The chapel gate to snatch a mass. I found the stripling on a tomb Low-seated, weeping for the doom That gave his youth to convent gloom. I told my purpose, and his eyes Flash'd joyful at the glad surprise. He bounded to the skiff, the sail Was spread before a prosperous gale, And well my charge he hath obeyed; For, see! the ruddy signal made, That Clifford, with his merry-men all, Guards carelessly our father's hall."-

X.

"O wild of thought, and hard of heart !" Answer'd the Monarch, "on a part Of such deep danger to employ A mute, an orphan, and a boy! Unfit for flight, unfit for strife, Without a tongue to plead for life! Now, were my right restored by Heaven, Edward, my crown I would have given, Ere, thrust on such adventure wild, I perill'd thus the helpless child."-Offended half, and half submiss, -"Brother and Liege, of blame like this," Edward replied, "I little dream'd. A stranger messenger, I deem'd, Might safest seek the beadsman's cell, Where all thy squires are known so well. Noteless his presence, sharp his sense, His imperfection his defence. If seen, none can his errand guess; If ta'en, his words no tale express-Methinks, too, yonder beacon's shine Might expiate greater fault than mine."—
"Rash," said King Robert, "was the deed-

But it is done. Embark with speed!— Good Father, say to Isabel How this unhappy chance befell; If well we thrive on yonder shore, Soon shall my care her page restore. Our greeting to our sister bear, And think of us in mass and prayer.

XI.

"Aye!"—said the Priest, "while poor hand

Can chalice raise or cross command,
While my old voice has accents' use,
Can Augustine forget the Bruce!"
Then to his side Lord Ronald press'
And whisper'd, "Bear thou this reque
That when by Bruce's side I fight,
For Scotland's crown and Freedon
right,

The princess grace her knight to best Some token of her favouring care; It shall be shown where England's be May shrink to see it on my crest. And for the boy—since weightier case For Royal Bruce the times prepare, The helpless youth is Ronald's charg. His couch my plaid, his fence my targe. He ceased; for many an eager hand Had urged the barges from the strand. Their number was a score and ten, They bore thrice threescore chosen met With such small force did Bruce at he The die for death or empire cast!

XII.

Now on the darkening main afloat, Ready and mann'd rocks every boat; Beneath their oars the ocean's might Was dash'd to sparks of glimmering light Faint and more faint, as off they boat. Their armour glanced against the shou And, mingled with the dashing tide, Their murmuring voices distant died. "God speed them!" said the Priest, dark

On distant billows glides each bark; "O Heaven! when swords for freed shine,

And monarch's right, the cause is this Edge doubly every patriot blow! Beat down the banners of the foe! And be it to the nations knowfi, That Victory is from God alone!" As up the hill his path he drew, He turn'd, his blessings to renew, Oft turn'd, till on the darken'd coast All traces of their course were lost;

to Brodick tower, evening hour.

XIII.

prospects sink, isles with verdant link rance of the Clyde; te, no more descried, n the placid sea neir task with glee, knightly lances bore labouring oar. on shone dim and pale, nst the whiten'd sail; beacon-light ept the helm aright, the King's command, night reach the strand, t loud shout and hail rowd or slacken sail. st the armada bore, th the Carrick shore. he distance grows, igh the beacon rose; em'd a twinkling star, intous, fierce, and far. ven above it glow'd, beneath it flow'd, s on ocean's brim, her islets swim; dazzled sea-fowl gave, eir crags on plashing

nt covert drew, eem'd it day, and crew. stle given to flame, I the lustre came. Jege, and brother sage, mine elfin page?" noble King replied, truth whate'er betide; Isman and the child e waked that beacon

XIV.

ts approach'd the land, unded on the sand; Leap'd in the sea irst on shore was he, age's hardy band should gain the land,

When that strange light, which, seen afar, Seem'd steady as the polar star, Now, like a prophet's fiery chair, Seem'd travelling the realms of air. Wide o'er the sky the splendour glows, As that portentous meteor rose; Helm, axe, and falchion glitter'd bright, And in the red and dusky light His comrade's face each warrior saw. Nor marvell'd it was pale with awe. Then high in air the beams were lost, And darkness sunk upon the coast.-Ronald to Heaven a prayer address'd, And Douglas cross'd his dauntless breast; "Saint James protect us!" Lennox cried, But reckless Edward spoke aside, "Deem'st thou, Kirkpatrick, in that flame

Red Comyn's angry spirit came, Or would thy dauntless heart endure Once more to make assurance sure?"— "Hush!" said the Bruce; "we soon-

shall know,
If this be sorcerer's empty show,
Or stratagem of southern foe.
The moon shines out—upon the sand
Let every leader rank his band."

XV.

Faintly the moon's pale beams supply That ruddy light's unnatural dye; The dubious cold reflection lay On the wet sands and quiet bay. Beneath the rocks King Robert drew His scatter'd files to order due, Till shield compact and serried spear In the cool light shone blue and clear. Then down a path that sought the tide, That speechless page was seen to glide; He knelt him lowly on the sand, And gave a scroll to Robert's hand. "A torch," the Monarch cried, "What,

ho!
Now shall we Cuthbert's tidings know."
But evil news the letters bear,
The Clifford's force was strong and ware,
Augmented, too, that very morn,
By mountaineers who came with Lorn.
Long harrow'd by oppressor's hand,
Courage and faith had fled the land,
And over Carrick, dark and deep,
Had sunk dejection's iron sleep.—

Cuthbert had seen that beacon flame, Unwitting from what source it came. Doubtful of perilous event, Edward's mute messenger he sent, If Bruce deceived should venture o'er, To warn him from the fatal shore.

XVI.

As round the torch the leaders crowd, Bruce read these chilling news aloud. "What council, nobles, have we now?— To ambush us in greenwood bough, And take the chance which fate may send To bring our enterprise to end? Or shall we turn us to the main As exiles, and embark again?"— Answer'd fierce Edward, "Hap what may;

In Carrick, Carrick's Lord must stay. I would not minstrels told the tale, Wildfire or meteor made us quail."
Answer'd the Douglas—"If my Liege May win yon walls by storm or siege, Then were each brave and patriot heart Kindled of new for loyal part."—
Answer'd Lord Ronald, "Not for shame Would I that aged Torquil came, And found, for all our empty boast, Without a blow we fled the coast. I will not credit that this land, So famed for warlike heart and hand, The nurse of Wallace and of Bruce, Will long with tyrants hold a truce."—"Prove we our fate—the brunt we'll bide!"

So Boyd and Haye and Lennox cried; So said, so vow'd, the leaders all; So Bruce resolved: "And in my hall Since the Bold Southern make their home.

The hour of payment soon shall come,
When with a rough and rugged host
Clifford may reckon to his cost.
Meantime, through well-known bosk
and dell,

I'll lead where we may shelter well."

XVII.

Nowask you whence that wondrous light, Whose fairy glow beguil'd their sight?— It ne'er was known—yet grey-hair'd eld A superstitious credence held, That never did a mortal hand Wake its broad glare on Carrick street Nay, and that on the self-same night When Bruce cross'd o'er, still gleams the light.

Yearly it gleams o'er mount and most, And glittering wave and crimson shore—

But whether beam celestial, lent By Heaven to aid the King's descent, Or fire hell-kindled from beneath, To lure him to defeat and death, Or were it but some meteor strange, Of such as oft through midnight range, Startling the traveller late and lone, I know not—and it ne'er was known.

XVIII.

Now up the rocky pass they drew, And Ronald, to his promise true, Still made his arm the stripling's stay, To aid him on the rugged way. "Now cheer thee, simple Amadine! Why throbs that silly heart of thine?"-That name the pirates to their slave (In Gaelic 'tis the Changeling) gave-"Dost thou not rest thee on my arm! Do not my plaid-folds hold thee warm Hath not the wild bull's treble hide This targe for thee and me supplied? Is not Clan-Colla's sword of steel? And, trembler, canst thou terror feel! Cheer thee, and still that throbbing hear From Ronald's guard thou shalt " part."

—O! many a shaft, at random sent, Finds mark the archer little meant! And many a word, at random spokes May soothe or wound a heart the broken!

Half sooth'd, half grieved, half terrifut Close drew the page to Ronald's side A wild delirious thrill of joy Was in that hour of agony, As up the steepy pass he strove,

As up the steepy pass he strove, Fear, toil, and sorrow, lost in love!

The barrier of that iron shore,
The rock's steep ledge, is now climl
o'er;

And from the castle's distant wall, From tower to tower the warders cal swings over land and sea. a watchful enemy. the Chase, a wide domain castle's silvan reign, escene-the axe, the plough, ull fence, have marr'd it now,) ft swept in velvet green ith many a glade between, led alleys far invade of the brown forest shade. I fern obscured the lawn, for the sportive fawn; close with copsewood green, swelling hillock seen : and was verdure meet of the fairies' feet. olly loved the park, e lent its shadow dark, n old oak, worn and bare, shiver'd boughs, was there. een, the moonbeams fell hillock, glade and dell. Monarch sigh'd to see so loved in childhood free, hat, as outlaw now, eneath the forest bough,

XX.

moonlight Chase they sped. e hand that measured tread, reat or in advance, warriors move at once; e the luck, if dawn m on the open lawn. traverse, brooks they cross, bank and o'er the moss. nausted page's brow f toil are streaming now; unt and lengthen'd pause, ep the stripling draws, not yet!" the warrior said; ne give thee ease and aid! ine arms, and little care light as thine to bear. ou not?-capricious boy!wn limbs and strength em-

night, and pass thy care, with a lady fair, halt tune thy lute to tell loves fair Isabel!" Worn out, dishearten'd, and dismay'd, Here Amadine let go the plaid; His trembling limbs their aid refuse, He sunk among the midnight dews!

XXI

What may be done?—the night is gone-The Bruce's band moves swiftly on-Eternal shame, if at the brunt Lord Ronald grace not battle's front !-"See yonder oak, within whose trunk Decay a darken'd cell hath sunk; Enter, and rest thee there a space, Wrap in my plaid thy limbs, thy face. I will not be, believe me, far; But must not quit the ranks of war. Well will I mark the bosky bourne, And soon, to guard thee hence, return. Nay, weep not so, thou simple boy! But sleep in peace, and wake in joy." In silvan lodging close bestow'd, He placed the page, and onward strode With strength put forth, o'er moss and brook.

And soon the marching band o'ertook.

XXII.

Thus strangely left, long sobb'd and wept The page, till, wearied out, he slept— A rough voice waked his dream—"Nay,

here,
Here by this thicket, pass'd the deer—
Beneath that oak old Ryno staid—
What have we here?—A Scottish plaid,
And in its folds a stripling laid?—
Come forth! thy name and business tell!
What, silent?—then I guess thee well,
The spy that sought old Cuthbert's cell,
Wafted from Arran yester morn—
Come, comrades, we will straight return.
Our Lord may choose the rack should
teach

To this young lurcher use of speech. Thy bow-string, till I bind him fast."—
"Nay, but he weeps and stands aghast; Unbound we'll lead him, fear it not; "Tis a fair stripling, though a Scot."
The hunters to the castle sped, And there the hapless captive led,

XXIII.

Stout Clifford in the castle-court Prepared him for the morning sport; And now with Lorn held deep discourse, Now gave command for hound and horse. War-steeds and palfreys paw'd the ground,

And many a deer-dog howl'd around.
To Amadine, Lorn's well-known word Replying to that Southern Lord, Mix'd with this clanging din, might seem The phantasm of a fever'd dream. The tone upon his ringing ears Came like the sounds which fancy hears, When in rude waves or roaring winds Some words of woe the muser finds, Until more loudly and more near, Their speech arrests the page's ear.

XXIV.

"And was she thus," said Clifford, "lost? The priest should rue it to his cost! What says the monk?"—"The holy Sire Owns, that in masquer's quaint attire, She sought his skiff, disguised, unknown To all except to him alone. But, says the priest, a bark from Lorn Laid them aboard that very morn, And pirates seized her for their prey. He proffer'd ransom gold to pay, And they agreed—but ere told o'er, The winds blow loud, the billows roar; They sever'd, and they met no more. He deems—such tempests vex'd the coast—

Ship, crew, and fugitive, were lost. So let it be, with the disgrace And scandal of her lofty race! Thrice better she had ne'er been born, Than brought her infamy on Lorn!"

xxv.

Lord Clifford now the captive spied;—
"Whom, Herbert, hast thou there?"
he cried.

"A spy we seized within the Chase, A hollow oak his lurking place."—
"What tidings can the youth afford?"—
"He plays the mute."—"Then noose a cord—

Unless brave Lorn reverse the doom For his plaid's sake."—"Clan-Colla's loom,"

Said Lorn, whose careless glances trace Rather the vesture than the face, "Clan-Colla's dames such tartans twin Wearer nor plaid claims care of mise Give him, if my advice you crave, His own scathed oak; and let him we In air, unless, by terror wrung, A frank confession find his tongue.—Nor shall he die without his rite;—Thou, Angus Roy, attend the sight And give Clan-Colla's dirge thy breat As they convey him to his death."—"O brother! cruel to the last!"
Through the poor captive's bosom pass The thought, but, to his purpose twe. He said not, though he sigh'd, "Adies!

XXVL.

And will he keep his purpose still, In sight of that last closing ill, When one poor breath, one single well. May freedom, safety, life, afford? Can he resist the instinctive call, For life that bids us barter all?— Love, strong as death, his heart has steel'd,

His nerves hath strung—he will not yet. Since that poor breath, that little wor May yield Lord Ronald to the sword. Clan-Colla's dirge is pealing wide, The griesly headsman's by his side; Along the greenwood Chase they be And now their march has ghastly ex That old and shatter'd oak beneath, They destine for the place of death. -What thoughts are his, while all in w His eye for aid explores the plain? What thoughts, while, with a dizzy c He hears the death-prayer mutter'dat And must he die such death accurat, Or will that bosom-secret burst? Cold on his brow breaks terror's det His trembling lips are livid blue; The agony of parting life Has nought to match that mome strife !

XXVII.

But other witnesses are nigh,
Who mock at fear, and death defy!
Soon as the dire lament was play'd,
It waked the lurking ambuscade.
The Island Lord look'd forth, and sp
The cause, and loud in fury cried,—

saven, they lead the page to die, ck me in his agony all abye it!"-On his arm aid strong grasp, "They shall t of the stripling's hair; I give the word, forbear. as, lead fifty of our force ler hollow water-course, ch thee midway on the wold, the flyers and their hold: above the copse display'd, I of the ambush made. ed, with forty spearmen, straight yonder copse approach the gate, en thou hear'st the battle-din, ward, and the passage win, he drawbridge-storm the port, and guard the castle-courtmove slowly forth with me, r of the forest-tree, glas at his post I see."

XXVIII.

horse eager to rush on. d to wait the signal blown, scarce hid, by greenwood bough, og with rage, stands Ronald now, be dyed with deadlier hue. ile the Bruce, with steady eye, dark death-train moving by, dful measures oft the space igias and his hand must trace, can reach their destined ground. ks the dirge's wailing sound, ster round the direful tree w and solemn company, symn mistuned and mutter'd rayer im for his fate prepare. mees o'er the greenwood shade? ar that marks the ambuscade !em, Ronald!" said the Bruce.

Bruce! the Bruce!" to wellmown cry we rocks and woods reply. Bruce! the Bruce!" in that tread word all of hundred deaths was heard. The astonish'd Southern gazed at first, Where the wild tempest was to burst, That waked in that presaging name. Before, behind, around it came! Half-arm'd, surprised, on every side Hemm'd in, hew'd down, they bled and died.

Deep in the ring the Bruce engaged, And fierce Clan-Colla's broadsword raged!

Full soon the few who fought were sped, Nor better was their lot who fied.

Full soon the few who fought were sped, Nor better was their lot who fled, And met, 'mid terror's wild career, The Douglas's redoubted spear! Two hundred yeomen on that morn The castle left, and none return.

XXX.

Not on their flight press'd Ronald's brand, A gentler duty claim'd his hand. He raised the page, where on the plain His fear had sunk him with the slain: And twice, that morn, surprise well near Betray'd the secret kept by fear; Once, when, with life returning, came To the boy's lip Lord Ronald's name, And hardly recollection drown'd The accents in a murmuring sound; And once, when scarce he could resist The Chieftain's care to loose the vest. Drawn tightly o'er his labouring breast. But then the Bruce's bugle blew, For martial work was yet to do.

XXXI.

A harder task fierce Edward waits.
Ere signal given, the castle gates
His fury had assail'd;
Such was his wonted reckless mood,
Yet desperate valour oft made good,
Even by its daring, venture rude,

Where prudence might have fail'd. Upon the bridge his strength he threw, And struck the iron chain in two,

By which its planks arose; The warder next his axe's edge Struck down upon the threshold ledge, 'Twixt door and post a ghastly wedge!

The gate they may not close.
Well fought the Southern in the fray,
Clifford and Lorn fought well that day,

But stubborn Edward forced his way
Against a hundred foes.
Loud came the cry, "The Bruce! the
Bruce!"

No hope or in defence or truce,—
Fresh combatants pour in;
Mad with success, and drunk with gore,
They drive the struggling foe before,

And ward on ward they win.
Unsparing was the vengeful sword,
And limbs were lopp'd, and life-blood
pour'd,

The cry of death and conflict roar'd,
And fearful was the din!
The startling horses plunged and flung,
Clamour'd the dogs till turrets rung,

Nor sunk the fearful cry, Till not a foeman was there found Alive, save those who on the ground Groan'd in their agony!

XXXII.

The valiant Clifford is no more;
On Ronald's broadsword stream'd his gore.

But better hap had he of Lorn, Who, by the foeman backward borne, Yet gain'd with slender train the port, Where lay his bark beneath the fort,

And cut the cable loose.

Short were his shrift in that debate,
That hour of fury and of fate,
If Lorn encounter'd Bruce!

Then long and loud the victor shout

From turret and from tower rung out,
The rugged vaults replied;
And from the donjon tower on high,
The men of Carrick may descry
Saint Andrew's cross, in blazonry

Of silver, waving wide!

XXXIII.

The Bruce hath won his father's hall!

—"Welcome, brave friends and comrades all,

Welcome to mirth and joy!
The first, the last, is welcome here,
From lord and chieftain, prince and peer,
To this poor speechless boy.

Great God! once more my sire's abod Is mine—behold the floor I trode

In tottering infancy!
And there the vaulted arch, whose som
Echoed my joyous shout and bound
In boyhood, and that rung around

To youth's unthinking glee!
O first, to thee, all-gracious Heaven,
Then to my friends, my thanks b
given!"—

He paused a space, his brow he cross'd-Then on the board his sword he toss'd Yet steaming hot; with Southern gon From hilt to point 'twas crimson'd o'e

XXXIV.

"Bring here," he said, "the mazers four, My noble fathers loved of yore. Thrice let them circle round the board The pledge, fair Scotland's rights n stored!

And he whose lip shall touch the win Without a vow as true as mine, To hold both lands and life at nonght, Until her freedom shall be bought,—Be brand of a disloyal Scot, And lasting infamy his lot! Sit, gentle friends! our hour of glee Is brief, we'll spend it joyously! Blithest of all the sun's bright beams, When betwixt storm and storm be

gleams.
Well is our country's work begun,
But more, far more, must yet be done.
Speed messengers the country through;
Arouse old friends, and gather new;
Warn Lanark's knights to gird their mail.
Rouse the brave sons of Teviotdale,
Let Ettrick's archers sharp their darts,
The fairest forms, the truest hearts!
Call all, call all! from Reedswair-Path,
To the wild confines of Cape-Wrath;
Wide let the news through Scotland

The Northern Eagle claps his wing!"

*These masers were large drinking-caps @ goblets.

CANTO SIXTH.

T.

O who, that shared them, ever shall forget
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
When breathless in the mart the couriers met,
Early and late, at evening and at prime;
When the loud cannon and the merry chime
Hail'd news on news, as field on field was won,
When Hope, long doubtful, soar'd at length sublime,
And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,
Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, to meet the rising sun!

O these were hours, when thrilling joy repaid A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears! The heart-sick faintness of the hope delay'd, The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears, That track'd with terror twenty rolling years, All was forgot in that blithe jubilee! Her downcast eye even pale Affliction rears, To sigh a thankful prayer, amid the glee, That hail'd the Despot's fall, and peace and liberty!

Such news o'er Scotland's hills triumphant rode,
When 'gainst the invaders turn'd the battle's scale,
When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd
O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's vale;
When English blood oft deluged Douglas-dale,
And fiery Edward routed stout St John,
When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the southern gale,
And many a fortress, town, and tower, was won,
And fame still sounded forth fresh deeds of glory done,

II.

te tidings flew from baron's tower, reasant's cot, to forest-bower, waked the solitary cell, re lone Saint Bride's recluses dwell. cess no more, fair Isabel, A vot'ress of the order now, did the rule that bid thee wear veil and woollen scapulare, reft thy locks of dark-brown hair, That stern and rigid vow, it condemn the transport high, ch glisten'd in thy watery eye, n minstrel or when palmer told i fresh exploit of Bruce the bold?— whose the lovely form, that shares anxious hopes, thy fears, thy prayers:

No sister she of convent shade; So say these locks in lengthen'd braid,' So say the blushes and the sighs, The tremors that unbidden rise, When, mingled with the Bruce's fame, The brave Lord Ronald's praises came.

Believe, his father's castle won,
And his bold enterprise begun,
That Bruce's earliest cares restore
The speechless page to Arran's shore:
Nor think that long the quaint disguise
Conceal'd her from a sister's eyes;
And sister-like in love they dwell
In that lone convent's silent cell.
There Bruce's slow assent allows
Fair Isabel the veil and yows;

And there, her sex's dress remaining the levely Maid of Lorn remaining Unional during the Union of Maid for the distribution of Warth And many a month, as I many a fact the edit of warth.

12.

these days, these months to years had

When thinge of high weight were leaved to that lone island seek for a cut all the Scottish conjugate to make the Luid Lelward eratibles his leave.

His son retained no more. Northward of Tweed, but Stirling's

towers.

B. leaguer'd by King Robert's powers:

And they took term of truce.

H. England', Long hould not relieve the acpeare John the Baptist's ever To yield them to the Bruce.

I nyl full them to the Fauce.

I nyl full with round on every side

Control and post and her del hard.

To ammon prince and peer, At Barwa I bound, to meet their Liege, Propored to rare fair Stirling's siege,

With buckler, brand, and spear. The term was might, they muster d fast, By bear on and by bugle blast.

Lorth in ushall d for the field; There tode each kinght of noble name, There England's hardy archers came, The land they trode seem'd all on flame,

With bruner, blide, and shield! And not famed I ugland's powers alone, Renown'd in arms, the summons own:

For Non-trial Linghts obey'd, Gracognic hath lent her horsemen good, And Cambria, but of late subdued, acut touth her mountain multitude. And Conneght pour'd from waste and wood.

Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude Dad. Eth O'Connor sway d.

٦,

Eight to devoted Caledon

The atom of war rolls slowly on,

With menace deep and dread;

So the Tark clouds with gathering power,

Suspend a while the t Till every peak and s Round the pale t Not with such pilgrin King Robert mark d

Resolved the bri His poyal summons v That all who own d

mand Should instant take th

To combat at hi highly may tell the s That at King Robert To barde for the

To battle for the form Cheviot to the form Solway-Sands All bound them sold news the royal Williams to form to first end of fisched in secret horizontal to form the robust of fisched in secret horizonal form solared she with

V.

"My Elith, can I to Cur interc urse of h Hath been to I Judge then the sorre When I must say th

The cheerless c Was not, sweet may Go thou where thy

On has pier for Nor, Edith, judge t Though Robert kne Maid

And his poor silent Versed in the tickle Earnest and auxious How Ronald's heart That gave him, with The charge of Sister To think upon thy I And keep the faith I Forgive him for thy At first if vain regin

Long since that Now dwells he on the And off his breach of Foreign him for

Forgive him for

VII.

er to Lord Ronald's bower in as paramour"—

In thee, too impatient maid, nal tale be said!—
King Robert would engage more his elfin page, a heart, and her own eye, a penitence to try—
royal charge, and free, h thy final purpose be, nown to seek the cell, and die with Isabel."

E the maid—King Robert's

some glance of policy; ge had the Monarch ta'en, had own'd King Robert's n; r had to England fled, in banishment was dead; ough exile, death, and flight, and land was Edith's right; right o'er tower and land in Ronald's faithful hand.

VIII.

d eye and blushing check d shame, and fear bespeak! he reasoning Edith made:-'s faith she must upbraid, such secret, dark and dear, to another's ear, she leave the peaceful cell?d she part with Isabel ?that strange attire agen?perself 'midst martial men ?e guarded on the way !e might entreat delay. I, with secret smile, orgave the maiden's wile, to be thought to move call of truant love.

IX.

e her not!—when zephyrs ce, strembling leaves must shake; ms the sun through April's wer, mst bloom, the violet flower;

And Love, howe'er the maiden strive, Must with reviving hope revive! A thousand soft excuses came, To plead his cause 'gainst virgin shame. Pledged by their sires in earliest youth, He had her plighted faith and truth— Then, 'twas her Liege's strict command, And she, beneath his royal hand, A ward in person and in land:-And, last, she was resolved to stay Only brief space-one little day-Close hidden in her safe disguise From all, but most from Ronald's eyes But once to see him more !- nor blame Her wish-to hear him name her name!-Then, to bear back to solitude The thought he had his falsehood rued! But Isabel, who long had seen Her pallid cheek and pensive mien, And well herself the cause might know, Though innocent, of Edith's woe, Joy'd, generous, that revolving time Gave means to expiate the crime. High glow'd her bosom as she said, "Well shall her sufferings be repaid!" Now came the parting hour-a band From Arran's mountains left the land; Their chief, Fitz-Louis, had the care The speechless Amadine to bear To Bruce, with honour, as behoved To page the monarch dearly loved.

v

The King had deem'd the maiden bright Should reach him long before the fight, But storms and fate her course delay: It was on eve of battle-day, When o'er the Gillie's-hill she rode. The landscape like a furnace glow'd, And far as e'er the eye was borne, The lances waved like autumn-corn. In battles four beneath their eye, The forces of King Robert lie. And one below the hill was laid, Reserved for rescue and for aid; And three, advanced, form'd vaward-line, 'Twixt Bannock's brook and Ninian's shrine.

Detach'd was each, yet each so nigh As well might mutual aid supply. Beyond, the Southern host appears, A boundless wilderness of spears,

Whose verge or rear the anxious eye Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy. Thick flashing in the evening beam, Glaives, lances, bills, and banners gleam; And where the heaven join'd with the hill, Was distant armour flashing still, So wide, so far, the boundless host Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.

Down from the hill the maiden pass'd, At the wild show of war aghast; And traversed first the rearward host, Reserved for aid where needed most. The men of Carrick and of Ayr, Lennox and Lanark too, were there, And all the western land: With these the valiant of the Isles Beneath their Chieftains rank'd their files, In many a plaided band. There, in the centre, proudly raised, The Bruce's royal standard blazed, And there Lord Ronald's banner bore A galley driven by sail and oar. A wild, yet pleasing contrast, made Warriors in mail and plate array'd, With the plumed bonnet and the plaid By these Hebrideans worn; But O! unseen for three long years, Dear was the garb of mountaineers To the fair Maid of Lorn! For one she look'd—but he was far Busied amid the ranks of war-Yet with affection's troubled eye She mark'd his banner boldly fly, Gave on the countless foe a glance, And thought on battle's desperate chance. XII.

To centre of the vaward-line Fitz-Louis guided Amadine. Arm'd all on foot, that host appears A serried mass of glimmering spears. There stood the Marchers' warlike band, The warriors there of Lodon's land; Ettrick and Liddell bent the yew, A band of archers fierce, though few; The men of Nith and Annan's vale, And the bold Spears of Teviotdale;-The dauntless Douglas these obey, And the young Stuart's gentle sway.

North-eastward by Saint Ninian's shrine, Beneath fierce Randolph's charge, combine

The warriors whom the hardy North From Tay to Sutherland sent forth. The rest of Scotland's war-array With Edward Bruce to westward lay, Where Bannock, with his broken beal And deep ravine, protects their flank. Behind them, screen'd by sheltering wood,

The gallant Keith, Lord Marshal, stood: His men-at-arms bare mace and lance, And plumes that wave, and helms the

glance. Thus fair divided by the King. Centre, and right, and left-ward wing, Composed his front; nor distant far Was strong reserve to aid the war. And 'twas to front of this array, Her guide and Edith made their way.

XIII.

Here must they pause; for, in advan As far as one might pitch a lance, The Monarch rode along the van, The foe's approaching force to scan, His line to marshal and to range, And ranks to square, and fronts to chan Alone he rode—from head to heel Sheathed in his ready arms of steel; Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight But, till more near the shock of fight Reining a palfrey low and light. A diadem of gold was set Above his bright steel basinet, And clasp'd within its glittering twin Was seen the glove of Argentine; Truncheon or leading staff he lacks, Bearing, instead, a battle-axe. He ranged his soldiers for the fight. Accoutred thus, in open sight Of either host.—Three bowshots far, Paused the deep front of England's w And rested on their arms awhile, To close and rank their warlike file, And hold high council, if that night Should view the strife, or dawning lig

O gay, yet fearful to behold, Flashing with steel and rough with go tled o'er with bills and

and pennons waving fair, ht battle-front! for there gland's King and Peers: t saw that Monarch ride, battled by his side, s direful doom foretell! eat in knightly selle, rightly eye was set f the Plantagenet. and wandering was his

ght of shield and lance. ,"he said,"De Argentine, who marshals thus their

on his helmet tell ny Liege: I know him

e andacious traitor brave where our banners

y Liege," said Argentine, horsed on steed like mine, air and knightly chance, iture forth my lance."—
y," the King replied, y rules are set aside. he rebel dare our wrath? weep him from our path!"
Edward's signal, soon he ranks Sir Henry Boune.

XV.

high blood he came,
i'd for knightly fame,
ore his Monarch's eye
eed of chivalry,
steed, he couch'd his lance,
i the Bruce at once,
is as rocks, that bide
the advancing tide,
tood fast.—Each breast
gh,

hardly time to think, ree had time to wink, King, like flash of flame, speed the war-horse came! may the falcon mock, salfrey stand the shockBut, swerving from the Knight's career, Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear. Onward the baffled warrior bore His course—but soon his course was o'er!—

High in his stirrups stood the King, And gave his battle-axe the swing. Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd, Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—

Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;
—First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

XVI.

One pitying glance the Monarch sped, Where on the field his foe lay dead; Then gently turn'd his palfrey's head, And, pacing back his sober way, Slowly he gain'd his own array. There round their King the leaders crowd, And blame his recklessness aloud, That risk'd'gainst each adventurous spear A life so valued and so dear. His broken weapon's shaft survey'd The King, and careless answer made, "My loss may pay my folly's tax; I've broke my trusty battle-axe. Twas then Fitz-Louis, bending low, Did Isabel's commission show; Edith, disguised, at distance stands, And hides her blushes with her hands. The Monarch's brow has changed its hue, Away the gory axe he threw, While to the seeming page he drew,

Clearing war's terrors from his eye. Her hand with gentle ease he took, With such a kind protecting look,

As to a weak and timid boy Might speak, that elder brother's care And elder brother's love were there.

XVII.

"Fear not," he said, "young Amadine!" Then whisper'd, "Still that name be thine.

Fate plays her wonted fantasy, Kind Amadine, with thee and me,

And sends thee here in doubtful hour. But soon we are beyond her power; For on this chosen battle-plain, Victor or vanquish'd, I remain. Do thou to yonder hill repair; The followers of our host are there, And all who may not weapons bear.— Fitz Louis, have him in thy care. -Joyful we meet, if all go well; lf not, in Arran's holy cell Thou must take part with Isabel; For brave Lord Ronald, too, hath sworn, Not to regain the Maid of Lorn, (The bliss on earth he covets most,) Would he forsake his battle-post, Or shun the fortune that may fall To Bruce, to Scotland, and to all. -But, hark! some news these trumpets tell; my haste-farewell!-fare-Forgive | well!"—

xvIII.

"Be of good cheer-farewell, sweet

And in a lower voice he said,

maid!"-

"What train of dust, with trumpet-sound And glimmering spears, is wheeling round Our leftward flank?"—the Monarch cried,

To Moray's Earl who rode beside.
"Lo! round thy station pass the foes!
Randolph, thy wreath hath lost a rose."
The Earl his visor closed, and said—
"My wreath shall bloom, or life shall
fade.—

Follow, my household!"—And they go Like lightning on the advancing foe.
"My Liege," said noble Douglas then,
"Earl Randolph has but one to ten:
Let me go forth his band to aid!"—
—"Stir not. The error he hath made,
Let him amend it as he may;
I will not weaken mine array."
Then loudly rose the conflict-cry,
And Douglas's brave heart swell'd

high,—
"My Liege," he said, "with patient car
I must not Moray's death-knell hear!"—
"Then go—but speed thee back
again."—

Forth sprung the Douglas with his train:

But, when they won:
He bade his followen
"See, see! the route
The Earl hath won ti
Lo! where you steed
His banner towers at
Rein up; our presen
The fame we come to
Back to the host the
And soon glad tiding
That, Dayncourt b
slain.

His followers fled wi That skirmish closed And couch'd in batt Each army on their

XI:

It was a night of los High rode in cloudle Demayet smiles Old Stirling's tower And, twined in link

Her winding ri Ah! gentle planet! Shall greet thee, ne Of broken arms and And marshes dark 1 And piles of slaught And Forth that float And many a wound Beneath thy silver 1 But now, from Eng Thou hear'st of was While from the Scc The murmur'd prave Here, numbers had There, bands o'erfrom Heaven

X:

On Gillie's-hill, who
The battle-field, fair
With serf and page
To eye the conflict of the con

s it the lark that
Is it the bittern'

ant, but increasing still, et's sound swells up the hill, e deep murmur of the drum. from the Scottish host, nd bugle-sound were toss'd, nd brow each soldier cross'd, rted from the ground; irray'd for instant fight, spearman, squire and comp of battle bright ad battalia frown'd.

d, and in open view, ss ranks of England drew, like the ocean-tide, ough west hath chafed his

p roar sends challenge wide hat bars his way! gallant archers trode, arms behind them rode, st of the phalanx broad march held his sway. many a war-horse fumes, waves a sea of plumes, a knight in battle known, o spurs had first braced on, that fight should see them

iward's hests obey. attends his side, De Valence, Pembroke's

mpions from the train, n his bridle-rein. tottish foe he gazedbefore his sight amazed, inner, spear, and shield; n-point is downward sent, to the ground is bent. Argentine, repent! don they have kneel'd."they bend to other powers, ardon sue than ours! on bare-foot Abbot stands, them with lifted-hands! ot where they have kneel'd, vill die, or win the field."-ove we if they die or win! Earl the fight begin.

XXII.

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high, Just as the Northern ranks arose,

Signal for England's archery

To halt and bend their bows. Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a pace, Glanced at the intervening space, And raised his left hand high;

To the right ear the cords they bring--At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,

Ten thousand arrows fly ! Nor paused on the devoted Scot The ceaseless fury of their shot;

As fiercely and as fast, Forth whistling came the grey-goose wing

As the wild hailstones pelt and ring

Adown December's blast. Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide, Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide; Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride,

If the fell shower may last! Upon the right, behind the wood, Each by his steed dismounted, stood

The Scottish chivalry :-With foot in stirrup, hand on mane, Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain His own keen heart, his eager train, Until the archers gain'd the plain;

Then, "Mount, ye gallants free!" He cried; and, vaulting from the ground, His saddle every horseman found. On high their glittering crests they toss, As springs the wild-fire from the moss: The shield hangs down on every breast, Each ready lance is in the rest,

And loud shouts Edward Bruce, "Forth, Marshal! on the peasant foe! We'll tame the terrors of their bow, And cut the bow-string loose !"

XXIII.

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks,

They rush'd among the archer ranks, No spears were there the shock to let, No stakes to turn the charge were set, And how shall yeomen's armour slight, Stand the long lance and mace of might? Or what may their short swords avail, 'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail

Amid their ranks the chargers sprung, High o'er their heads the weapons swung, And shriek and groan and vengeful shout Give note of triumph and of rout! Awhile, with stubborn hardihood, Their English hearts the strife made

Borne down at length on every side, Compell'd to flight they scatter wide.— Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee, And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee! The broken bows of Bannock's shore Shall in the greenwood ring no more! RoundWakefield's merry May-pole now, The maids may twine the summer

bough,

May northward look with longing
glance,

For those that wont to lead the dance, For the blithe archers look in vain! Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en, Pierced through, trode down, by thousands slain,

They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

XXIV.

The King with scorn beheld their flight. "Arethese," hesaid, "our yeomen wight? Each braggart churl could boast before, Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore! Fitter to plunder chase or park, Than make a manly foe their mark.— Forward, each gentleman and knight! Let gentle blood show generous might, And chivalry redeem the fight!" To rightward of the wild affray, The field show'd fair and level way; But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care

Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,

That form'd a ghastly snare. Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came, With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,

That panted for the shock! With blazing crests and banners spread, And trumpet-clang and clamour dread, The wide plain thunder'd to their tread,

As far as Stirling rock.

Down! down! in headlong overthrow,

Horseman and horse, the foremost go,

Wild floundering on the field!

The first are in destruction's gorge, Their followers wildly o'er them urge;

The knightly helm and shield. The mail, the acton, and the spear, Strong hand, high heart, are useleshed. Loud from the mass confused the cry Of dying warriors swells on high, And steeds that shriek in agony! They came like mountain-torrent red, That thunders o'er its rocky bed; They broke like that same torrent's ware. When swallow'd by a darksome care. Billows on billows burst and boil, Maintaining still the stern turmoil, And to their wild and tortured gross. Each adds new terrors of his own!

XXV.

Too strong in courage and in might Was England yet, to yield the fight Her noblest all are here;

Names that to fear were never known, Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,

And Oxford's famed De Vere. There Gloster plied the bloody sword, And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford, Bottetourt and Sanzavere,

Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came, And Courtenay's pride, and Pery fame—

Names known too well in Scotland's wat Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar, Blazed broader yet in after years, At Cressy red and fell Poitiers. Pembroke with these, and Argentine, Brought up the rearward battle-line. With caution o'er the ground they tree Slippery with blood and piled with de Till hand to hand in battle set, The bills with spears and axes met, And, closing dark on every side, Raged the full contest far and wide. Then was the strength of Douglas tri Then proved was Randolph's gener pride,

And well did Stewart's actions grace. The sire of Scotland's royal race!

Firmly they kept their ground; As firmly England onward press'd, And down went many a noble crest, And rent was many a valiant breast, And Slaughter revell'd round.

XXVL ing foot 'gainst foot was set, g blow by blow was met; groans of those who fell wn'd amid the shriller clang, n the blades and harness rang, in the battle-vell. they fell, unheard, forgot, them herce and hardy Scot; amid that waste of life, rious motives fired the strife! ring Noble bled for fame, not for his country's claim; night his youthful strength to to win his lady's love; glit from ruffian thirst of blood, et some, or hardihood. in stern, and soldier good, noble and the slave, ious cause the same wild road, ime bloody morning, trode,

hat dark inn, the grave! XXVII.

of strife to flag begins, neither loses yet nor wins. es the sun, thick rolls the dust, der speeds the blow and thrust. leans on his war-sword now, dolph wipes his bloody brow; and toil'd each Southern knight, orn till mid-day in the fight. gremont for air must gasp, undoes his visor-clasp, stague must quit his spear, s thy falchion, bold De Vere! es of Berkley fall less fast, . ant Pembroke's bugle-blast a Jost its lively tone; rgentine, thy battle-word, y's shout was fainter heard, nerry-men, fight on !"

XXVIII.

ith the pilot's wary eye, ening of the storm could spy. ffort more, and Scotland's free! f Isles, my trust in thee firm as Ailsa Rock; m with Highland sword and L with my Carrick spearmen, charge;

Now, forward to the shock !"
At once the spears were forward thrown,

Against the sun the broadswords shone;

The pibroch lent its maddening tone, And loud King Robert's voice was known-

"Carrick, presson-they fail, they fail! Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,

The foe is fainting fast! Each strike for parent, child, and wife, For Scotland, liberty, and life,— The battle cannot last !"

XXIX.

The fresh and desperate onset bore The foes three furlongs back and more, Leaving their noblest in their gore.

Alone, De Argentine Yet bears on high his red-cross shield, Gathers the relics of the field, Renews the ranks where they have reel'd,

And still makes good the line. Brief strife, but herce, his efforts raise A bright but momentary blaze. Fair Edith heard the Southern shout, Beheld them turning from the rout, Heard the wild call their trumpets sent, In notes 'twixt triumph and lament. That rallying force combined anew, Appear'd in her distracted view,

To hem the Islesmen round: "O God | the combat they renew, And is no rescue found! And ye that look thus tamely on,

And see your native land o'erthrown, O! are your hearts of flesh or stone?"

The multitude that watch'd afar, Rejected from the ranks of war, Had not unmoved beheld the fight, When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;

Each heart had caught the patriot spark. Old man and stripling, priest and clerk, Bondsman and serf; even female hand Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;

But, when mute Amadine they heard Give to their zeal his signal-word, A frenzy fired the throng ;-

"Portents and miracles impeach
Our sloth—the dumb our duties
teach—

And he that gives the mute his speech,
Can bid the weak be strong.
To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven;
That are to our lords heaven;

To us, as to our lords, belongs
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;
The choice, 'twixt death or freedom,
warms

Our breasts as theirs—To arms! to arms!"

To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,— And mimic ensigns high they rear, And, like a banner'd host afar, Bear down on England's wearied war.

XXXI.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain, Reproof, command, and counsel vain, The rearward squadrons fled amain,

Or made but doubtful stay;— But when they mark'd the seeming show Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,

The boldest broke array.
O give their hapless prince his due!
In vain the Royal Edward threw

His person 'mid the spears, Cried, "Fight!" to terror and despair, Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,

And cursed their caitiff fears;
Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain.
With them rode Argentine, until
They gain'd the summit of the hill,
But quitted there the train:—
"In yonder field a gage I left,
I must not live of fame bereft;

I needs must turn again. Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace The fiery Douglas takes the chase,

I know his banner well.
God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,
And many a happier field than this!—
Once more, my Liege, farewell!"

XXXII.

Again he faced the battle-field,— Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield. "Now then," he said, and couch'd his spear,

"My course is run, the goal is near;

One effort more, one brave career, Must close this race of mine." Then in his stirrups rising high,

He shouted loud his battle-cry,
"Saint James for Argentine!"
And, of the bold pursuers, four
The callant knight from saddle hor

And, of the bold pursuers, four The gallant knight from saddle bore; But not unharm'd—a lance's point Has found his breastplate's loosen'djo

An axe has razed his crest; Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord, Who press'd the chase with gory swe

He rode with spear in rest,
And through his bloody tartans bore
And through his gallant breast.
Nail'd to the earth, the mountainer
Yet withed him up against the spear
And swung his broadsword rose

—Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuishgavev Beneath that blow's tremendous swa The blood gush'd from the wor

And the grim Lord of Colonsay
Hath turn'd him on the ground
Andlaugh'd in death-pang, that his bl
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

XXXIIL

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle don To use his conquest boldly won; And gave command for horse and st To press the Southron's scatter'd re Nor let his broken force combine, —When the war-cry of Argentine

Fell faintly on his ear; "Save, save his life," he cried, "O: The kind, the noble, and the brave The squadrons round free passage g

The wounded knight drew ness
He raised his red-cross shield no m
Helm, cuish, and breastplate stres
with gore,

Yet, as he saw the King advance, He strove even then to couch his lan

The effort was in vain!
The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the he
Wounded and weary, in mid course
He stumbled on the plain.

Then foremost was the generous Br To raise his head, his helm to loose "Lord Earl, the day is thine! My sovereign's charge, and adverse

My sovereign's charge, and adverse Have made our meeting all too late this may Argentine, from ancient comrade, crave tian's mass, a soldier's grave."

XXXIV.

ress'd his dying hand—its grasp replied; but, in his clasp, tiffen'd and grew cold—
I farewell!" the victor cried, valry the flower and pride, arm in battle bold, recons mien, the noble race, nless faith, the manly face!—ian's convent light their shrine,—wake of De Argentine.

Ter knight on death-bier laid, ever gleam'd nor mass was said!"

XXXV.

De Argentine alone, Ninian's church these torches one, the death-prayer's awful tone. low lustre glimmer'd pale, en plate and bloodied mail, at and shatter'd coronet, Earl, and Banneret ; best names that England knew, in the death-prayer dismal due, mourn not, Land of Fame! e er the Leopards on thy shield from so sad a field, Norman William came. thine annals justly boast stern by Scotland lost; ige not her victory, her freeborn rights she strove; ar to all who freedom love, ione so dear as thee!

XXXVI.

to Bruce, whose curious ear m Fitz-Louis tidings hear; a, a hundred voices tell gy and miracle, or the mute page had spoke."—said Fitz-Louis, "rather say, I sent from realms of day,

To burst the English yoke.

I saw his plume and bonnet drop,
When hurrying from the mountain top;
A lovely brow, dark locks that wave,
To his bright eyes new lustre gave,
A step as light upon the green,
As if his pinions waved unseen!"
"Spoke he with none?"—" With none—
one word

Burst when he saw the Island Lord Returning from the battle-field."— "What answer made the Chief?"—"He kneel'd,

Durst not look up, but mutter'd low, Some mingled sounds that none might know,

And greeted him 'twixt joy and fear, As being of superior sphere."

XXXVII.

Even upon Bannock's bloody plain, Heap'd then with thousands of the slain, 'Mid victor monarch's musings high, Mirth laugh'd in good King Robert's eye:—

eye:—
"And bore he such angelic air,
Such noble front, such waving hair?
Hath Ronald kneel'd to him?" he said;
"Then must we call the church to aid—
Our will be to the Abbot known,
Ere these strange news are wider blown,
To Cambuskenneth straight ye pass,
And deck the church for solemn mass,
To pay for high deliverance given,
A nation's thanks to gracious Heaven.
Let him array, besides, such state,
As should on princes' nuptials wait.
Ourself the cause, through fortune's spite,
That once broke short that spousal rite,
Ourself will grace, with early morn,
The Bridal of the Maid of Lorn."*

* "ToMr. James Ballantyne.—Dear Sir,—You have now the whole affair, excepting two or three concluding stanzas. As your taxte for bride's-cake may induce you to desire to know more of the wedding, I will save you some criticism by saying, I have settled to stop short as above,—Witness my hand.

"W. S."

CONCLUSION.

Go forth, my Song, upon thy venturous way;
Go boldly forth; nor yet thy master blame,
Who chose no patron for his humble lay,
And graced thy numbers with no friendly name,
Whose partial zeal might smooth thy path to fame.
There was—and O! how many sorrows crowd
Into these two brief words!—there was a claim
By generous friendship given—had fate allow'd,
It well had bid thee rank the proudest of the proud!

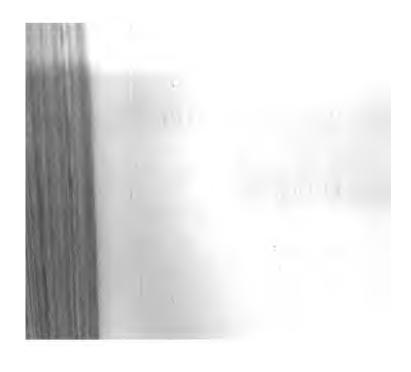
All angel now—yet little less than all,
While still a pilgrim in our world below!
What 'vails it us that patience to recall,
Which hid its own to soothe all other woes;
What 'vails to tell, how Virtue's purest glow
Shone yet more lovely in a form so fair:
And, least of all, what 'vails the world should know,
That one poor garland, twined to deck thy hair,
Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither there!

HE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN:

OR,

THE VALE OF ST. JOHN.

A LOVER'S TALE.



THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

INTRODUCTION.

ī.

COME, LUCY! while 'tis morning hour, The woodland brook we needs must pass;

So, ere the sun assume his power,
We shelter in our poplar bower,
Where dew lies long upon the flower,
Though vanish'd from the velvet grass.
Curbing the stream, this stony ridge
May serve us for a silvan bridge;
For here, compell'd to disunite,

Round petty isles the runnels glide,
And chafing off their puny spite,
The shallow murmurers waste their
might,

Yielding to footstep free and light A dry-shod pass from side to side.

11

Nay, why this hesitating pause? And, Lucy, as thy step withdraws, Why sidelong eye the streamlet's brim? Titania's foot without a slip,

Like thine, though timid, light, and slim, From stone to stone might safely trip, Nor risk the glow-worm clasp to dip That binds her slipper's silken rim.

Or trust thy lover's strength: nor fear That this same stalwart arm of mine, Which could you oak's prone trunk up-

Shall shrink beneath the burden dear Of form so slender, light, and fine.— So,—now, the danger dared at last, Look back, and smile at perils past!

Ш.

And now we reach the favourite glade, Paled in by copsewood, cliff, and stone, Where never harsher sounds invade, To break affection's whispering tone, Than the deep breeze that waves the shade,

Than the small brooklet's feeble moan.
Come! rest thee on thy wonted seat;
Moss'd is the stone, the turf is green,
A place where lovers best may meet
Who would not that their love be seen.
The boughs, that dim the summer sky,
Shall high up from each layling sense.

Shall hide us from each lurking spy,
That fain would spread the invidious
tale,

How Lucy of the lofty eye, Noble in birth, in fortunes high, She for whom lords and barons sigh, Meets her poor Arthur in the dale.

How deep that blush !—how deep that sigh!

And why does Lucy shun mine eye? Is it because that crimson draws
Its colour from some secret cause,
Some hidden movement of the breast,
She would not that her Arthur guess'd?
O! quicker far is lovers' ken
Than the dull glance of common men,

And, by strange sympathy, can spell
The thoughts the loved one will not tell!
And mine, in Lucy's blush, saw met
The hues of pleasure and regret;
Pride mingled in the sigh her voice,

And shared with Love the crimson glow; Well pleased that thou art Arthur s

choice,

Yet shamed thine own is placed so low:

Thou turn'st thy self-confessing cheek, As if to meet the breeze's cooling; Then, Lucy, hear thy tutor speak, For Love, too, has his hours of schooling.

13

V. -

Too off my anxious eye has spied That scoret grief thou fain wouldst hide, The passing pang of humbled pride; Too off, when through the splendid hall.

The load-star of each heart and eye,

My thir one leads the glittering ball, Will her stol'n glance on Arthur fall, With such a blush and such a sigh! These wouldst not yield, for wealth or

The heart thy worth and beauty won,

Nor leave me on this mossy bank,
To meet a rival on a throne;
Why, then, should vain repinings rise,
That to thy lover fate denies
A nobler name, a wide domain,
A flavon's birth, a menial train,
Since Heaven assign'd him, for his part,
A byre, a falchion, and a heart?

VI.

My sword—its master must be dumb;
But, when a soldier names my name,
Approach, my Lucy! fearless come,
Nor dread to hear of Arthur's shame.
My heart—'mid all yon courtly crew,
Of lordly rank and lofty line,
Is there to love and honour true,

That boasts a pulse so warm as

They praised thy diamonds' lustre rare— March'd with thine eyes, I thought it faded ! They praised the pearls that bound thy

I only my the locks they braided;

They talk'd of wealth And titles of high I thought of Lucy's Nor knew the se spoken.

And yet, if rank'd in I might have learn wise.

Who rate the dower : And Lucy's diamor

VII.

My lyre—it is an idle That borrows accen

Like warbler of Colon
That sings but in a
Ne'er did it sound o'e
Nor boast it aught of
Its strings no feudal sl
Its heroes draw no hu
No shouting clans app
Because it sung their
On Scottish moor, or
It ne'er was graced w
Norwon,—best meed
One favouring smile
CLEUCH!

By one poor streamle And heard by one de-

VIII

But, if thou bid'st, the Of errant knight, and Of the dread knot a ' In punishment of mai In notes of marvel an That best may charm

For Lucy loves,—like COLLINS, ill-starr'd name Whose lay's requital was that sardy fame, Who bound no laurel round his living head, Should hang it o'er his monment when dead,—but lucy loves to tread enchanted strand, And thread, like him, the maze of Fairy land; to achieve hattlements to view the gleam, and threadner noft by some Elysian stream; such have the loves,—and, such my Lucy's choise have the loves,—and, such my Lucy's choise that other song can claim-her Poet's voice?

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

CANTO FIRST.

the Maiden of mortal strain, match with the Baron of ermain?

be lovely, and constant, and

pure, and humble of mind, heer, and gentle of mood, and generous, and noble of

the sun's first ray.

eaks the clouds of an Aprilday; and true as the widow'd dove, minstrel that sings of love; e fountain in rocky cave, er sunbeam kiss'd the wave ; maiden that loves in vain, rmit's vesper strain;

breeze that but whispers and

as the light leaves that dance ts night;

as monarch the morn he is wn'd.

as spring-dews that bless the

ground ;

blood as the currents that met a of the noblest Plantagenether form be, her mood, and strain,

match with Sir Roland of ermain.

de Vaux he hath laid him

it was fever'd, his breathing

deep.

en pricking against the Scot, us long, and the skirmish hot; helm and his buckler's plight Bore token of a stubborn fight.

All in the castle must hold them still, Harpers must lull him to his rest, With the slow soft tunes he loves the best, Till sleep sink down upon his breast, Like the dew on a summer hill.

It was the dawn of an autumn day ; The sun was struggling with frost-fog

That like a silvery crape was spread Round Skiddaw's dim and distant head, And faintly gleam'd each painted pane

Of the lordly halls of Triermain, When that Baron bold awoke. Starting he woke, and loudly did call, Rousing his menials in bower and hall,

While hastily he spoke.

"Hearken, my minstrels! Which of ye all Touch'd his harp with that dying fall, So sweet, so soft, so faint,

It seem'd an angel's whisper'd call To an expiring saint?

And hearken, my merry-men! What time or where Did she pass, that maid with her

heavenly brow,

With her look so sweet and her eyes so

And her graceful step and her angel air, And the eagle plume in her dark-brown

> That pass'd from my bower e'en now !"

Answer'd him Richard de Bretville ; be Was chief of the Baron's minstrelsy,-

"Silent, noble chieftain, we Have sat since midnight close, When such lulling sounds as the brooklet sings,

Murmur'd from our melting strings, And hush'd you to repose. Had a harp-note sounded here,

It had caught my watchful ear, Although it fell as faint and shy As bashful maiden's half-form'd sigh,

When she thinks her lover near. Answer'd Philip of Fasthwaite tall, He kept guard in the outer-hall,-"Since at eve our watch took post, Not a foot has thy portal cross'd;

Else had I heard the steps, though

In morn of frost, the wither'd leaves, And light they fell, as when earth receives, That drop when no winds blow.

"Then come thou hither, Henry, my page, Whom I saved from the sack of Hermi-

When that dark castle, tower, and spire, Rose to the skies a pile of fire,

And redden'd all the Nine-stane Hill,

And the shrieks of death, that wildly broke

Through devouring flame and smothering smoke,

Made the warrior's heart-blood chill. The trustiest thou of all my train, My fleetest courser thou must rein, And ride to Lyulph's tower,

And from the Baron of Triermain

Greet well that sage of power. He is sprung from Druid sires, And British bards that tuned their lyres To Arthur's and Pendragon's praise, And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise. Gifted like his gifted race, He the characters can trace, Graven deep in elder time Upon Hellvellyn's cliffs sublime; Sign and sigil well doth he know. And can bode of weal and woe, Of kingdoms' fall, und fate of wars, From mystic dreams and course of stars. He shall tell if middle earth To that enchanting shape gave birth, Or if 'twas but an airy thing,

Such as fantastic slumbers bring, Framed from the rainbow's varying dyt Or fading tints of western skies. For, by the blessed rood I swear, If that fair form breathe vital air, No other maiden by my side Shall ever rest De Vaux's bride!"

The faithful Page he mounts his steed And soon he cross'd green Irthing's mes Dash'd o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plan And Eden barr'd his course in vain. He pass'd red Penrith's Table Round, For feats of chivalry renown'd, Left Mayburgh's mound and stones

power, By Druids raised in magic hour, And traced the Eamont's winding Till Ulfo's lake * beneath him lay.

Onward he rode, the pathway still Winding betwixt the lake and hill; Till, on the fragment of a rock, Struck from its base by lightning shock He saw the hoary Sage:

The silver moss and lichen twined, With fern and deer-hair check'd # lined.

A cushion fit for age; And o'er him shook the aspin-tree, A restless rustling canopy. Then sprung young Henry from his & And greeted Lyulph grave,

And then his master's tale did tell,

And then for counsel crave. The Man of Years mused long and de Of time's lost treasures taking keep, And then, as rousing from a sleep,

His solemn answer gave.

"That maid is born of middle earth And may of man be won. Though there have glided since her b

Five hundred years and one. But where's the Knight in all the no That dare the adventure follow fortl So perilous to knightly worth,

In the valley of St. John?

* Ulswater.

th, to what I tell, on thy memory well; nat I commence the rhyme 'mid the wrecks of time. tale, by bard and sage, own from Merlin's age.

×

Enulph's Tale.

our has ridden from merry sle, Pentecost was o'er: like errant-knight the while, the summer sun did smile intain, moss, and moor. olitary track nara's ridgy back, yawning gulfs the sun d radiance red and dun, er sunbeam could discern of that sable tarn, ack mirror you may spy hile noontide lights the sky. King he skirted still of that mighty hill; rocks incumbent hung, s, down the gullies flung, ade river that brawl'd on, ow from crag and stone, deep from human ken, down its darksome glen. h judged this desert wild, omantic ruin piled, by Nature's hand high achievement plann'd.

XI.

e chose, that Monarch bold, t'rous quest to ride, mail, by wood and wold, ermine trapp'd and cloth of

cely bower to bide;

crash of a foeman's spear,
iver'd against his mail,

r music to his ear
ourtier's whisper'd tale;
th of Caliburn more dear,
in the hostile casque it rung,
an all the lays
their monarch's praise
harpers of Reged sung.

He loved better to rest by wood or river, Than in bower of his bride, Dame Guenever,

For he left that lady so lovely of cheer, To follow adventures of danger and fear; And the frank-hearted Monarch full little did wot,

That she smiled, in his absence, on brave Lancelot.

XII.

"He rode, till over down and dell The shade more broad and deeper fell; And though around the mountain's head Flow'd streams of purple, and gold, and red,

Dark at the base, unblest by beam, Frown'd the black rocks, and roar'd the

With toil the King his way pursued By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood, Till on his course obliquely shone The narrow valley of SAINT JOHN, Down sloping to the western sky, Where lingering sunbeams love to lie. Right glad to feel those beams again, The King drew up his charger's rein; With gauntlet raised he screen'd his sight, As dazzled with the level light, And, from beneath his glove of mail, Scann'd at his ease the lovely vale, While 'gainst the sun his armour bright Gleam'd ruddy like the beacon's light.

XIII

"Paled in by many a lotty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But, midmost of the vale, a mound
Arose with airy turrets crown'd,
Buttress, and rampire's circling bound,

And mighty keep and tower; Seem'd some primeval giant's hand The castle's massive walls had plann'd, A ponderous bulwark to withstand

Ambitious Nimrod's power.
Above the moated entrance slung,
The balanced drawbridge trembling
hung,

As jealous of a foe; Wicket of oak, as iron hard, With iron studded, clench'd, and barr'd, And prong'd portcullis, join'd to guard The gloomy pass below.

But the gray walls no banners crown'd, Upon the watch-tower's airy round No warder stood his horn to sound, No guard beside the bridge was found, And, where the Gothic gateway frown'd, Glanced neither bill nor bow.

"Beneath the castle's gloomy pride, In ample round did Arthur ride Three times; nor living thing he spied,

Nor heard a living sound, Save that, awakening from her dream, The owlet now began to scream, In concert with the rushing stream,

That wash'd the battled mound. He lighted from his goodly steed, And he left him to graze on bank and

mead ; And slowly he climb'd the narrow way, That reached the entrance grim and gray, And he stood the outward arch below, And his bugle-horn prepared to blow,

In summons blithe and bold, Deeming to rouse from iron sleep The guardian of this dismal Keep,

Which well he guess'd the hold Of wizard stern, or goblin grim, Or pagan of gigantic limb, The tyrant of the wold.

"The ivory bugle's golden tip Twice touch'd the Monarch's manly lip, And twice his hand withdrew.

Think not but Arthur's heart was good! His shield was cross'd by the blessed rood, Had a pagan host before him stood,

He had charged them through and through;

Yet the silence of that ancient place Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space Ere yet his horn he blew. But, instant as its 'larum rung, The castle gate was open flung,

Portcullis rose with crashing groan Full harshly up its groove of stone; The balance-beams obey'd the blast, And down the trembling drawbridge

The vaulted arch before With nought to bar the And onward Arthur pa On Calibura's resistles

XVL

"A hundred torches, fl Dispell'd at once the g That lour'd along

And show'd the King The inmates of the

Nor wizard stern, nor Nor giant huge of form Nor heathen knig

But the cressets, which o Show'd by their yellow A band of damsel

Onward they came, lil That dances to th An hundred voices we

And welcome o'er An hundred lovely has The bucklers of the m And busy labour'd to Rivet of steel and iron One wrapp'd him in a And one flung odours His short curl'd ring! down,

One wreath'd them wit A bride upon her wed Was tended ne'er by t

"Loud laugh'd they a

vain, With questions task'd Let him entreat, or cr 'Twas one reply, -loue Then o'er him mimic Framed of the fairest While some their gent Onward to drag the w Some, bolder, urge his Dealt with the lily or Behind him were in tr The warlike arms he l Four of the train comb The terrors of Tintadg Two, laughing at their Dragg'd Caliburn in ci

cast;

e she aped a martial stride, her brows the helmet's pride; um'd, 'twixt laughter and sur-

depth o'erwhelm her eyes.
-shout, and triumph-song,
march'd the giddy throng.

XVIII.

many a gallery and hall I ween, their royal thrall; beneath a fair arcade th and song at once they staid, maiden of the band, ovely maid was scarce eigh-

th imposing air, her hand, ent silence did command, trance of their Queen, were mute.—But as a glance on Arthur's countenance der'd with surprise, her'd mirth again 'gan speak, limpled chin and cheek, aughter-lighted eyes.

XIX.

butes of those high days live in minstrel-lays; e, now exhausted, still profuse of good and ill. as gigantic, valour high, m soar'd beyond the sky, y had such matchless beam of now a lover's dream. that romantic age, were such charms by mortal

a dazzled eyes engage,
h on that enchanted stage,
ering train of maid and page,
need the castle's Queen!
he hall she slowly pass'd,
eye on the King she cast,
fash'd expression strong;
dwelt that lingering look,
the livelier colour took,
the shame-faced King could
ok

aze that lasted long.

no had that look espied,
dling passion strove with pride,

Had whisper'd, 'Prince, beware! From the chafed tiger rend the prey, Rush on the lion when at bay, Bar the fell dragon's blighted way, But shun that lovely snare!

XX.

"At once, that inward strife suppress'd, The dame approach'd her warlike guest, With greeting in that fair degree, Where female pride and courtesy Are blended with such passing art As awes at once and charms the heart. A courtly welcome first she gave, Then of his goodness 'gan to crave

Construction fair and true Of her light maidens' idle mirth, Who drew from lonely glens their birth, Nor knew to pay to stranger worth

And dignity their due;
And then she pray'd that he would rest
That night her castle's honour'd guest.
The Monarch meetly thanks express'd;
The banquet rose at her behest,
With lay and tale, and laugh and jest,
Apace the evening flew.

XXI.

"The lady sate the Monarch by, Now in her turn abash'd and shy, And with indifference seem'd to hear The toys he whisper'd in her ear. Her bearing modest was and fair, Yet shadows of constraint were there, That show'd an over-cautious care

Some inward thought to hide; Oft did she pause in full reply, And oft cast down her large dark eye, Oft check'd the soft voluptuous sigh,

That heav'd her bosom's pride. Slight symptoms these, but shepherds know

How hot the mid-day sun shall glow,
From the mist of morning sky;
And so the wily Monarch guess'd,
That this assum'd restraint express'd
More ardent passions in the breast,

Than ventured to the eye. Closer he press'd, while beakers rang, While maidens laugh'd and minstrels sang, Still closer to her ear—
But why pursue the common tale?
Or wherefore show how knights prevail
When ladies dare to hear?
Or wherefore trace, from what slight

Its source one tyrant passion draws,
Till, mastering all within,
Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!"

CANTO SECOND.

Fyulph's Cale continued.

I.

"Another day, another day,
And yet another, glides away!
The Saxon stern, the pagan Dane,
Maraud on Britain's shorts again.
Arthur, of Christendom the flower,
Lies loitering in a lady's bower;
The horn, that foemen wont to fear,
Sounds but to wake the Cumbrian deer,
And Caliburn, the British pride,
Hangs uscless by a lover's side.

11.

"Another day, another day, And yet another, glides away. Heroic plans in pleasure drown'd, He thinks not of the Table Round; In lawless love dissolved his life. He thinks not of his beauteous wife: Better he loves to snatch a flower From bosom of his paramour, Than from a Saxon knight to wrest The honours of his heathen crest; Better to wreathe, 'mid tresses brown, The heron's plume her hawk struck down, Than o'er the altar give to flow The banners of a Paynim foe. Thus, week by week, and day by day, His life inglorious glides away; But she, that soothes his dream, with fear Beholds his hour of waking near.

III.

"Much force have mortal charms to stay Our peace in Virtue's toilsome way;

But Guendolen's might Each maid of merely m Her mother was of hui Her sire a Genie of the In days of old deem'd : O'er lovers' wiles and 1 By youths and virgins v With festive dance and Till, when the cross to On heathen altars died Now, deep in Wastdal The downfall of his ri-And, born of his reser He train'd to guile tha To sink in slothful sin The champions of the Well skill'd to keep va And all to promise, no The timid youth had I The bold and pressing As wilder'd children le After the rainbow's ar Her lovers barter'd fai Faith, fame, and hone

ıv.

"Her sire's soft arts t She practised thus—ti Then, frail humanity And all the mother cl Forgot each rule her Sunk from a princess Too late must Guend He, that has all, can Now must she see he At every turn, her fee Watch, to new-bind ea To view each fast-dec Art she invokes to N: Her vest to zone, her Each varied pleasure The feast, the tourner Her storied lore she r Taxing her mind to a Now more than mort. In female softness sur Now, raptured, with plying,

With feign'd reluctan Each charm she varie A varying heart—and v.

the garden's narrow bound,
y some castle's Gothic round,
ld the artist's skill provide,
s of his realms to hide.
s in labyrinths he twines,
er shade with skill combines,
iy a varied flowery knot,
e, and arbour, decks the spot,
the hasty foot to stay,
er on the lovely way—
vain hope! 'tis fruitless all!
we reach the bounding wall,
of flower and trim-dress'd tree,
rough glades and forest free.

VI

ammer months had scantly thur, in embarrass'd tone, his liegemen and his throne; oo long had been his stay, s, which a Monarch sway, known to humbler men, her knight from Guendolen. d silently the while, express d in bitter smile; er eye must Arthur quail, sume the unfinish'd tale, g, by his downcast eye, he sought to justify. A moment mute she gazed, her looks to heaven she raised; her temples veil'd, to hide that sprung in spite of pride; for an instant press'd igs of her silken vest!

VII.

represential sign and look, the Monarch's conscience took. spoke—'No, lady, no! t of British Arthur so, e he can deserter prove car pledge of mutual love. by sceptre and by sword, knight and Britain's lord, boy shall claim my care, is born a kingdom's heir; maiden Fate allows, that maid a fitting spouse, A summer-day in lists shall strive My knights,—the bravest knights alive,— And he, the best and bravest tried, Shall Arthur's daughter claim for bride.' He spoke, with voice resolved and high— The lady deign'd him not reply.

VIII

"At dawn of morn, ere on the brake His matins did a warbler make, Or stirr'd his wing to brush away A single dewdrop from the spray, Ere yet a sunbeam, through the mist, The castle-battlements had kiss'd, The gates revolve, the drawbridge falls, And Arthur sallies from the walls. Doff'd his soft garb of Persia's loom, And steel from spur to helmet-plume, His Lybian steed full proudly trode, And joyful neigh'd beneath his load. The Monarch gave a passing sigh To penitence and pleasures by, When, lo! to his astonish'd ken Appear'd the form of Guendolen.

IX.

"Beyond the outmost wall she stood,
Attired like huntress of the wood:
Sandall'd her feet, her ankles bare,
And eagle-plumage deck'd her hair;
Firm was her look, her bearing bold,
And in her hand a cup of gold.
'Thou goest!'she said, 'and ne'er again
Must we two meet, in joy or pain.
Full fain would I this hour delay,
Though weak the wish—yet wilt thou
stay?

-No! thou look'st forward. Still attend, -

Part we like lover and like friend.'
She raised the cup—'Not this the juice
The sluggish vines of earth produce;
Pledge we, at parting, in the draught
Which Genii love!'—she said and
quaff'd;

And strange unwonted lustres fly From her flush'd cheek and sparkling eye.

x

"The courteous Monarch bent him low, And, stooping down from saddlebow, Lifted the cup, in act to drink. A drop escaped the goblet's brinkIntense as liquid fire from hell,
Upon the charger's neck it fell.
Screaming with agony and fright,
He bolted twenty feet upright—
—The peasant still can show the dint,
Where his hoofs lighted on the flint.—
From Arthur's hand the goblet flew,
Scattering a shower of fiery dew,
That burn'd and blighted where it fell!
The frantic steed rush'd up the dell,
As whistles from the bow the reed;
Nor bit nor rein could check his speed,

Until he gain'd the hill; Then breath and sinew fail'd apace, And, reeling from the desperate race,

He stood, exhausted, still.
The Monarch, breathless and amazed,
Back on the fatal castle gazed—
Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,
Darkening against the morning sky;
But, on the spot where once they frown'd,
The lonely streamlet brawl'd around
A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
Fragments of rock and rifted stone.
Musing on this strange hap the while,
The king wends back to fair Carlisle;
And cares, that cumber royal sway,
Wore memory of the past away.

ΥI

"Full fifteen years, and more, were sped, Each brought new wreaths to Arthur's head.

Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought,
The Saxons to subjection brought:
Rython, the mighty giant, slain
By his good brand, relieved Bretagne:
The Pictish Gillamore in fight,
And Roman Lucius, own'd his might;
And wide were through the world
renown'd

The glories of his Table Round.

Each knight, who sought adventurous fame.

To the bold court of Britain came, And all who suffer'd causeless wrong, From tyrant proud, or faitour strong, Sought Arthur's presence to complain, Nor there for aid implored in vain.

XII.

"For this the King, with pomp and pride, Held solemn court at Whitsuntide, And summon'd Prince and Per, All who owed homage for their law Or who craved knighthood from

hand,
Or who had succour to demand,
To come from far and near.
At such high tide, were glee and go
Mingled with feats of martial fane,
For many a stranger champion cam

In lists to break a spear; And not a knight of Arthur's host, Save that he trode some foreign com But at this feast of Pentecost

Before him must appear.
Ah, Minstrels! when the Table Ro
Arose, with all its warriors crown'd.
There was a theme for bards to som

In triumph to their string! Five hundred years are past and goa But time shall draw his dying grown, Ere he behold the British throne

Begirt with such a ring!

XIII.

"The heralds named the appointed sp As Caerleon or Camelot,

Or Carlisle fair and free.

At Penrith, now, the feast was set,
And in fair Eamont's vale were met
The flower of Chivalry.

There Galaad sate with manly grace, Yet maiden meekness in his face; There Morolt of the iron mace,

And love-lorn Tristrem there: And Dinadam with lively glance, And Lanval with the fairy lance, And Mordred with his look askance, Brunor and Bevidere.

Why should I tell of numbers more! Sir Cay, Sir Bannier, and Sir Bore,

Sir Carodac the keen, The gentle Gawain's courteous lore, Hector de Mares and Pellinore, And Lancelot, that ever more

Look'd stol'n-wise on the Queen

XIV.

"When wine and mirth did most about And harpers play'd their blythest rous A shrilly trumpet shook the ground, And marshals clear'd the ring;

And marshale clear d the.

A maiden, on a palfrey white,

a band of damsels bright, rough the circle, to alight kneel before the King. with strong emotion, saw eful boldness check'd by awe, s like huntress of the wold, and baldric trapp'd with gold, all'd feet, her ankles bare, agle-plume that deck'd her hair. her veil she backward flungg, as from his seat he sprung, ost cried, 'Guendolen!' a face more frank and wild, the woman and the child, ss of magic beauty smiled n of the race of men; he forehead's haughty grace, of Britain's royal race, Iragon's you might ken.

XV.

ag, yet gracefully she said—
'rince! behold an orphan maid,
rearted mother's name,
's vow'd protection claim!
was aworn in desert lone,
sep valley of St. John.'
the King the suppliant raised,
'd her brow, her beauty praised;
he said, should well be kept,
see the sun was dipp'd,—
ascious, glanced upon his queen:
anruffled at the scene
in frailty, construed mild,
upon Lancelot and smiled.

XVI.

sp! each knight of gallant crest buckler, spear, and brand! no-day shall bear him best, win my Gyneth's hand. thur's daughter, when a bride, bring a noble dower; s Strath-Clyde and Reged wide, larlisle town and tower. In you hear each valiant knight, go and squire that cried, ny armour bright, and my courser right! each day that a warrior's might on a royal bride. Then cloaks and caps of maintenance In haste aside they fling;

The helmets glance, and gleams the lance, And the steel-weaved hauberks ring. Small care had they of their peaceful array,

They might gather it that wolde; For brake and bramble glitter'd gay, With pearls and cloth of gold.

X VIII

"Within trumpet sound of the Table Round

Were fifty champions free, And they all arise to fight that prize,— They all arise but three.

Nor love's fond troth, norwedlock's oath, One gallant could withhold,

For priests will allow of a broken vow, For penance or for gold.

But sigh and glance from ladies bright Among the troop were thrown, To plead their right, and true-love plight,

And 'plain of honour flown.

The knights they busied them so fast,
With buckling spur and belt,

That sigh and look, by ladies cast, Were neither seen nor felt. From pleading, or upbraiding glance,

Each gallant turns aside, And only thought, 'If speeds my lance, A queen becomes my bride!

She has fair Strath-Clyde, and Reged wide, And Carlisle tower and town;

She is the loveliest maid, beside,
That ever heir'd a crown.'

So in haste their coursers they bestride, And strike their visors down.

"The champions, arm'd in martial sort,
Have throng'd into the list,
And but three knights of Arthur's codrt

Are from the tourney miss'd.

And still these lovers' fame survives

For faith so constant shown,—

There were two who loved their neighbours' wives,

And one who loved his own.
The first was Lancelot de Lac,
The second Tristrem bold,
The third was valiant Carodac,
Who won the cup of gold,

What time, of all King Arthur's crew, (Thereof came jeer and laugh,)
He, as the mate of lady true,
Alone the cup could quaff.
Thoughenvy's tongue would fainsurmise,
That, but for very shame,
Sir Carodac, to fight that prize,
Had given both cup and dame;
Yet, since but one of that fair court
Was true to wedlock's shrine,
Brand him who will with base report,—
He shall be free from mine.

XIX.

"Now caracol'd the steeds in air, Now plumes and pennons wanton'd fair, As all around the lists so wide In panoply the champions ride. King Arthur saw, with startled eye, The flower of chivalry march by, The bulwark of the Christian creed, The kingdom's shield in hour of need. Too late he thought him of the woe Might from their civil conflict flow; For well he knew they would not part Till cold was many a gallant heart. His hasty vow he 'gan to rue, And Gyneth then apart he drew; To her his leading-staff resign'd, But added caution grave and kind.

YY

"'Thou see'st, my child, as promisebound,

I bid the trump for tourney sound. Take thou my warder as the queen And umpire of the martial scene; But mark thou this:—as Beauty bright Is polar star to valiant knight, As at her word his sword he draws, His fairest guerdon her applause, So gentle maid should never ask Of knighthood vain and dangerous task; And Beauty's eyes should ever be Like the twin stars that soothe the sea, And Beauty's breath shall whisper peace, And bid the storm of battle cease. I tell thee this, lest all too far These knights urge tourney into war. Blithe at the trumpet let them go, And fairly counter blow for blow;—

No striplings these, who succour need For a razed helm or falling steed. But, Gyneth, when the strife grows was And threatens death or deadly hara, Thy sire entreats, thy king command. Thou drop the warder from thy hand Trust thou thy father with thy fate, Doubt not he choose thee fitting mate. Nor be it said, through Gyneth's prid A rose of Arthur's chaplet died.

XXI.

"A proud and discontented glow
O'ershadow'd Gyneth's brow of saw;
She put the warder by:—
'Reserve thy boon, my liege,' she mi
'Thus chaffer'd down and limited,
Debased and narrow'd for a maid

Of less degree than I.

No petty chief, but holds his heir

At a more honour'd price and rare

Than Britain's King holds me!
Although the sun-burn'd maid, fordown
Has but her father's rugged towes,
His barren hill and lee.'

King Arthur swore, 'By crown #

sword,
As belted knight and Britain's lord,
That a whole summer's day should sim
His knights, the bravest knightsalive!
'Recall thine oath! and to her gen
Poor Gyneth can return agen;
Not on thy daughter will the stain,
That soils thy sword and crown, remail
But think not she will e'er be bride
Save to the bravest, proved and tried
Pendragon's daughter will not fear
For clashing sword or splinter'd spen

Nor shrink though blood show

And all too well sad Guendolen Hath taught the faithlessness of men. That child of hers should pity, when Their meed they undergo.'

XXII.

"He frown'd and sigh'd, the Monan bold:—

'I give—what I may not withhold; For, not for danger, dread, or death Must British Arthur break his faith

mark, thy mother's art at thee this relentless part. not, for she had wrong, these my faults belong. the warder as thou wilt : ie, that, if life be spilt, love, in Arthur's grace, Il lose a daughter's place.' e turn'd his head aside, d to gaze upon her pride, e truncheon raised, she sate ss of mortal fate : d to mark, in ranks disposed, ld champions stood opposed, ne trumpet-flourish fell or like passing bell! from sight of martial fray s hero turn away.

XXIII.

h heard the clangour high, e hawk the partridge cry. er not! the blood was hers, trumpet's summons stirs !e gentlest female eye rave strife of chivalry untroubled view; mplish'd was each knight, d to defend in fight, ng was a goodly sight, plate and mail held true. ith painted plumes were nd at random thrown, breastplate bloodless shone, eir feather'd crests alone this encounter rue. the combat grows, s cheery voice arose. will song the flourish flows, the gale of April blows try greenwood through.

XXIV.

earnest grew their game, ew blood, the swords struck

and man, to ground there

who shall rise no more! pride the war that graced, ere cleft, and crests defaced, And steel coats riven, and helms unbraced,

And pennons stream'd with gore. Gone, too, were fence and fair array, And desperate strength made deadly way At random through the bloody fray, And blows were dealt with headlong

Sway,
Unheeding where they fell;
And now the trumpet's clamours seem
Like the shrill sea-bird's wailing scream,
Heard o'er the whirpool's gulfing stream,
The sinking seaman's knell!

XXV.

"Seem'd in this dismal hour, that Fate Would Camlan's ruin antedate, And spare dark Mordred's crime; Already gasping on the ground Lie twenty of the Table Round.

Of chivalry the prime.

Arthur, in anguish, tore away
From head and beard his tresses gray,
And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay,

And quaked with ruth and fear; But still she deem'd her mother's shade Hung o'er the tumult, and forbade The sign that had the slaughter staid,

And chid the rising tear. Then Brunor, Taulas, Mador, fell, Helias the White, and Lionel,

And many a champion more; Rochemont and Dinadam are down, And Ferrand of the Forest Brown

Lies gasping in his gore.

Vanoc, by mighty Morolt press'd

Even to the confines of the list,

Young Vanoc of the beardless face,

(Fame spoke the youth of Merlin's race,)

O'erpower'd at Gyneth's footstool bled,

His heart's blood dyed her sandals red.

But then the sky was overcast,

Then howl'd at once a whirlwind's blast,

And, rent by sudden throes, Yawn'd in mid lists the quaking earth, And from the gulf,—tremendous birth!—

The form of Merlin rose.

XXVI.

"Sternly the Wizard Prophet eyed The dreary lists with slaughter dyed, And sternly raised his hand:—
"Madmen," he said, "your strife forbear!
And thou, fair cause of mischief, hear

The doom thy fates demand? Long shall close in stony sleep Eyes for ruth that would not weep; fron lethurgy shall scal Heart that pity scom'd to feel. Yet, because thy mother's art Warn'd thine unsuspicious heart, And for love of Arthur's race, Punishment is blent with grace, Thou shalt bear thy penance lone In the valley of St. John, And this weird * shall overtake thee; Sleep, until a knight shall wake thee, For feats of arms as far renown'd As warrior of the Table Round. Long endurance of thy slumber Well may teach the world to number All their woes from Gyneth's pride, When the Red Cross champions died."

XXVII.

"As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth's eye Shumber's head begins to lie; Fear and anger vainly strive Still to keep its light alive. Twoce with effort and with pause, O'er her brow her hand she draws; Twice her strength in vain she tries, From the fatal chair to rise; Merlin's magic doom is spoken, Sanoc's steath must now be wroken. Slow the dark fringed eyelids fall, Customing wach asing ball, Shirely 24 ym summer eves Violen feld their dusky leaves. The weighty battom of command Now Issue thewa her sinking hand, On her shoughly shrough her head; Not or yeard and golden thread, Describe, eavy hot backs to flow O'er her wip and breast of anon-And in hoppy against also there, S-off bound in his front chair, And the special of telephone the pakes to the pakes the control to the pakes the control to the pakes to the pakes the pakes to the pak

Till, in necromantic a Gyneth vanish'd from

XXVII

"Still she bears her w In the Valley of Saint And her semblance of Mingling in a champi Of her weary lot to And crave his aid to While her wondrous Warriors to her rescu East and west, and s From the Liffy, Than Most have sought in Tower nor castle cou Not at every time or Nor by every eye, de Fast and vigil must l Many a night in wate Ere an eye of mortal Can discern those ma Of the persevering fe Some from hopeless When they read the Graved upon the glo Few have braved the And those few return In the lapse of time Wellnigh lost is Gyn Sound her sleep as it Till waken'd by the

End of Lynn

HERE pause, my tale
My Lacy, comes the
Already from thy lot
Its courtly inmates 's
And each, to kill the
That God has grante
Of lazy sauntering
Lordlings and w
Incapable of doing
Yet ill at ease w
Here is no longer pl
For, Lucy, thou wou
Some phantom, fa
With limb of lath a

And lounging gape Steal sudden on our hould I, so humbly born, graceful spectre's scorn? I fear, while conjuring wand oak is hard at hand.

TT.

e hour be all too soon

n boot and pantaloon,

the lounger seldom strays

smooth and gravell'd maze, e gods, that Fashion's train s of more adventurous strain. hers, who scorn to trace from Nature's boundless ght paramount assert r by pedant art, hate'er of vast and fair anvass three feet square. t, for their gumption fit, such a happy bit, are hers, wont to recite sweet lavs by waxen light. salver's tingle drown'd, hasse-café glides around; may hither secret stray, in extempore: an, with his boisterous hollo, is wiser spaniel follow, ruck Juliet may presume his bower for tiring-room; ke must shun regard, er, player, sportsman, bard. skim in Fashion's sky, -bottle, or butterfly, all alarms for us, hum and all can buzz.

III.

Lucy, say how long ast dread this trifling throng, to hide, with coward art, e feelings of the heart! thine, whose just command their child's obedient hand; ans, with contending voice, his individual choice. in Lucy's 7—Can it be for trimm'd cap-a-pee, in the saloon to show hat never knew a foe;

Whose sabre trails along the ground, Whose legs in shapeless boots are drown'd;

A new Achilles, sure,—the steel Fled from his breast to fence his heel; One, for the simple manly grace That wont to deck our martial race,

Who comes in foreign trashery
Of tinkling chain and spur,
A walking haberdashery,
Of feathers, lace, and fur:
In Rowley's antiquated phrase,
Horse-milliner of modern days?

IV

Or is it he, the wordy youth,
So early train'd for statesman's part,
Who talks of honour, faith and truth,
As themes that he has got by heart;
Whose ethics Chesterfield can teach,
Whose logic is from Single-speech;
Who scorns the meanest thought to vent,
Save in the phrase of Parliament;
Who, in a tale of cat and mouse,
Calls "order," and "divides the house,"
Who "craves permission to reply,"
Whose "noble friend is in his eye;"
Whose loving tender some have reckon'd
A motion, you should gladly steend?

v.

What, neither? Can there be a third, To such resistless swains preferr'd ?-O why, my Lucy, turn aside, With that quick glance of injured pride? Forgive me, love, I cannot bear That alter'd and resentful air. Were all the wealth of Russel mine, And all the rank of Howard's line, All would I give for leave to dry That dewdrop trembling in thine eyes Think not I fear such fops can wile From Lucy more than careless smile; But yet if wealth and high degree Give gilded counters currency, Must I not fear, when rank and birth Stamp the pure ore of genuine worth? Nobles there are, whose martial fires Rival the fame that raised their sires, And patriots, skill'd through storms of

To guide and guard the reeling state.

W W

Such, such there are—If such should come,

Arthur must tremble and be dumb, Self-exiled seek some distant shore, And mourn till life and grief are o'er.

VI.

What sight, what signal of alarm, That Lucy clings to Arthur's arm? Or is it, that the rugged way Makes Beauty lean on lover's stay? Oh, no! for on the vale and brake, Nor sight nor sounds of danger wake, And this trim sward of velvet green, Were carpet for the Fairy Queen. That pressure slight was but to tell, That Lucy loves her Arthur well, And fain would banish from his mind Suspicious fear and doubt unkind.

VII.

But wouldst thou bid the demons fly
Like mist before the dawning sky,
There is but one resistless spell—
Say, wilt thou guess, or must I tell?
'Twere hard to name, in minstrel phrase,
A landaulet and four blood-bays,
But bards agree this wizard band
Can but be bound in Northern land.
'Tis there—nay, draw not back thy
hand!—

'Tis there this slender finger round Must golden amulet be bound, Which, bless'd with many a holy prayer, Can change to rapture lovers' care, And doubt and jealousy shall die, And fears give place to ecstacy.

VIII.

Now, trust me, Lucy, all too long Has hen thy lover's tale and song. O, why so silent, love, I pray? Have I not spoke the livelong day? And will not Lucy deign to say

One word her friend to bless? I ask but one—a simple sound, Within three little letters bound,

O, let the word be YES!

CANTO THIRD.

INTRODUCTION.

T.

LONG loved, long woo'd, and lately w
My life's best hope, and now mine on
Doth not this rude and Alpine glea
Recall our favourite haunts agen?
A wild resemblance we can trace,
Though reft of every softer grace,
As the rough warrior's brow may be
A likeness to a sister fair.
Full well advised our Highland host
That this wild pass on foot be cross's
While round Ben-Cruach's mighty b
Wheel the slow steeds and linger
chase.

The keen old carle, with Scottish pri He praised his glen and mountains wi An eye he bears for nature's face, Ay, and for woman's lovely grace. Even in such mean degree we find The subtle Scot's observing mind; For, nor the chariot nor the train Could gape of vulgar wonder gain, But when old Allan would expound Of Beal-na-paish * the Celtic sound, His bonnet doff'd, and bow, applied His legend to my bonny bride; While Lucy blush'd beneath his eye Courteous and cautious, shrewd and:

II

Enough of him. - Now, ere we lose, Plunged in the vale, the distant view Turn thee, my love! look back once n To the blue lake's retiring shore. On its smooth breast the shadows se Like objects in a morning dream, What time the slumberer is aware He sleeps, and all the vision's air: Even so, on yonder liquid lawn, In hues of bright reflection drawn, Distinct the shaggy mountains lie, Distinct the rocks, distinct the sky; The summer-clouds so plain we not That we might count each dappled s We gaze and we admire, yet know The scene is all delusive show.

" Beal-na-paish, the Vale of the Bridal.

s of bliss would Arthur draw, his Lucy's form he saw; and sicken'd as he drew, they could e'er prove true!

III.

turn thee now, to view fair glen, our destined way: th that we pursue, d but by greener hue, round the purple brae, ne flowers of varied dye erve, or tapestry. little runnels leap, f silver, down the steep, Il the brooklet's moan ! he Highland Naiad grieves, hile her crown she weaves, irch, and alder leaves, ly, and so lone. flusion there; these flowers, g brook, these lovely bowers, ucy, all our own; hine Arthur call'd thee wife, the prospect of his life, th, on-winding still, brook and sloping hill. at mortals cannot tell them in the distant dell; p, or be it harm, e pathway arm in arm.

IV

ny Lucy, wot'st thou why bidding twice deny you pray'd I would again legendary strain knight of Triermain? on peevish vow you swore, ould sue to me no more, instrel fit drew near, me prize a listening ear. at, when thou first didst pray e of the knightly lay, on the happy day nade thy hand mine own? ied with mine ecstacy, t, or present, or to be, think on, hear, or see, Lucy, thee alone ! aught my rapture was, must's magic gas.

V.

Again the summons I denied
In yon fair capital of Clyde:
My Harp—or let me rather choose
The good old classic form—my Muse,
(For Harp's an over-scutched phrase,
Worn out by bards of modern days,)
My Muse, then—seldom will she wake,
Save by dim wood and silent lake;
She is the wild and rustic Maid,
Whose foot unsandall'd loves to tread
Where the soft greensward is inlaid

Where the soft greensward is inlaid
With varied moss and thyme;
And, lest the simple lily-braid,
That coronets her temples, fade,
She hides her still in greenwood shade,

To meditate her rhyme.

VI.

And now she comes! The murmur dear Of the wild brook hath caught her ear,

The glade hath won her eye; She longs to join with each blithe rill That dances down the Highland hill,

Her blither melody. And now, my Lucy's way to cheer, She bids Ben-Cruach's echoes hear How closed the tale, my love whilere

Loved for its chivalry.

List how she tells, in notes of flame,
"Child Roland to the dark tower came!"

CANTO THIRD.

A

BEWCASTLE now must keep the Hold,
Speir-Adam's steeds must bide in stall,
Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold
Must only shoot from battled wall;
And Liddesdale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Tarras and Ewes keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale foray Cumberland.
Of wasted fields and plundeted locks
The Borderers bootless may complain;
They lack the sword of brave De Vaux,
There comes no aid from Triermain.
That lord, on high adventure bound,
Hath wander'd forth alone,
And day and night keeps watchful round.
In the valley of Saint John.

773

11

When first began his vigil bold, The moon twelve summer nights was old, And shone both fair and full; High or the vailt of cloudless blue, Oer streamlet, dale, and rock, she threw Her light composed and cool. Stretch'd on the brown hill's heathy

breast, Sir Koland eyed the vale; Chief where, distinguish'd from the rest, These clustering rocks uprear'd their crest,

The dwelling of the fair distress'd,
As told gray Lyulph's tale.
Thus as he lay, the lamp of night
Was quivering on his armour bright,
In beams that rose and fell.
And danced upon his buckler's boss,
That lay beside him on the moss,
As on a crystal well.

111.

Fiver he watch'd, and oft he deem'd,
While on the mound the moonlight
stream'd,
It alter'd to his eyes:
Fam would he hope the rocks gan change
To buttress'd walls their shapeless range.
Fam think, by transmutation strange.
He saw grav turrets rise.
But scarce his heart with hope threbold
high,
Before the wild illusions fly,
Which fancy had conceived,

Abetted by an anxious eye
That long'd to be deceived.
It was a fond deception all,
Such as, in solitary hall,

Beguiles the musing eye,
When, gazing on the sunking fire,
Swark, and battlement, and spire,
In the red gult we spy.
Fig. seen by moon of middle night,

by the blaze of montide bright, Cr by the dawn of morning light, Or evening's western flame,

In every tide, at every hom, In miss, in sunshine, and in shower, The rocks remain'd the same. IV.

Oft has he traced the char Oft climb'd its crest, or pa Yet nothing might ex Save that the crags so rud At distance seen, resemble To a rough fortress b Yet still his watch the W. Feeds hard and spare, and And drinks but of th Ever by day he walks the And when the evening gs He seeks a rocky cel Like hermit poor to bid! And tell his Ave and his Invoking every saint at n For aid to burst his

V.

And now the moon her c And dwindled to a silver Dim seen in middle While o'er its curve care Before the fury of the bl The midnight cloud The brooklet raved, for The upland showers had And down the torn Mutter'd the distant thu And frequent o'er the v: A sheet of lightnin; De Vaux, within his mo No human step the stor To moody meditation g: Each faculty of sou Till, lull'd by distant to And the sad winds that Upon his thoughts, in n A broken slumber:

VI.

Twas then was heard a (Sound, strange and hear,
'Mongst desert hills, around,
Dwelt but the gorcoc'
As, starting from his co.
Again he heard in clang
That deep and sole

nes, in measured tone, it spoke, proud minister's pealing clock, y's larum-bell, ight was Roland's first when

ep wilderness, the knell his startled ear? warrior were I loth, hold my minstrel troth, a thought of fear.

vii. was the mingled thrill

d that momentary chill,
ove's keen wish was there,
Hope, and Valour high,
oud glow of Chivalry,
ourn'd to do and dare,
the cave the Warrior rush'd,
the mountain-voice was
i'd,
unswer'd to the knell;
and far the unwonted sound,
echoes round and round,
oss'd from fell to fell;
mara answer flung,

de-pike responsive rung,

t heights their echoes swung,

as Derwent's dell.

trackless darkness gazed
t, bedeafen'd and amazed,
l was hush'd and still,
voln torrent's sullen roar,
ght-blast that wildly bore
urse along the hill,
e northern sky there came
of reflected flame,
ver Legbert-head,
agic art controll'd,
neteor slowly roll'd
of fiery red;
ist have thought some demon

ated on that car of fire, his errand dread, sloping valley's course, rock, and torrent hoarse, Scrae, * and Felland Force, † cy light arose:

loose stones. + Waterfall.

Display'd, yet alter'd was the scene; Dark rock, and brook of silver sheen, Even the gay thicket's summer green, In bloody tincture glows.

IX.

De Vaux had mark'd the sunbeams set, At eve, upon the coronet

Of that enchanted mound, And seen but crags at random flung, That, o'er the brawling torrent hung, In desolation frown'd.

What sees he by that meteor's lour?— A banner'd Castle, keep, and tower,

Return the lurid gleam, With battled walls and buttress fast, And barbican ‡ and ballium § vast, And airy flanking towers, that cast

Their shadows on the stream.
'Tis no deceit! distinctly clear
Crenell || and parapet appear,
While o'er the pile that meteor drear

Makes momentary pause;
Then forth its solemn path it drew,
And fainter yet and fainter grew
Those gloomy towers upon the view,
As its wild light withdraws.

×

Forth from the cave did Roland rush, O'er crag and stream, through briar and bush;

Yet far he had not sped, Ere sunk was that portentous light Behind the hills, and utter night

Was on the valley spread.

He paused perforce, and blew his horn,
And, on the mountain-echoes borne,
Was heard an answering sound,

Was heard an answering sound A wild and lonely trumpet note,— In middle air it seem'd to float

High o'er the battled mound; And sounds were heard, as when a guard Of some proud castle, holding ward,

Pace forth their nightly round. The valiant Knight of Triermain Rung forth his challenge-blast again, But answer came there none;

The outer defence of the castle gate, § Fortified court. § Apertures for shooting arrows. And 'mid the mingled wind and rain, Darkling he sought the vale in vain, Until the dawning shone;

And when it dawn'd, that wondrous sight Distinctly seen by meteor light,

It all had pass'd away!
And that enchanted mount once more
A pile of granite fragments bore,
As at the close of day.

XI.

Steel'd for the deed, De Vaux's heart Scorn'd from his vent'rous quest to part, He walks the vale once more; But only sees, by night or day, That shatter'd pile of rocks so gray, Hears but the torrent's roar.

Till when, through hills of azure borne,
The moon renew'd her silver horn,
Just at the time her waning ray
Had faded in the dawning day,

A summer mist arose; Adown the vale the vapours float, And cloudy undulations moat That tufted mound of mystic note,

As round its base they close.
And higher now the fleecy tide
Ascends its stern and shaggy side,
Until the airy billows hide
The rock's majestic isle;

The rock's majestic isle; It seem'd a veil of filmy lawn, By some fantastic fairy drawn Around enchanted pile.

XII.

The breeze came softly down the brook,
And, sighing as it blew,
The veil of silver mist it shook,
And to De Vaux's eager look

Renew'd that wondrous view.

For, though the loitering vapour braved
The gentle breeze, yet oft it waved
Its mantle's dewy fold;

And still, when shook that filmy screen, Were towers and bastions dimly seen, And Gothic battlements between

Their gloomy length unroll'd.

Speed, speed, De Vaux, ere on thine eye
Once more the fleeting vision die!

—The gallant knight 'gan speed As prompt and light as, when the hound Is opening, and the horn is wound, Careers the hunter's steed. Down the steep dell his course amain
Hath rivall'd archer's shaft;
But ere the mound he could attain,
The rocks their shapeless form regain,
And, mocking loud his labour vain,

The mountain spirits laugh'd. Far up the echoing dell was borne Their wild unearthly shout of scorn.

YIII

Wroth wax'd the Warrior.—"Am I the Fool'd by the enemies of men, Like a poor hind, whose homeward wy Is haunted by malicious fay? Is Triermain become your taunt, De Vaux your scorn? False fierds, avaunt!"

A weighty curtal-axe he bare;
The baleful blade so bright and square,
And the tough shaft of heben wood,
Were oft in Scottish gore imbrued.
Backward his stately form he drew,
And at the rocks the weapon threw,
Just where one crag's projected crest
Hurg proudly balanced o'er the rest.
Hurg'd with main force, the weapon's
shock

Rent a huge fragment of the rock. If by mere strength, 'twere hard to tell, Or if the blow dissolved some spell, But down the headlong ruin came, With cloud of dust and flash of flame. Down bank, o'er bush, its course was

borne, Crush'd lay the copse, the earth 100

Till staid at length, the ruin dread Cumber'd the torrent's rocky bed, And bade the waters' high-swoln tide Seek other passage for its pride.

XIV.

When ceased that thunder, Trierman Survey'd the mound's rude front again; And, lo! the ruin had laid bare, Hewn in the stone, a winding stair, Whose moss'd and fractured steps might lend

The means the summit to ascend;
And by whose aid the brave De Vass
Began to scale these magic rocks,
And soon a platform won,

wild witchery to close, e lances' length arose estle of Saint John! nantom of the air, blazon'd show was there; splendour, full and fair, assive fortress shone.

XV.

igh and proudly tower'd, cond'rous flankers, lower'd rtal's gloomy way. six hundred years and more, had brook'd the tempest's

on'd emblems which it bore
ffer'd no decay:
e eastern battlement
i made sheer descent,
in recent ruin rent,
mid torrent lay.
ne Castle's brow sublime,
olence or of time
had pass'd away.
characters of yore,
is stern inscription bore:—

XVI.

Inscription.

XVII.

id I," said the Warrior bold, frame were bent and old, a blood dropp'd slow and cold le in thaw; But while my heart can feel it dance, Blithe as the sparkling wine of France, And this good arm wields sword or lance,

I mock these words of awe!"
He said; the wicket felt the sway
Of his strong hand, and straight gave way,
And, with rude crash and jarring bray,

The rusty bolts withdraw;
But o'er the threshold as he strode,
And forward took the vaulted road,
An unseen arm, with force amain,
The ponderous gate flung close again,
And rusted bolt and bar

Spontaneous took their place once more, While the deep arch with sullen roar

Return'd their surly jar.
"Now closed is the gin and the prey within

By the Rood of Lanercost! But he that would win the war-wolf's

May rue him of his boast." Thus muttering, on the Warrior went, By dubious light down steep descent.

XVIII.

Unbarr'd, unlock'd, unwatch'd, a port Led to the Castle's outer court: There the main fortress, broad and tall, Spread its long range of bower and hall,

And towers of varied size, Wrought with each ornament extreme, That Gothic art, in wildest dream

Of fancy, could devise; But full between the Warrior's way And the main portal arch, there lay

An inner moat;
Nor bridge nor boat
Affords De Vaux the means to cross
The clear, profound, and silent fosse.
His arms aside in haste he flings,
Cuirass of steel and hauberk rings,
And down falls helm, and down the
shield,

Rough with the dints of many a field, Fair was his manly form, and fair His keen dark eye, and close curl'd hair, When, all unarm'd, save that the brand Of well-proved metal graced his hand, With nought to fence his dauntless breast But the close gipon's " under-vest,

*A sort of doublet, worn beneath the armour.

Whose sullied buff the sable stains Of hauberk and of mail retains,— Roland De Vaux upon the brim Of the broad moat stood prompt to swim.

XIX.

Accoutred thus he dared the tide,
And soon he reach'd the farther side,
And enter'd soon the Hold,
And paced a hall, whose walls so wide
Were blazon'd all with feats of pride,
By warrior's done of old.
In middle lists they counter'd here,

While trumpets seem'd to blow;
And there, in den or desert drear,

They quell'd gigantic foe, Braved the fierce griffon in his ire, Or faced the dragon's breath of fire. Strange in their arms, and strange in face, Heroes they seem'd of ancient race, Whose deeds of arms, and race, and name, Forgotten long by later fame,

Were here depicted, to appal Those of an age degenerate, Whose bold intrusion braved their fate In this enchanted hall.

For some short space, the venturous knight
With these high marvels fed his sight,
Then sought the chamber's upper end,

Where three broad easy steps ascend
To an arch'd portal door,
In whose broad folding leaves of state
Was framed a wicket window-grate,

And ere he ventured more, The gallant Knight took earnest view The grated wicket-window through.

XX.

O, for his arms! Of martial weed Had never mortal Knight such need!— He spied a stately gallery; all Of snow-white marble was the wall,

The vaulting, and the floor; And, contrast strange! on either hand There stood array'd in sable band

Four Maids whom Afric bore; And each a Lybian tiger led, Held by as bright and frail a thread As Lucy's golden hair, For the leash that bound these monsters

dread

Was but of gossamer.

Each Maiden's short barbaric vest

Left all unclosed the knee and bress,

And limbs of shapely jet; White was their vest and turban's fold On arms and ankles rings of gold

In savage pomp were set; A quiver on their shoulders lay, And in their hand an assagay. Such and so silent stood they there,

That Roland wellnigh hoped He saw a band of statues rare, Station'd the gazer's soul to scare;

But, when the wicket oped,
Each grisly beast 'gan upward draw,
Roll'd his grim eye, and spread his day
Scented the air, and lick'd his jaw;
While these weird Maids, in Moori
tongue,

A wild and dismal warning sung.

XXI.

"Rash Adventurer, bear thee back!
Dread the spell of Dahomay!
Fear the race of Zaharak,*
Daughters of the burning day!

"When the whirlwind's gusts are whe

Ours it is the dance to braid;
Zarah's sands in pillars reeling,
Join the measure that we tread,'
When the Moon has donn'd her clow
And the stars are red to see,
Shrill when pipes the sad Siroc,
Music meet for such as we.

"Where the shatter'd columns lie, Showing Carthage once had been. If the wandering Santon's eye Our mysterious rites hath seen,— Oft he cons the prayer of death, To the nations preaches doom,

'Azrael's brand hath left the sheath Moslems, think upon the tomb!'

"Ours the scorpion, ours the snake, Ours the hydra of the fen, Ours the tiger of the brake, All that plague the sons of men.

⁴ Zaharak or Zaharah is the Arab nam the Great Desert.

npest's midnight wrack, that wastes by day ace of Zaharak! spell of Dahomay!"

XXII.

d strange the accents shrill se vaulted roofs among, ere, faint and still, far-resounding song, and edistant echoes roll, r communed with his soul.

upon the rood,
top, nor turn, nor rest,
l or for good.
path too well I ween,
fearful ranks between;
arm'd, 'tis bootless hope
and with fiends to cope—
n, what waits me there,
dire and fell despair?—
sion let me try,
e howe'er I list, I die.
s faith and knightly fame;
perjury and shame.
ath I hold my word!"
drew his trusty sword,
n a banner from the wall,
thus the fearful hall.

XXIII.

h wayward Maiden threw arm, with wild halloo! le a tiger sprung leftward foe he flung anner, to engage ig folds the brutal rage; and monster in mid air infercely and so fair, let and through spinal bone, at blade hath sheerly gone. ethren ramp'd and yell'd, I leash their rage withheld, t their ranks, the dangerous

ugh swift, the champion allery's bound he drew, in open portal through; And when against pursuit he flung.
The gate, judge if the echoes rung!
Onward his daring course he bore,
While, mix'd with dying growl and roar,
Wild jubilee and loud hurra
Pursued him on his venturous way.

XXIV.

"Hurra, hurra! Our watch is done! We hail once more the tropic sun. Pallid beams of northern day, Farewell, farewell! Hurra, hurra!

"Five hundred years o'er this cold glen Hath the pale sun come round agen; Foot of man, till now, hath ne'er Dared to cross the Hall of Fear,

"Warrior! thou, whose dauntless heart Gives us from our ward to part, Be as strong in future trial, Where resistance is denial.

"Now for Afric's glowing sky, Zwenga wide and Atlas high, Zaharak and Dahomay!—— Mount the winds! Hurra, hurra!"

YYY

The wizard song at distance died,
As if in ether borne astray,
While through waste halls and chambers
wide

The Knight pursued his steady way,
Till to a lofty dome he came,
That flash'd with such a brilliant flame,
As if the wealth of all the world
Were there in rich confusion hurl'd.
For here the gold, in sandy heaps,
With duller earth incorporate, sleeps;
Was there in ingots piled, and there
Coin'd badge of empery it bare;
Yonder, huge bars of silver lay,
Dimm'd by the diamond's neighbouring
ray.

Like the pale moon in morning day; And in the midst four Maidens stand, The daughters of some distant land, Their hue was of the dark-red dye,, That fringes oft a thunder sky; Their hands palmetto baskets bare, And cotton fillets bound their han; Slim was their form, their mien was shy, To earth they bent the humbled eye, Folded their arms, and suppliant kneel'd, And thus their proffer'd gifts reveal'd.

xxvi.

CHORUS.

"See the treasures Merlin piled, Portion meet for Arthur's child. Bathe in Wealth's unbounded stream, Wealth that Avarice ne'er could dream!"

FIRST MAIDEN.

"See these clots of virgin gold! Sever'd from the sparry mould, Nature's mystic alchemy In the mine thus bade them lie; And their orient smile can win Kings to stoop, and saints to sin."—

SECOND MAIDEN.

"See these pearls, that long have slept; These were tears by Naiads wept For the loss of Marinel. Tritons in the silver shell Treasured them, till hard and white As the teeth of Amphitrite."—

THIRD MAIDEN.

"Does a livelier hue delight? Here are rubies blazing bright, Here the emerald's fairy green, And the topaz glows between; Here their varied hues unite, In the changeful chrysolite."—

FOURTH MAIDEN.

"Leave these gems of poorer shine, Leave them all, and look on mine! While their glories I expand, Shade thine eyebrows with thy hand. Mid-day sun and diamond's blaze Blind the rash beholder's gaze."—

CHORUS.

"Warrior, seize the splendid store; Would 'twere all our mountains bore! We should ne'er in future story, Read, Peru, thy perish'd glory!"

XXVII.

Calmly and unconcern'd, the Knight Waved aside the treasures bright—

"Gentle Maidens, rise, I pray! Bar not thus my destined way. Let these boasted brilliant toys Braid the hair of girls and boys! Bid your streams of gold expand O'er proud London's thirsty land. De Vaux of wealth saw never need, Save to purvey him arms and steed, And all the ore he deign'd to hoard Inlays his helm, and hilts his sword. Thus gently parting from their hold, He left, unmoved, the dome of gold.

XXVIII.

And now the morning sun was high, De Vaux was weary, faint, and dry; When, lo! a plashing sound he hear A gladsome signal that he nears

Some frolic water-run; And soon he reach'd a court-yardsqu Where, dancing in the sultry air, Toss'd high aloft, a fountain fair

Was sparkling in the sun.
On right and left, a fair arcade,
In long perspective view display'd
Alleys and bowers, for sun or shade
But, full in front, a door,
Low-brow'd and dark, seem'd as it
To the lone dwelling of the dead,

Whose memory was no more.

XXIX.

Here stopp'd De Vaux an instant's s To bathe his parched lips and face And mark'd with well-pleased

And mark'd with well-pleased Refracted on the fountain stream, In rainbow hues the dazzling bean

Of that gay summer sky. His senses felt a mild control, Like that which lulls the weary so

From contemplation high Relaxing, when the ear receives The music that the greenwood lea Make to the breezes' sigh.

XXX.

And oft in such a dreamy mood,
The half-shut eye can frame
Fair apparitions in the wood
As if the Nymphs of field and flox
In gay procession came.

such fantastic mould, tant down the fair arcade, enlink'd in sister-fold, te at bashful distance staid, pping from the greenwood

nusing champion draw, use of seeming awe, and doubtful now?—
pause of witching powers! o say, "To please be ours, to tell us how."
Is of the golden glow Candahar bestow, a slight suffusion flows nge of paly rose; were fashion'd fair and free, stest symmetry; d with flowers, with odours

inglets reach'd the waist:
mp, its gilding pale
ent each shapely nail,
sumah gave the eye
nd more lustrous dye,
veil of misty lawn,
arrangement, drawn
a and bosom o'er,
re, or tempt the touch,
show'd all too much—
h—yet promised more,

XXXI.

tht, a while delay,"
ig, "thy toilsome way,
the duty due
r and to you,
over Fear,
ant led thee here;
to us, for we
Love, are friends to thee,
easured gems have we,
the bended knee,
hast nor arm nor heart,
ay or dart,
each simple girl
teeth of pearl;
more you prize,
them in our eyes.

gentle Warrior, stay, ng steal on day; Stay, O, stay!—in yonder bowers
We will braid thy locks with flowers,
Spread the feast and fill the wine,
Charm thy ear with sounds divine,
Weave our dances till delight
Yield to languor, day to night.
Then shall she you most approve,
Sing the lays that best you love,
Soft thy mossy couch shall spread,
Watch thy pillow, prop thy head,
Till the weary night be o'er—
Gentle Warrior, wouldst thou more.
Wouldst thou more, fair Warrior,—she
Is slave to Love and slave to thee."

XXXII.

O, do not hold it for a crime In the bold hero of my rhyme, For Stoic look, And meet rebuke, He lack'd the heart or time; As round the band of sirens trip, He kiss'd one damsel's laughing lip, And press'd another's proffer'd hand, Spoke to them all in accents bland, But broke their magic circle through; "Kind Maids," he said, "adieu, adieu! My fate, my fortune, forward lies." He said, and vanish'd from their eyes: But, as he dared that darksome way. Still heard behind their lovely lay : "Fair Flower of Courtesy, depart! Go, where the feelings of the heart With the warm pulse in concord move; Go, where Virtue sanctions Love!"

XXXIII.

Downward De Vaux through darksome ways
And ruin'd vaults has gone.
Till issue from their wilder'd maze,
Or safe retreat, seem'd none,—
And e'en the dismal path he strays
Grew worse as he went on.
For cheerful sun, for living air,
Foul vapours rise and mine-fires glare,
Whose fearful light the dangers show'd
That dogg'd him on that dreadful road.
Deep pits, and lakes of waters dun,
They show'd, but show'd not how to

These scenes of desolate despair,
These smothering clouds of poison'd sir,
How gladly had De Vaux exchanged,
Though 'twere to face you tigers ranged!
Nay, soothful bards have said,
So periloge his state seem'd now.

Nay, soothing bards nave said, So perilour his state seem'd now, He wish'd him under arbour bough

With Asia's willing maid.
When, joyful sound! at distance near
A trumpet flourish'd loud and clear,
And as it ceased, a lofty lay
Seem'd thus to chide his lagging way.

XXXIV.

"Son of Honour, theme of story, Think on the reward before ye! Danger, darkness, toil despise; 'Tis Ambition bids thee rise.

"He that would her heights ascend, Many a weary step must wend; Hand and foot and knee he tries; Thus Ambition's minions rise.

"Lag not now, though rough the way,
Fortune's mood brooks no delay;
Grasp the boon that's spread before ye,
Monarch's power, and Conqueror's
glory!"

It ceased. Advancing on the sound,
A steep ascent the Wanderer found,
And then a turret stair:

Nor climb'd he far its steepy round
Till fresher blew the air,

And next a welcome glimpse was given, That cheer'd him with the light of heaven.

At length his toil had won
A lofty hall with trophies dress'd
Where as to greet imperial guest,
Four Maidens stood, whose crimson vest
Was bound with golden zone.

XXXV.

Of Europe seem'd the damsels all; The first a nymph of lively Gaul, Whose easy step and laughing eye Her borrow'd air of awe belie; The next a maid of Spain,

Dark-eyed, dark-hair'd, sedate, yet bold; White ivory skin and tress of gold, Her shy and bashful comrade told For daughter of Almaine. These maidens
Withcrown, wit
Emblems c
Emblems c
The fourth a sp
And leant upon
Of minstrel
Of merry Engls
Like ancient Br
Her hair an azu
Her graceful ve
And, in he
A crown did th
But unadorn'd v
Of glossy l:

At once to brav These forer And proffer'd se Liegedom : O'er many a reg Destined, they But homag "Rather," he sai A Warden of th In plate and ma A monarch Rather, far rath A free-born kni Than sit on So pass'd he on, As starting Upon the harp Her magic touc Their soul

SONG OF TH

"Quake to your Stately Tower Bid your vaul As the dreade

"Fiends, that Hear the foot Spread your of Boune ye for

"It is Hts, the Dared the dis His, who hat Spread by Ple

your foundations deep, e, and Turret steep! cep! and totter, Tower! eth's waking hour."

XXXVII.

he sung, the venturous

bower, where milder light crimson curtains fell: shade the hill receives, il when twilight leaves western swell. e gazer to bewitch, store of rare and rich as seen with eye; nagic skill, I wis, thing that living is d in proper dye. sleep-the timid hare tag upon his lair, er eyrie fair he earth and sky. ctured rich and rare Vaux's eye-glance, where, ng in the fatal chair, ing Arthur's child! ger, and dismay, had pass'd away, it fell tourney-day, slept, she smiled: the repentant Seer any a hundred year le dreams beguiled.

XXXVIII.

naiden loveliness,
Idhood and 'twixt youth,
ir, that silvan dress,
ankles bare, express
's tale the truth.
garment's hem
made purple gem,
r of command
her sleeping hand;
ocks dishevell'd flow
ard o'er breast of snow;
slumberer seems,
impeach'd his dreams,
void of might,
r charms from sight.

Motionless a while he stands, Folds his arms and clasps his hands, Trembling in his fitful joy, Doubtful how he should destroy Long-enduring spell; Doubtful, too, when slowly rise Dark-fringed lids of Gyneth's eyes,

What these eyes shall tell.—
"St George! St Mary! can it be,
That they will kindly look on me!"

XXXIX.

Gently, lo! the Warrior kneels, Soft that lovely hand he steals, Soft to kiss, and soft to clasp— But the warder leaves her grasp;

Lightning flashes, rolls the thunder!

Gyneth startles from her sleep,

Totters Tower, and troubles Keep

Totters Tower, and trembles Keep, Burst the Castle-walls asunder! Fierce and frequent were the shocks,—

Melt the magic halls away;

— But beneath their mystic rocks,
In the arms of bold De Vaux.

Safe the princess lay; Safe and free from magic power, Blushing like the rose's flower

Opening to the day; And round the Champion's brows were

The crown that Druidess had wound, Of the green laurel-bay. And this was what remain'd of all The wealth of each enchanted hall,

The Garland and the Dame:
Butwhere should Warrior seek the meed,
Due to high worth for daring deed,
Except from Love and FAME!

CONCLUSION.

I.

My Lucy, when the Maid is won, The Minstrel's task, thou know'st, is done;

And to require of bard
That to his dregs the tale should run,
Were ordinance too hard.
Our lovers, briefly be it said,
Wedded as lovers wont to wed,
When tale or play is o'er;

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAL

Lived long and blest, loved fond and true,
And saw a numerous race renew
The honours that they hore.
Know, too, that when a pilgrim strays,
In morning mist or evening maze,
Along the mountain lone,
That fairy fortress often mocks
His gaze upon the castled rocks
Of the Valley of St. John;
But never man since brave De Vaux
The charmed portal won.
Tis now a vain illusive show,
That melts whene'er the sunbeams glow,
Or the fresh breeze hath blown.

II.

But see, my love, where far below
Our lingering wheels are moving slow,
The whiles, up-gazing still,
Our menials eye our steepy way,
Marvelling, perchance, what whim can
stay
Our steeps, when eve is sinking gray,
On this gigantic hill.

So think the vu Ring all their jo Of luxury : And, O! beside How many best

How many bett To such co Dead to the no When nature's But, Lucy, we The mountain's

The greens
And love the m
Adventure high
By ancient
Bringing, perch
Some moral tru
Nor love them

The evening chill;—
My love sh
And, fearless of
While safe she
Shall hang

HE FIELD OF WATERLOO:

A POEM.

Though Valois braved young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons, in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd,—
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound."
AKENSIDE.

TO

HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON,

Princess of Waterloo, &c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be some apology for the imperfections of this Poem, that handly, and during a short tour upon the Continent, when the news trade in frequent interruption; but its best apology is, that . The property of assisting the Waterloo Subscription.

Anno 1 aponio, 1815.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

issels, thou art far behind, lingering on the morning wind, yet may hear the hour er orchard and canal, ce prolong'd and measured fall, n proud St. Michael's tower; d, dark Soignies, holds us now, ne tall beeches' glossy bough many a league around, ch and darksome oak between, leep and far a pathless screen, angled forest ground. anted close by stems defy enturous foot-the curious eye access seeks in vain; brown tapestry of leaves, on the blighted ground, receives sun, nor air, nor rain. ing glade dawns on our way, miet, glancing to the ray, woodland path has cross'd; straight causeway which we ead, a line of dull arcade, g through the unvaried shade

II.

I in distance lost,

er, livelier scene succeeds; s the scattering wood recedes, ows, and huts, and sunny meads, corn-fields glance between; ant, at his labour blithe, hook'd staff and shorten'd ythe :when these ears were green, ose within destruction's scope, was that rustic's hope ir ripening to have seen! a hamlet and its fane :be gazer with disdain r architecture view;

For yonder rude ungraceful shrine, And disproportion'd spire, are thine, Immortal WATERLOO!

Fear not the heat, though full and high The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky, And scarce a forest straggler now To shade us spreads a greenwood bough; These fields have seen a hotter day Than e'er was fired by sunny ray. Yet one mile on-you shatter'd hedge Crests the soft hill whose long smooth ridge

Looks on the field below, And sinks so gently on the dale, That not the folds of Beauty's veil

In easier curves can flow. Brief space from thence, the ground again Ascending slowly from the plain,

Forms an opposing screen, Which, with its crest of upland ground, Shuts the horizon all around.

The soften'd vale between Slopes smooth and fair for courser's tread;

Not the most timid maid need dread To give her snow-white palfrey head

On that wide stubble-ground; Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush, are there, Her course to intercept or scare,

Nor fosse nor fence are found, Save where, from out her shatter'd bowers,

Rise Hougomont's dismantled towers.

IV.

Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene Can tell of that which late hath been?-A stranger might reply, "The bare extent of stubble-plain

Seems lately lighten'd of its grain;

And yonder sable tracks remain Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain, When harvest-home was nigh.

On these broad spots of trampled ground, Perchance the rustics danced such round As Teniers loved to draw;

And where the earth seems scorch'd by flame,

To dress the homely feast they came, And toil'd the kerchief'd village dame Around her fire of straw."

v.

So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems, Of that which is from that which seems:—

But other harvest here,
Than that which peasant's scythe demands,

Was gather'd in by sterner hands.
With bayonet, blade, and spear.
No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No stinted harvest thin and cheap!
Hefoes before each fatal sweep

Fell thick as ripen'd grain; And ere the darkening of the day, Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay The ghastly harvest of the fray, The corpses of the slain.

VI.

Ay, look again—that line, so black And trampled marks the bivouac, Yondeep-graved ruts the artillery's track,

So often lost and won;
And close beside, the harden'd mud
Still shows where, fetlock-deep in blood,
The fierce dragoom, through battle's flood,
Dash'd the hot war-horse on.
These spots of excavation tell
There ravage of the bursting shell—
And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,
That reeks against the sultry beam,

From yonder trenched mound?
The pestilential fumes declare
That Carnage has replenish'd there
Her garner-house profound.

VII.

Far other harvest-home and feast,
Than claims the boor from scythe released,
On these scorch'd fields wereknown!

Death hover'd o'er the: And, in the thrilling be Sent for the bloody bar

A summons of his Through rolling smoke Could well each destine Well could his ear in e

Distinguish every!
That fill'd the chorus c
From cannon-roar and
From charging squadn
From the wild clang t
way,—

Down to the dying And the last sob of life When breath was

VIII

Feast on, stern foe of Feast on!—but think With such promiscuou

Protracted space The deadly tug of wa Must limits find in hu

And cease when Vain hope!—that mon Heard the wild shout

Ere he attain'd h And through the war high,

Still peals that unrem
Though now he:
For ten long hours of
Fresh succours from t
Of either hill the cont

Still down the sl.
The charge of column
Nor ceased the storm
For all that war
Of skill and force wa.
And turn'd not yet th

On bloody Wate

IX.

Brussels I then w

Pale Brussels! then w thine, When ceaseless from

Continued thund Each burgher held hi These forerunners of

Of rapine and of What ghastly sights w When rolling through ided show'd their mangled it f the unfinish'd fight, each anguish-laden wain drops laid thy dust like rain! in the distant drum hou the fell Invader come, n, shouting to his band, her torch and gory brand!—, fair City! From yon stand, still his outstretch'd hand to his prey in vain, Idening in his eager mood, wont to be withstood, es the fight again.

x.

was still his stern exclaim;

the battery's jaws of flame! on the levell'd gun! ad cuirassiers, advance! n forward with his lance, - my Chosen - charge for and Napoleon!" r'd their acclaiming shout, e mandate which sent out st and their best to dare eir leader shunn'd to share. s country's sword and shield, battle-front reveal'd, ger fiercest swept the field, ike a beam of light, ompt, in sentence brieftand firm !" exclaimed the and shall tell the fight!"

**

aweep of tempest-blast the whirlwind—steel-gleams te ing through the rolling smoke; ar was waked anew, dred cannon-mouths roar'd

e whirlwind-like the last

heir throats, with flash and d, diowers of iron threw, sir fire, in full career, the ponderous cuirassier, The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That, from the shroud of smoke and
flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

VIII.

But on the British heart were lost The terrors of the charging host; For not an eye the storm that view'd Changed its proud glance of fortitude, Nor was one forward footstep staid, As dropp'd the dying and the dead. Fast as their ranks the thunders tear, Fast they renew'd each serried square; And on the wounded and the slain Closed their diminish'd files again, Till from their line scarce spears' lengths

Emerging from the smoke they see Helmet, and plume, and panoply,— Then waked their fire at once!

Then waked their fire at once Each musketeer's revolving knell, As fast, as regularly fell, As when they practise to display Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance, Down were the eagle banners sent, Down reeling steeds and riders went, Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent;

And, to augment the fray, Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,

The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.
Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of
steeds—

As plies the smith his clanging trade, Against the cuirass rang the blade; And while amid their close array. The well-served cannon rent their way, And while amid their scatter'd band. Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand, Recoil'd in common rout and fear, Lancer and guard and cuirassier, Lancer and goard and cuirassier. Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host. Their leaders fall'n, their standards loss.

XIIL

Then, Wellington! thy piercing eye This crisis caught of destiny—

The British host had stood That morn 'gainst charge of sword and lance

As their own ocean-rocks hold stance, But when thy voice had said, "Advance!"

They were their ocean's flood,—
They were inauspicious aim
Hath wrought thy host this hour of
shame,

Think'st thou thy broken bands will bide

The remars of you rushing tide?

We will thy chosen brook to feel

The British shock of levell'd steel,

We don't thou turn thine eye
Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
And heaher thunders wake the war,

And other standards fly?—
That not that in you columns, file
The computing troops from Distant
Dyle—

Is Rincher yet unknown?

Is should not in thy memory still,

thank inequent in thine hour of ill,)

That motion of hate and vengeance thrill

the Prussia's frampet tone?—
What yet remains?—shall it be thine
to head the roles of thy line
be one dread effort more?—

that Chichain, who, of yore,

has the gladiators' aid.

has concern enterprised—

consists the cast his rashness play'd,

and the victims he had made,

has ted grave with his own blade,

as the took he lost was laid,

Andrew W-but not despised.

to a solves thy fainter thought to be a fair fourth rein and ride, to be a fair fourth rein and ride, to a fair fourth mand men have died

To gild the military fan Which thou, for life, in

Wilt barter thus as Shall future ages tell th Of inconsistence faint a And art thou He of Lo Marengo's field, and W

Or is thy soul like That, swell'd by winters Rolls down in turbuler

A torrent fierce at Reft of these aids, a ril Shrinking unnoticed, r Whose channel sh

Whose channel sh The wrecks of its impe But not one symptom By which these wr

XV.

Spur on thy way!—sir Has brook'd thy veter Who, as thy fligh

Who, as thy fligh Exclaim'd,—while tear Wrung forth by prid shame,—

"O, that he had But yet, to sum this h Look, ere thou leaves

Back on you bro Upon whose wild con The moon, as on the

When rivers brea And, to the ruin'd pe Objects half seen roll

Down the dread So mingle banner, w Where the tumultuou Of warriors, who, wh Defied a banded

KVI

List—frequent to the The stern pursuers' v Tells, that upon their Rages the Prussian's

So fell a shriek when Beresina's icy Redden'd and thaw blood,

And, pressing on thy Raised oft and long t The children of o yell of horror cleft
when, all bereft
valiant Polack left—
thee—found soldier's grave
corpse-encumber'd wave,
se various perils past,
ee still some future cast;
d die thou now has thrown,
single field alone,
apaign—thy martial fame,
dynasty, and name,
elt the final stroke;
'er fhy devoted head
m vial's wrath is shed,
t dread seal is broke.

XVII.

on wilt-refuse not now demagogues to bow, of thy scorn and hate, by once imperial fate theme of vain debate .say, thou stoop'st less low efuge from the foe, se heart, in prosperous life, hath ever held the knife? mage hath been paid nd by Grecian voice, ere honour in the choice, e freely made. come-in one so low,cannot own a foe; experience bid us end, e'er can hail a friend .pe'er-but do not hide heart that germ of pride, gifted bard espied, et imperial hope ; at for a fresh rebound, oition from the ground, d thee means or scope, ne-but ne'er again independent reign; calls thee lord, e no confederate band, f thy lost command, ger in the hand hich we wrench'd the sword.

yon sequester'd spot, r conquest by thy lot it thy life has known; Conquest, unbought by blood or harm, That needs nor foreign aid nor arm,

A triumph all thine own. Such waits thee when thou shalt control Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,

That marr'd thy prosperous scene:— Hear this—from no unmoved heart, Which sighs, comparing what THOU ART With what thou MIGHT'ST HAVE BEEN!

XIX.

Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
To thine own noble heart must owe
More than the meed she can bestow.
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
Thy Prince's smiles, thy State's decree,
The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,
Not these such pure delight afford
As that, when hanging up thy sword,
Well may'st thou think, "This honest
steel

Was ever drawn for public weal; And, such was rightful Heaven's decree, Ne'er sheathed unless with victory!"

XX.

Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart. Ere from the field of fame we part: Triumph and Sorrow border near, And joy oft melts into a tear, Alas! what links of love that morn Has War's rude hand asunder torn! For ne'er was field so sternly fought, And ne'er was conquest dearer bought. Here piled in common slaughter sleep Those whom affection long shall weep: Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain His orphans to his heart again; The son, whom, on his native shore, The parent's voice shall bless no more; The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd His blushing consort to his breast; The husband, whom through many a year Long love and mutual faith endear. Thou canst not name one tender tie, But here dissolved its relics lie! O I when thou see'st some mourner's veil Shroud her thin form and visage pale,

Or mark'st the Matron's bursting tears Stream when the stricken drum she hears; Or see'st how manlier grief, suppress'd, Is labouring in a father's breast,— With no inquiry vain pursue The cause, but think on Waterloo!

VVI

Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to
close!—

Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
To Briton's memory, and to Fame's,
Laid there their last immortal claims!
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubted PICTON's soul of fire—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of PONSONBY could die—
DE LANCEY change Love's bridalwreath,

For laurels from the hand of Death—Saw'st gallant MILLER's failing eye Still bent where Albion's banners fly, And CAMERON, in the shock of steel, Die like the offspring of Lochiel; And generous GORDON, 'mid the strife, Fall while he watch'd his leader's life.—Ah! though her guardian angel's shield Fenced Britain's hero through the field, Fate not the less her power made known, Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own!

XXII.

Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect lay! Who may your names, your numbers, say? What high-strung harp, what lofty line, To each the dear-earn'd praise assign, From high-born chiefs of martial fam To the poor soldier's lowlier name? Lightly ye rose that dawning day, From your cold couch of swamp and cir To fill, before the sun was low, The bed that morning cannot know-Oft may the tear the green sod steep, And sacred be the heroes' sleep,

Till time shall cease to run; And ne'er beside their noble grave, May Briton pass and fail to crave A blessing on the fallen brave Who fought with Wellington!

XXIII.

Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted fa Wears desolation's withering trace; Long shall my memory retain Thy shatter'd huts and trampled grain With every mark of martial wrong, That scathe thy towers, fair Hongomor Yet though thy garden's green arcade The marksman's fatal post was made, Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell The blended rage of shot and shell, Though from thy blacken'd portals to: Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mout Has not such havoc bought a name Immortal in the rolls of fame? Yes-Agincourt may be forgot, And Cressy be an unknown spot, And Blenheim's name be new;

But still in story and in song, For many an age remember'd long, Shall live the towers of Hougomont, And Field of Waterloo.

CONCLUSION.

Stern tide of human Time! that know'st not rest, But, sweeping from the cradle to the tomb, Bear'st ever downward on thy dusky breast Successive generations to their doom; While thy capacious stream has equal room For the gay bark where Pleasure's streamers sport, And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom, The fisher-skiff, and barge that bears a court, Still wafting onward all to one dark silent port;—

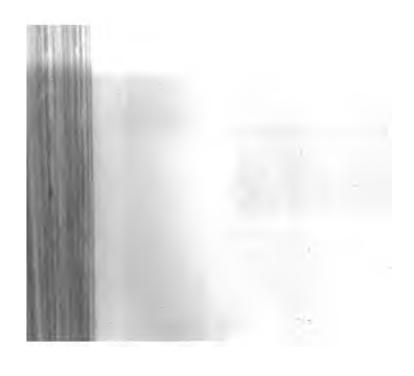
Stern tide of Time! through what mysterious change Of hope and fear have our frail barks been driven! For ne'er, before, vicissitude so strange Was to one race of Adam's offspring given. And sure such varied change of sea and heaven, Such unexpected bursts of joy and woe, Such fearful strife as that where we have striven, Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know, Until the awful term when Thou shalt cease to flow.

Well hast thou stood, my Country!—the brave fight Hast well maintain'd through good report and ill; In thy just cause and in thy native might, And in Heaven's grace and justice constant still; Whether the banded prowess, strength, and skill Of half the world against thee stood array'd, Or when, with better views and freer will, Beside thee Europe's noblest drew the blade, Each emulous in arms the Ocean Queen to aid.

Well art thou now repaid—though slowly rose, And struggled long with mists thy blaze of fame, While like the dawn that in the orient glows On the broad wave its earlier lustre came; Then eastern Egypt saw the growing flame, And Maida's myrtles gleam'd beneath its ray, Where first the soldier, stung with generous shame, Rivall'd the heroes of the wat'ry way, And wash'd in foemen's gore unjust reproach away.

Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on high, And bid the banner of thy Patron flow, Gallant Saint George, the flower of Chivalry, For thou hast faced, like him, a dragon foe, And rescued innocence from overthrow, And trampled down, like him, tyrannic might, And to the gazing world mayst proudly show The chosen emblem of thy sainted Knight, Who quell'd devouring pride, and vindicated right.

Yet 'mid the confidence of just renown,
Renown dear-bought, but dearest thus acquired,
Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down;
'Tis not alone the heart with valour fired,
The discipline so dreaded and admired,
In many a field of bloody conquest known;
—Such may by fame be lured, by gold be hired—
Tis constancy in the good cause alone,
Best justifies the meed thy valiant sons have won.

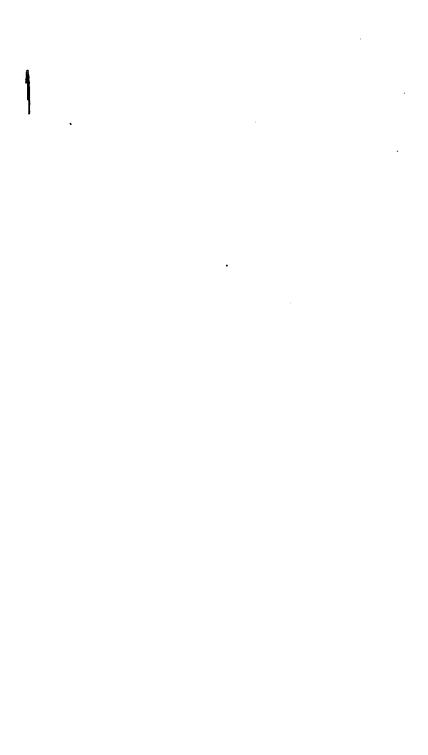


HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

#8 tG.



HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is a mood of mind, we all have known,
On drowsy eve, or dark and low'ring day,
When the tired spirits lose their sprightly tone,
And nought can chase the lingering hours away.
Dull on our soul falls Fancy's dazzling ray,
And wisdom holds his steadier torch in vain,
Obscured the painting seems, mistuned the lay,
Nor dare we of our listless load complain,
For who for sympathy may seek that cannot tell of pain?

The jolly sportsman knows such drearihood,
When bursts in deluge the autumnal rain,
Clouding that morn which threats the heath-cock's brood;
Of such, in summer's drought, the anglers plain,
Who hope the soft mild southern shower in vain;
But, more than all, the discontented fair,
Whom father stern, and sterner aunt, restrain
From county-ball, or race occurring rare,
While all her friends around their vestments gay prepare.

Ennui!—or, as our mothers call'd thee, Spleen!
To thee we owe full many a rare device;—
Thine is the sheaf of painted cards, I ween,
The rolling billiard-ball, the rattling dice,
The turning-lathe for framing gimerack nice;
The amateur's blotch'd pallet thou mayst claim,
Retort, and air-pump, threatening frogs and mice,
(Murders disguised by philosophic name,)
And much of trifling grave, and much of buxom game.

Then of the books, to catch thy drowsy glance Compiled, what bard the catalogue may quote! Plays, poems, novels, never read but once;— But not of such the tale fair Edgeworth wrote, That bears thy name, and is thine antidote; And not of such the strain my Thomson sung, Delicious dreams inspiring by his note, What time to Indolence his harp he strung;— Oh! might my lay be rank'd that happier list among!

Faith high his refinge whom thy cares assail.

For me, I have my study-fire to trim,
And not right vacuatity some idle tale,
I such your or the court each listless limb,
This is the frowsy page the lights grow dim,
And Sucheful slamber half supplies the theme;
While among shapes of knight and giant grim,
I unsel and fivant in long procession gleam,
And the Romanoer's tale becomes the Reader's drean

Tis this my malady I well may bear,
Albert constretch'd, like Pope's own Paridel,
Upon the rick of a too-easy chair;
And find, to cheat the time, a powerful spell
In all remaints of errantry that tell,
Or later legends of the Fairy-folk,
Or Oriental tale of Afrite fell.
Of Genil, Talisman, and broad-wing'd Roc,
Though taste may blush and frown, and sober reason

Oft at such season, too, will rhymes unsought Arrange themselves in some romantic lay; The which, as things unfitting graver thought, Are burnt or blotted on some wiser day.— These few survive—and proudly let me say, Court not the critic's smile, nor dread his frown; They well may serve to while an hour away, Nor does the volume ask for more renown, Than Ennui's yawning smile, what time she drops it

CANTO FIRST.

I.

LIST to the valorous deeds that were done By Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son!

Count Witikind came of a regal strain,
And roved with his Norsemen the land and the n
Woe to the realms which he coasted! for there
Was shedding of blood, and rending of hair,
Rape of maiden, and slaughter of priest,
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast:
When he hoisted his standard black,
Before him was battle, behind him wrack,
And he burn'd the churches, that heathen Dane,
To light his band to their barks again,

TT.

On Erin's shores was his outrage known, The winds of France had his banners blown; Little was there to plunder, yet still His pirates had foray'd on Scottish hill: But upon merry England's coast
More frequent he sail'd, for he won the most.
So wide and so far his ravage they knew,
If a sail but gleam'd white gainst the welkin blue,
Trumpet and bugle to arms did call,
Burghers hasten'd to man the wall,
Peasants fled inland his fury to 'scape,
Beacons were lighted on headland and cape,
Bells were toll'd out, and aye as they rung,
Fearful and faintly the grey brothers sung,
"Bless us, St. Mary, from flood and from fire,
From famine and pest, and Count Witikind's ire!"

III.

He liked the wealth of fair England so well,
That he sought in her bosom as native to dwell.
He enter'd the Humber in fearful hour,
And disembark'd with his Danish power.
Three Earls came against him with all their train,—
Two hath he taken, and one hath he slain.
Count Witikind left the Humber's rich strand,
And he wasted and warr'd in Northumberland,
But the Saxon King was a sire in age,
Weak in battle, in council sage;
Peace of that heathen leader he sought,
Gifts he gave, and quiet he bought;
And the Count took upon him the peaceable style
Of a vassal and liegeman of Briton's broad isle.

IV.

Time will rust the sharpest sword, Time will consume the strongest cord; That which moulders hemp and steel, Mortal arm and nerve must feel. Of the Danish band, whom Count Witikind led. Many wax'd aged, and many were dead: Himself found his armour full weighty to bear, Wrinkled his brows grew, and hoary his hair; He lean'd on a staff, when his step went abroad, And patient his palfrey, when steed he bestrode. As he grew feebler, his wildness ceased, He made himself peace with prelate and priest, Made his peace, and, stooping his head, Patiently listed the counsel they said : Saint Cuthbert's Bishop was holy and grave, Wise and good was the counsel he gave.

V.

"Thou hast murder'd, robb'd, and spoil'd, Time it is thy poor soul were assoil'd; Priests didst thou slay, and churches burn, Time it is now to repentance to turn; Fiends hast thou worshipp'd, with fiendish rite, Leave now the darkness, and wend into light: O! while life and space are given, Turn thee yet, and think of Heaven!" That stern old heathen his head he raised, And on the good prelate he stedfastly gazed; "Give me broad lands on the Wear and the Tyne, My faith I will leave, and I'll cleave unto thine."

VI.

Broad lands he gave him on Tyne and Wear, To be held of the church by bridle and spear, Part of Monkwearmouth, of Tynedale part, To better his will, and to soften his heart: Count Witikind was a joyful man, Less for the faith than the lands that he wan. The high church of Durham is dress'd for the day, The clergy are rank'd in their solemn array: There came the Count, in a bear-skin warm, Leaning on Hilda his concubine's arm. He kneel'd before Saint Cuthbert's shrine, With patience unwonted at rites divine; He abjured the gods of heathen race, And he bent his head at the font of grace. But such was the grisly old proselyte's look, That the priest who baptized him grew pale and shook; And the old monks mutter'd beneath their hood, "Of a stem so stubborn can never spring good!"

VII.

Up then arose that grim convertite,
Homeward he hied him when ended the rite;
The Prelate in honour will with him ride,
And feast in his castle on Tyne's fair side.
Banners and banderols danced in the wind,
Monks rode before them, and spearmen behind;
Onward they pass'd, till fairly did shine
Pennon and cross on the bosom of Tyne;
And full in front did that fortress lour,
In darksome strength with its buttress and tower:
At the castle gate was young Harold there,
Count Witikind's only offspring and heir.

VIII.

Young Harold was fear'd for his hardihood, His strength of frame, and his fury of mood. Rude he was and wild to behold, Wore neither collar nor bracelet of gold, Cap of vair nor rich array, Such as should grace that festal day: His doublet of bull's hide was all unbraced, Uncover'd his head, and his sandal unlaced:

His shaggy black locks on his brow hung low,
And his eyes glanced through them a swarthy glow;
A Danish club in his hand he bore,
The spikes were clotted with recent gore;
At his back a she-wolf, and her wolf-cubs twain,
In the dangerous chase that morning slain.
Rude was the greeting his father he made,
None to the Bishop,—while thus he said:—

IX.

"What priest-led hypocrite art thou, With thy humbled look and thy monkish brow, Like a shaveling who studies to cheat his vow? Canst thou be Witikind the Waster known, Royal Eric's fearless son, Haughty Gunhilda's haughtier lord, Who won his bride by the axe and sword; From the shrine of St. Peter the chalice who tore, And melted to bracelets for Freya and Thor; With one blow of his gauntlet who burst the skull, Before Odin's stone, of the Mountain Bull? Then ye worshipp'd with rites that to war-gods belong, With the deed of the brave, and the blow of the strong; And now, in thine age to dotage stank, Wilt thou patter thy crimes to a shaven monk,-Lay down thy mail-shirt for clothing of hair,-Fasting and scourge, like a slave, wilt thou bear? Or, at best, be admitted in slothful bower To batten with priest and with paramour? Oh! out upon thine endless shame! Each Scald's high harp shall blast thy fame, And thy son will refuse thee a father's name!"

X.

Ireful wax'd old Witikind's look,
His faltering voice with fury shook:—
"Hear me, Harold of harden'd heart!
Stubborn and wilful ever thou wert.
Thine outrage insane I command thee to cease,
Fear my wrath and remain at peace:—
Just is the debt of repentance I've paid,
Richly the church has a recompense made,
And the truth of her doctrines I prove with my blade,
But reckoning to none of my actions I owe,
And least to my son such accounting will show.
Why speak I to thee of repentance or truth,
Who ne'er from thy childhood knew reason or ruth?
Hence! to the wolf and the bear in her den;
These are thy mates, and not rational men."

Grimly smiled Harold, and coldly replied,
"We must honour our sires, if we fear when they chide.

For me, I am yet what thy lessons have made, I was rock'd in a buckler and fed from a blade; An infant, was taught to clasp hands and to shout From the roofs of the tower when the flame had broke out; In the blood of slain foemen my finger to dip, And tinge with its purple my cheek and my lip.—
'Tis thou know'st not truth, that hast barter'd in eld, For a price, the brave faith that thine ancestors held. When this wolf,"—and the carcass he flung on the plain,—
"Shall awake and give food to her nurslings again, The face of his father will Harold review; Till then, aged Heathen, young Christian, adieu!"

XIT.

Priest, monk, and prelate, stood aghast,
As through the pageant the heathen pass'd.
A cross-bearer out of his saddle he flung,
Laid his hand on the pommel, and into it sprung.
Loud was the shriek, and deep the groan,
When the holy sign on the earth was thrown!
The fierce old Count unsheathed his brand,
But the calmer Prelate stay'd his hand.
"Let him pass free!—Heaven knows its hour,—
But he must own repentance's power,
Pray and weep, and penance bear,
Ere he hold land by the Tyne and the Wear."
Thus in scorn and in wrath from his father is gone
Young Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son.

XIII.

High was the feasting in Witikind's hall,
Revell'd priests, soldiers, and pagans, and all;
And e'en the good Bishop was fain to endure
The scandal, which time and instruction might cure:
It were dangerous, he deem'd, at the first to restrain,
In his wine and his wassail, a half-christen'd Dane.
The mead flow'd around, and the ale was drain'd dry,
Wild was the laughter, the song, and the cry;
With Kyrie Eleison, came clamorously in
The war-songs of Danesmen, Norweyan, and Finn,
Till man after man the contention gave o'er,
Outstretch'd on the rushes that strew'd the hall floor;
And the tempest within, having ceased its wild rout,
Gave place to the tempest that thunder'd without.

XIV.

Apart from the wassail, in turret alone, Lay flaxen-hair'd Gunnar, old Ermengarde's son; In the train of Lord Harold that Page was the first, For Harold in childhood had Ermengarde nursed; And grieved was young Gunnar his master should roam, Unhoused and unfriended, an exile from home. He heard the deep thunder, the plashing of rain,
He saw the red lightning through shot-hole and pane;
"And oh!" said the Page, "on the shelterless wold
Lord Harold is wandering in darkness and cold!
What though he was stubborn, and wayward and wild,
He endured me because I was Ermengarde's child,—
And often from dawn till the set of the sun,
In the chase, by his stirrup, unbidden I run;
I would I were older, and knighthood could bear,
I would soon quit the banks of the Tyne and the Wear:
For my mother's command, with her last parting breath,
Bade me follow her nursling in life and to death.

XV.

"It pours and it thunders, it lightens amain, As if Lok, the Destroyer, had burst from his chain! Accursed by the church, and expell'd by his sire, Nor Christian nor Dane give him shelter or fire, And this tempest what mortal may houseless endure! Unaided, unmantled, he dies on the moor! Whate'er comes of Gunnar, he tarries not here." He leapt from his couch and he grasp'd to his spear; Sought the hall of the feast. Undisturb'd by his tread, The wassailers slept fast as the sleep of the dead; "Ungrateful and bestial!" his anger broke forth, "To forget 'mid your goblets the pride of the North! And you, ye cowl'd priests, who have plenty in store, Must give Gunnar for ransom a palfrey and ore."

XVI.

Then, heeding full little of ban or of curse,
He has seized on the Prior of Jorvaux's purse:
Saint Meneholt's Abbot next morning has miss'd
His mantle, deep furr'd from the cape to the wrist:
The Seneschal's keys from his belt he has ta'en,
(Well drench'd on that eve was old Hildebrand's brain.)
To the stable-yard he made his way,
And mounted the Bishop's palfrey gay,
Castle and hamlet behind him has cast,
And right on his way to the moorland has pass'd.
Sore smorted the palfrey, unused to face
A weather so wild at so rash a pace;
So long he snorted, so loud he neigh'd,
There answer'd a steed that was bound beside,
And the red flash of lightning show'd there where lay
His master, Lord Harold, outstretch'd on the clay.

XVII

Up he started, and thunder'd out, "Stand!"
And raised the club in his deadly hand.
The flaxen-hair'd Gunnar his purpose told,
Show'd the palfrey and proffer'd the gold.

"Back, back, and home, thou simple boy!
Thou canst not share my grief or joy:
Have I not mark'd thee wail and cry
When thou hast seen a sparrow die?
And canst thou, as my follower should,
Wade ankle-deep through foeman's blood,
Dare mortal and immortal foe,
The gods above, the fiends below,
And man on earth, more hateful still,
The very fountain-head of ill?
Desperate of life, and careless of death,
Lover of bloodshed, and slaughter, and scathe,
Such must thou be with me to roam,
And such thou canst not be—back, and home!"

XVIII.

Young Gunnar shook like an aspen bough. As he heard the harsh voice and beheld the dark brown half he repented his purpose and vow. But now to draw back were bootless shame, And he loved his master, so urged his claim: "Alas! if my arm and my courage be weak, Bear with me a while for old Ermengarde's sake; Nor deem so lightly of Gunnar's faith, As to fear he would break it for peril of death. Have I not risk'd it to fetch thee this gold, This surcoat and mantle to fence thee from cold? And, did I bear a baser mind, What lot remains if I stay behind? The priests' revenge, thy father's wrath, A dungeon, and a shameful death."

XIX

With gentler look Lord Harold eved The Page, then turn'd his head aside; And either a tear did his eyelash stain, Or it caught a drop of the passing rain. "Art thou an outcast, then?" quoth he; "The meeter page to follow me. Twere bootless to tell what climes they sought, Ventures achieved, and battles fought; How oft with few, how oft alone, Fierce Harold's arm the field hath won. Men swore his eye, that flash'd so red When each other glance was quench'd with dread, Bore oft a light of deadly flame, That ne'er from mortal courage came. Those limbs so strong, that mood so stern, That loved the couch of heath and fern, Afar from hamlet, tower, and town, More than to rest on driven down;

That stubborn frame, that sullen mood, Men deem'd must come of aught but good; And they whisper'd, the great Master Fiend was at one With Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son.

XX.

Years after years had gone and fled, The good old Prelate lies lapp'd in lead; In the chapel still is shown His sculptured form on a marble stone, With staff and ring and scapulaire, And folded hands in the act of prayer. Saint Cuthbert's mitre is resting now On the haughty Saxon, bold Aldingar's brow; The power of his crozier he loved to extend O'er whatever would break, or whatever would bend; And now hath he clothed him in cope and in pall, And the Chapter of Durham has met at his call. "And hear ye not, brethren," the proud Bishop said,
"That our vassal, the Danish Count Witikind's dead? All his gold and his goods hath he given To holy Church for the love of Heaven, And hath founded a chantry with stipend and dole, That priests and that beadsmen may pray for his soul: Harold his son is wandering abroad, Dreaded by man and abhorr'd by God; Meet it is not, that such should heir The lands of the Church on the Tyne and the Wear, And at her pleasure, her hallow'd hands May now resume these wealthy lands."

XXL

Answer'd good Eustace, a canon old,—
"Harold is tameless, and furious, and bold;
Ever Renown blows a note of fame,
And a note of fear, when she sounds his name;
Much of bloodshed and much of scathe
Have been their lot who have waked his wrath.
Leave him these lands and lordships still,
Heaven in its hour may change his will;
But if reft of gold, and of living bare,
An evil counsellor is despair."
More had he said, but the Prelate frown'd,
And murmur'd his brethren who sate around,
And with one consent have they given their doom,
That the Church should the lands of Saint Cuthbert resume.
So will'd the Prelate; and canon and dean
Gave to his judgment their loud amen.

In the COLD of the month of the Market North Cold of the April of State and Cold of the April of the A

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When the greenwood lises the name:

Silent is then the firest brond.
Save the returnable nate, and the
rasting's uni

Of fristing t leaves that are dropping round,

Or the deep-mouth'd cry of the distant hound

That opens on his game:
Yet then, too, I love the forest wide,
Whether the sun in splendour ride,
And gild its many-colour'd side;
Or whether the soft and silvery haze,
In vapoury folds, o'er the landscape
strays,

And half involves the woodland maze, Like an early widow's veil, Where wimpling tissue from the gaze The form half hides, and half betrays,

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More fear'l when

For them twas said, m This fren Laim her sp Than when from Wal-

Spring forth the g

11

Vet had this fierce and S. Heaven decreed, a N ne brighter crow In Pritaints bounds, of Nor hath, perchance, a In this fair isle bee And nought of fraud, o

Was known to gentle?
A simple maiden's
The spells in dimpled:
And a downcast blus!

that fly
With the sidelong gland
Were her arms and
So young so simple wa

So young, so simple we She scarce could childhe And still she loved, in Beneath the green To plait the rushy coro

And braid with flowers
As, when in infancy
Yet could that heart, so
The early dawn of steal
Ah! gentle maid,

The power who, now so mild a guest, Gives dangerous yet delicious zest
To the calm pleasures of thy breast,
Will soon, a tyrant o'er the rest,
Let none his empire share.

v.

One morn, in kirtle green array'd, Deep in the wood the maiden stray'd, And, where a fountain sprung,

She sate her down, unseen, to thread The scarlet berry's mimic braid,

And while the beads she strung, Like the blithe lark, whose carol gay Gives a good-morrow to the day, So lightsomely she sung.

VI.

Song.

"Lord William was born in gilded bower,

The heir of Wilton's lofty tower; Yet better loves Lord William now To roam beneath wild Rookhope's

brow;
And William has lived where ladies fair
With gawds and jewels deck their hair,
Yet better loves the dewdrops still
That pearl the locks of Metelill.

"The pious Palmer loves, I wis, Saint Cuthbert's hallow'd beads to kiss; But I, though simple girl I be, Might have such homage paid to me; For did Lord William see me suit This necklace of the bramble's fruit, He fain—but must not have his will— Would kiss the beads of Metelill.

"My nurse has told me many a tale, How vows of love are weak and frail; My mother says that courtly youth By rustic maid means seldom sooth. What should they mean? it cannot be, That such a warning's meant for me, For nought—oh! nought of fraud or ill Can William mean to Metelill!"

VII.

Sudden she stops—and starts to feel A weighty hand, a glove of steel, Upon her shrinking shoulders laid; Fearful she turn'd, and saw, dismay'd, A Knight in plate and mail array'd, His crest and bearing worn and fray'd, His surcoat soil'd and riven,

Form'd like that giant race of yore, Whose long-continued crimes outwore

The sufferance of Heaven.
Stern accents made his pleasure knowr
Though then he used his gentlest tone
"Maiden," he said, "sing forth thy glee
Start not—sing on—it pleases me."

VIII.

Secured within his powerful hold, To bend her knee, her hands to fold, Was all the maiden might;

And "Oh! forgive," she faintly said, "The terrors of a simple maid,

If thou art mortal wight!
But if—of such strange tales are told—
Unearthly warrior of the wold,
Thou comest to chide mine accents bold
My mother, Jutta, knows the spell,
At noon and midnight pleasing well

The disembodied ear;
Oh! let her powerful charms atone
For aught my rashness may have done
And cease thy grasp of fear,"

And cease thy grasp of fear."
Then laugh'd the Knight—his laughter
sound

Half in the hollow helmet drown'd; His barred visor then he raised, And steady on the maiden gazed. He smooth'd his brows, as best he migh To the dread calm of autumn night,

When sinks the tempest roar; Yet still the cautious fishers eye The clouds, and fear the gloomy sky, And haul their barks on shore.

īΥ

"Damsel," he said, "be wise, and lear Matters of weight and deep concern: From distant realms I come, And wanderer long, at length has

And, wanderer long, at length hav plann'd In this my native Northern land

To seek myself a home.

Nor that alone—a mate I seek;

She must be gentle, soft, and meek,—

No lordly dame for me;

Myself am something rough of mood, And feel the fire of royal blood, And therefore do not hold it good

To match in my degree.
Then, since coy maidens say my face
Is harsh, my form devoid of grace,
For a fair lineage to provide,
'Tis meet that my selected bride

In lineaments be fair;
I love thine well—till now I ne'er
Look'd patient on a face of fear,
But now that tremulous sob and tear

Become thy beauty rare.
One kiss—nay, damsel, coy it not !—
And now go seek thy parents' cot,
And say, a bridegroom soon I come,
To woo my love, and bear her home."

x.

Home sprung the maid without a pause, As leveret 'scaped from greyhound's jaws;

But still she lock'd, howe'er distress'd, The secret in her boding breast; Dreading her sire, who oft forbade Her steps should stray to distant glade. Night came—to her accustomed nook Her distaff aged Jutta took, And by the lamp's imperfect glow, Rough Wulfstane trimm'd his shafts and

Sudden and clamorous from the ground Upstarted slumbering brach and hound; Loud knocking next the lodge alarms, And Wulfstane snatches at his arms, When open flew the yielding door, And that grim Warrior press'd the floor.

bow.

XI.

"All peace be here—What! none replies?

Dismiss your fears and your surprise. 'Tis I—that Maid hath told my tale,—Or, trembler, did thy courage fail? It recks not—it is I demand Fair Metelill in marriage band; Harold the Dauntless I, whose name Isbrave men's boast and caitiff's shame." The parents sought each other's eyes, With awe, resentment, and surprise: Wulfstane, to quarrel prompt, began The stranger's size and thewes to scan;

But as he scann'd, his courage sunk, And from unequal strife he shrunk, Then forth, to blight and blemish, f The harmful curse from Jutta's eyes Yet, fatal howsoe'er, the spell On Harold innocently fell! And disappointment and amaze Were in the witch's wilder'd gaze.

XIL

But soon the wit of woman woke, And to the Warrior mild she spoke "Her child was all too young."—

toy,
The refuge of a maiden coy."
Again, "A powerful baron's heir
Claims in her heart an interest fair.'
"A trifle—whisper in his ear,
That Harold is a suitor here!"—
Baffled at length she sought delay:
"Would not the Knight till mon

stay?

I.ate was the hour—he there might
Till morn, their lodge's honour'd gad
Such were her words,—her craft m

Herhonour'd guest should sleep his!
"No, not to-night— but soon," hesw
"He would return, nor leave if
more."

The threshold then his huge strided And soon he was in darkness lost.

XIII.

Appall'd a while the parents stood, Then changed their fear to angry mo And foremost fell their words of ill On unresisting Metelill: Was she not caution'd and forbid, Forewarn'd, implored, accused, and the

Forewarn'd, implored, accused, and the And must she still to greenwood roal To marshal such misfortune home?
"Hence, minion—to thy chamb

hence—
There prudence learn, and penitesce.
She went—her lonely couch to steep
In tears which absent lovers weep;
Or if she gain'd a troubled sleep,
Fierce Harold's suit was still the thes
And terror of her feverish dream.

XIV.

other bent their ire; an thou, and hast a spear, thou such an insult bear ?" id, "A man contends a witch with sprites and mortal wight belong brow and frame so strong. s this thy promise fair, ord William, wealthy heir Baron of Witton-le-Wear, telill to altar bear ? spells thou boast'st as thine o slay some peasant's kine, n autumn's storms to steep, h fog and fen to sweep, de some poor rustic's sleep? an mischief worth the fame s and witch's name? ch with all men's wish conleserts and my desires,

she gone, her dame and sire

XV.

hy corpse to penal fires?

shall put thy schemes in joint?

this trusty arrow's point,

dark dingle when it flies,

ho meets it gasps and dies."

replied, "I will not wage thy folly or thy rage; e morrow's sun be low, of Rookhope, thou shalt know, enge me on a foe. n ire, of bow and spear, Harold's destiny h of pilfer'd deer to die. nd thou, and you pale moon, ill be yet more pallid soon, e sink behind the dell,) e, and Harold too, shall tell tta knows of charm or spell." ttering, to the door she bent ward steps, and forth she went, alone the moody sire, th or to slake his ire.

XVI.

Far faster than belong'd to age Has Jutta made her pilgrimage. A priest has met her as she pass'd, And cross'd himself and stood aghast: She traced a hamlet-not a cur His throat would ope, his foot would stir; By crouch, by trembling, and by groan, They made her hated presence known ! But when she trode the sable fell, Were wilder sounds her way to tell,-For far was heard the fox's yell, The black-cock waked and faintly crew, Scream'd o'er the moss the scared curlew; Where o'er the cataract the oak Lay slant, was heard the raven's croak; The mountain-cat, which sought his prey, Glared, scream'd, and started from her

way.
Such music cheer'd her journey lone
To the deep dell and rocking stone:
There, with unhallow'd hymn of praise,
She call'd a God of heathen days.

XVII.

Inbocation.

"From thy Pomeranian throne, Hewn in rock of living stone, Where, to thy godhead faithful yet, Bend Esthonian, Finn, and Lett, And their swords in vengeance whet, That shall make thine altars wet, Wet and red for ages more With the Christian's hated gore,-Hear me! Sovereign of the Rock, Hear me! mighty Zernebock! "Mightiest of the mighty known, Here thy wonders have been shown; Hundred tribes in various tongue Oft have here thy praises sung; Down that stone with Runic seam'd, Hundred victims' blood hath stream'd! Now one woman comes alone, And but wets it with her own, The last, the feeblest of thy flock,-Hear-and be present, Zernebock!

"Hark! he comes! the night-blast cold Wilder sweepers along the wold; The cloudless moon grows dark and dim, And bristling hair and quaking limb Proclaim the Master Demon nigh,— Those who view his form shall die! Lo!! I stoop and veil my head; Thou who ridest the tempest dread, Shaking hill and rending oak— Spare me! spare me! Zernebock.

"He comes not yet! Shall cold delay
Thy votaress at her need repay?
Thou shall I call thee god or fiend?—
Let others on thy model attend
With prayer and thall Jutta's arms
Are necromantic wire said channs;
Mine is the spelle than latter'd once,
Shall wake Thy Master from his trance,
Shalk his red mans who use of pain,
And burst his seven times twisted
chain!—

So I com'st thou ere the spell is spoke? I own thy presence, Zernebock."—

XVIII.

"Daughter of dust," the Deep Voice said,
Shook while it spoke the vale for dread,
Rock'd on the base that massive stene.
The Evil Deity to own,—
"Daughter of dust! not mine the power
Thou seek'st on Harold's fatal hear
'Twest heaven and hell there is a strife
Waged for his soul and for his life,
And tain would we the combat win,
And match him in his hour of sin.
Detects a star now rising red,
That they are share now than influence dread:

Woman, thine arts of mali
To use the space before it
Involve him with the chur
Push on adventurous chan
Ourself will in the hour of
As best we may, thy coun
So ceased the Voice; for
round

Each hamlet started at the But slept again, as slowly Its thunders on the hill's !

XIX

"And is this all," said Ju
"That thou canst teach an
Hence! to the land of fo
There fittest is thine influ
Thou powerless, sluggish
But ne'er shall Briton be:
Again before so poor a g
She struck the altar with
Slight was the touch, as
A damsel stirs her tardy
But to the blow the ston
And, starting from its ba
Roll'd thundering down
dell,—

Re-echo'd moorland, roc Into the moonlight tarn Their shores the soundin

And there was ripple, i But on that lake, so darl Placid and pale the mooi As Jutta hied her hom

CANTO THIRD.

I.

GETY towers of Durham! there was once a time I new'd your battlements with such vague hope, As breithens life in its first dawning prime; Not that e'en then came within fancy's scope A vision vain of mitre, throne, or cope; Vot, e ring on the venerable hall, their disterning dreams would in perspective ope some reverend room, some prebendary's stall,—And thus Hope me deceived as she deceiveth all.

Well set I love thy mix'd and massive piles, 11 to thurch of God, half eastle 'gainst the Scot, Not hone to room these venerable aisles, West records stored of deeds long since forgot; Buy might I share my Surtees' happier lot,

Who leaves at will his patrimonial field
To ransack every crypt and hallow'd spot,
And from oblivion rend the spoils they yield,
Restoring priestly chant and clang of knightly shield.

Vain is the wish—since other cares demand Each vacant hour, and in another clime; But still that northern harp invites my hand, Which tells the wonder of thine earlier time; And fain its numbers would I now command To paint the beauties of that dawning fair, When Harold, gazing from its lofty stand Upon the western heights of Beaurepaire, Saw Saxon Eadmer's towers begirt by winding Wear.

11

Fair on the half-seen streams the sunbeams danced, Betraying it beneath the woodland bank, And fair between the Gothic turrets glanced Broad lights, and shadows fell on front and flank, Where tower and buttress rose in martial rank, And girdled in the massive donjon Keep, And from their circuit peal'd o'er bush and bank The matin bell with summons long and deep, And echo answer'd still with long-resounding sweep.

III.

The morning mists rose from the ground, Each merry bird awaken'd round, As if in revelry;

Afar the bugles clanging sound Call'd to the chase the lagging hound;

The gale breathed soft and free,
And seem'd to linger on its way
To catch fresh odours from the spray,
And waved it in its wanton play

So light and gamesomely.

The scenes which morning beams reveal,
Its sounds to hear, its gales to feel
In all their fragrance round him steal,
It melted Harold's heart of steel,
And, hardly wotting why,
He doff'd his helmet's gloomy pride,
And hung it on a tree beside,

Laid mace and falchion by, And on the greensward sate him down, And from his dark habitual frown

Relax'd his rugged brow—
Whoever hath the doubtful task
From that stern Dane a boon to ask,
Were wise to ask it now.

īν

His place beside young Gunnar took, And mark'd his master's softening look And in his eye's dark mirror spied The gloom of stormy thoughts subside And cautious watch'd the fittest tide

To speak a warning word.
So when the torrent's billows shrink,
The timid pilgrim on the brink

Waits long to see them wave and sink, Ere he dare brave the ford, And often, after doubtful pause, His step advances or withdraws; Fearful to move the slumbering ire

Of his stern lord, thus stood the squire
Till Harold raised his eye,
That glanced as when athwart the shrow
Of the dispersing tempest-cloud

The bursting sunbeams fly.

v.

"Arouse thee, son of Ermengarde, Offspring of prophetess and bard! Take harp, and greet this lovely prime With some high strain of Runic rhyme Strong, deep, and powerful! Peal it round Like that loud bell's sonorous sound, Yet wild by fits, as when the lay Of bird and bugle hail the day. Such was my grandsire Eric's sport, When dawn gleam'd on his martial court. Heymar the Scald, with harp's high sound.

Summon'd the chiefs who slept around: Couch'd on the spoils of wolfand bear, They roused like lions from their lair, Then rush'd in emulation forth To enhance the glories of the north. Proud Eric, mightiest of thy race, Where is thy shadowy resting-place? In wild Valhalla hast thou quaff'd From foeman's skull metheglin draught, Or wanderest where thy cairn was piled To frown o'er oceans wide and wild? Or have the milder Christians given Thy refuge in their peaceful heaven? Where'er thou art, to thee are known Our toils endured, our trophies won, Our wars, our wanderings, and our woes." He ceased, and Gunnar's song arose.

vi. Song.

"Hawk and osprey scream'd for joy O'er the beetling cliffs of Hov. Crimson foam the beach o'erspread, The heath was dyed with darker red, When o'er Eric, Inguar's son, Dane and Northman piled the stone; Singing wild the war-song stern, 'Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!' " Where eddying currents foam and boil By Bersa's burgh and Græmsay's isle, The seaman sees a martial form Half-mingled with the mist and storm. In anxious awe he bears away To moor his bark in Stromna's bay, And murmurs from the bounding stern, 'Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn! "What cares disturb the mighty dead? Each honour'd rite was duly paid; No daring hand thy helm unlaced, Thy sword, thy shield, were near thee placed,

Thy flinty couch no tear profaned,

Without, with hostile blood was stain'd;

Within, 'twas lined with moss and fen Then rest thee, Dweller of the Caira
"He may not rest: from realms as Comes voice of battle and of war, Of conquest wrought with bloody hon Carmel's cliffs and Jordan's strau When Odin's warlike son could dam The turban'd race of Termagaunt."

VII.

"Peace," said the Knight, "the mi Scald Our warlike fathers' deeds recall'd.

But never strove to soothe the son With tales of what himself had dome. At Odin's board the bard sits high Whose harp ne'er stoop'd to flattery; But highest he whose daring lay Hath dared unwelcome truths to say With doubtful smile young Gunnar of His master's looks, and nought replied But well that smile his master led To construe what he left unsaid. " Is it to me, thou timid youth, Thou fear'st to speak unwelcome trul My soul no more thy censure grieves Than frosts rob laurels of their leave Say on - and yet - beware the rude And wild distemper of my blood; Loth were I that mine ire should wre The youth that bore my shield so lot And who, in service constant still, Though weak in frame, art strong

"Oh!" quoth the Page, "even the depends

will."

My counsel—there my warning tends Oft seems as of my master's breast Some demon were the sudden guest; Then at the first misconstrued word His hand is on the mace and sword, From her firm seat his wisdom drive His life to countless dangers given—O! would that Gunnar could suffice To be the fiend's last sacrifice, So that, when glutted with my gore, He field and tempted thee no more!"

VIII.

Then waved his hand, and shook his her The impatient Dane, while thus he said it is not thine our line rage divine, piring, deeds are

nd human thought. loomy soul he influence roll, e leaps the wall— , nor plumbs the

, on he goes
of foes;
ike wither'd reeds,
in's silken weeds;
I will he strive,
ls, and yet survive.
to his cry
ictory,—
like Odin's bowl,
,—deep drinks his

n in his ire
t, and fire;
n, seeks some den,
man agen.—
sof look and limb,
to overbrim—
I am moved, and

me roll mine eye, d stamp my foot, i be mute; out whate'er it should hear. Thy lay has power allen hour; ire wont to say charm'd away; ashly deem ite'er the theme."

in doubt and dread rops the lead, midst to steer, sounds with fear; ground he swerved, s brow observed, to fling odious string, And to his moody breast apply The soothing charm of harmony, While hinted half, and half exprest, This warning song convey'd the rest.—

Song.

п

"Ill fares the bark with tackle riven, And ill when on the breakers driven,— Ill when the storm-sprite shrieks in air, And the scared mermaid tears her hair; But worse when on her helm the hand Of some false traitor holds command.

2.

"Ill fares the fainting Palmer, placed 'Mid Hebron's rocks or Rana's waste,—Ill when the scorching sun is high, And the expected font is dry,—Worse when hisguide o'er sand and heath, The barbarous Copt, has plann'd his death.

"Ill fares the Knight with buckler cleft, And ill when of his helm bereft,— Ill when his steed to earth is flung, Or from his grasp his falchion wrung; But worse, if instant ruin token. When he lists rede by woman spoken."—

x.

"How now, fond boy?—Canst thou think ill," Said Harold, "of fair Metelill?"—

Said Harold, "of fair Metelill!"—
"She may be fair," the Page replied,
As through the strings he ranged,-

"She may be fair; but yet," he cried, And then the strain he changed,—

Song.

"She may be fair," he sang, "but yet
Far fairer have I seen
Than she, for all her locks of jet,
And eyes so dark and sheen.
Were I a Danish knight in arms,
As one day I may be,
My heartshould own no foreign charms—
A Danish maid for me I

2

"I love my father's northern land, Where the dark pine-trees grow,

And the bold Baltic's echoing strand Looks o'er each grassy oe. I love to mark the lingering sun, From Denmark loth to go, And leaving on the billows bright, To cheer the short-lived summer night, A path of ruddy glow.

"But most the northern maid I love, With breast like Denmark's snow, And form as fair as Denmark's pine, Who loves with purple heath to twine Her locks of sunny glow; And sweetly blend that shade of gold With the cheek's rosy hue, And Faith might for her mirror hold That eye of matchless blue.

"'Tis hers the manly sports to love That southern maidens fear, To bend the bow by stream and grove, And lift the hunter's spear. She can her chosen champion's flight With eye undazzled see, Clasp him victorious from the strife, Or on his corpse yield up her life, -A Danish maid for me!"

XI.

Then smiled the Dane—"Thou canst so well The virtues of our maidens tell, Half could I wish my choice had been Blue eyes, and hair of golden sheen, And lofty soul;—yet what of ill Hast thou to charge on Metelill?"—
"Nothing on her," young Gunnar said,
"But her base sire's ignoble trade. Her mother, too-the general fame Hath given to Jutta evil name,

And in her grey ey Art cannot hide, n That sordid woods Twice have thine sought,

And twice return'd As sent thee on son

"Thou errest; Ju He that comes sui Ere link'd in marr Lands and a dwell My father's by the I have reclaim'd." And all too dange: E'en were it won,"
" And then this Ju That thou should'st From Durham's p When thou hast le In their own halls:

eye, Thunder'd his voic lie I

The castle, hall an Built by old Witik The wild-cat will c Fights for her nest And think'st thou For dread of monk . Up and away, that Doth of the Bishor Thither will I, in i As Jutta bade, my And, if to right me Then woe to church Now shift the scen fall,

And our next entry hall.

CANTO FOURTH.

FULL many a bard hath sung the solemn gloom Of the long Gothic aisle and stone-ribb'd roof, O'er-canopying shrine, and gorgeous tomb, Carved screen, and altar glimmering far aloof, And blending with the shade—a matchless proo

* Oe-Island.

Of high devotion, which hath now wax'd cold; Yet legends say, that Luxury's brute hoof Intruded oft within such sacred fold, Like step of Bel's false priest, track'd in his fane of old.

Well pleased am I, howe'er, that when the route Of our rude neighbours whilome deign'd to come, Uncall'd, and eke unwelcome, to sweep out And cleanse our chancel from the rags of Rome, They spoke not on our ancient fane the doom To which their bigot zeal gave o'er their own, But spared the martyr'd saint and storied tomb, Though papal miracles had graced the stone, And though the aisles still loved the organ's swelling tone.

And deem not, though 'tis now my part to paint A Prelate sway'd by love of power and gold, That all who wore the mitre of our Saint Like to ambitious Aldingar I hold; Since both in modern times and days of old It sate on those whose virtues might atone Their predecessors' frailties trebly told : Matthew and Morton we as such may own-And such (if fame speak truth) the honour'd Barrington.

now to earlier and to ruder times, subject meet, I tune my rugged rhymes,

ling how fairly the chapter was met, rood and books in seemly order

e brass-clasp'd volumes, which the hand

tustions priest but rarely scann'd, on fair carved desk display'd, as theirs the solemn scene to aid. head with many a scutcheon graced,

quaint devices interlaced, byrinth of crossing rows, roof in lessening arches shows; eath its shade placed proud and

h footstool and with canopy, Aldingar, -and prelate ne e haughty graced Saint Cuthbert's

ons and deacons were placed

me degree and lengthen'd row.

Unmoved and silent each sat there, Like image in his oaken chair; Nor head, nor hand, nor foot they

stirr'd, Nor lock of hair, nor tress of beard; And of their eyes severe alone

The twinkle show'd they were not stone.

III.

The Prelate was to speech address'd, Each head sunk reverent on each breast;

But ere his voice was heard-without Arose a wild tumustuous shout, Offspring of wonder mix'd with fear, Such as in crowded streets we hear Hailing the flames, that, bursting out, Attract yet scare the rabble rout. Ere it had ceased, a giant hand Shook oaken door and iron band, Till oak and iron both gave way, Clash'd the long bolts, the hinges bray, And, creupon angel or saint they can call, Stands Harold the Dauntless in midst of

the hall.

IV.

"Now save ye, my masters, both rocket and rood, From Bishop with mitre to Deacon with hood! For here stands Count Harold, old Witikind's son, Come to sue for the lands which his ancestors won. The Prelate look'd round him with sore troubled eye, Unwilling to grant, yet afraid to deny; While each Canon and Deacon who heard the Dane speak, To be safely at home would have fasted a week :-Then Aldingar roused him, and answer'd again, "Thou suest for a boon which thou canst not obtain; The Church hath no fiefs for an unchristen'd Dane. Thy father was wise, and his treasure hath given, That the priests of a chantry might hymn him to heaven; And the fiefs which whilome he possess'd as his due, Have lapsed to the Church, and been granted anew To Anthony Conyers and Alberic Vere, For the service Saint Cuthbert's bless'd banner to bear. When the bands of the North come to foray the Wear; Then disturb not our conclave with wrangling or blame, But in peace and in patience pass hence as ye came.

V.

Loud laugh'd the stern Pagan,—"They're free from the care Of fief and of service, both Conyers and Vere,—
Six feet of your chancel is all they will need,
A buckler of stone and a corselet of lead.—
Ho, Gunnar!—the tokens!"—and, sever'd anew,
A head and a hand on the altar he threw.
Then shudder'd with terror both Canon and Monk,
They knew the glazed eye and the countenance shrunk,
And of Anthony Conyers the half-grizzled hair,
And the scar on the hand of Sir Alberic Vere.
There was not a churchman or priest that was there,
But grew pale at the sight, and betook him to prayer.

VL.

Count Harold laugh'd at their looks of fear: "Was this the hand should your banner bear? Was that the head should wear the casque In battle at the Church's task? Was it to such you gave the place Of Harold with the heavy mace? Find me between the Wear and Tyne A knight will wield this club of mine,—Give him my fiefs, and I will say There's wit beneath the cowl of grey." He raised it, rough with many a stain, Caught from crush'd skull and spouting brain; He wheel'd it that it shrilly sung, And the aisles echoed as it swung.

Then dash'd it down with sheer descent,
And split King Osric's monument.—
"How like ye this music? How trow ye the hand
That can wield such a mace may be reft of its land?
No answer?—I spare ye a space to agree,
And Saint Cuthbert inspire you, a saint if he be.
Ten strides through your chancel, ten strokes on your bell,
And again I am with you—grave fathers, farewell."

VII.

He turn'd from their presence, he clash'd the oak door, And the clang of his stride died away on the floor; And his head from his bosom the Prelate uprears With a ghost-seer's look when the ghost disappears: "Ye Priests of Saint Cuthbert, now give me your rede, For never of counsel had Bishop more need! Were the arch-fiend incarnate in flesh and in bone, The language, the look, and the laugh, were his own. In the bounds of Saint Cuthbert there is not a knight Dare confront in our quarrel yon goblin in fight; Then rede me aright to his claim to reply, 'Tis unlawful to grant, and 'tis death to deny."

VIII.

On ven'son and malmsie that morning had fed

The Cellarer Vinsauf—'twas thus that he said:

"Delay till to-morrow the Chapter's reply;

Let the feast be spread fair, and the wine be pour'd high:

If he's mortal he drinks,—if he drinks, he is ours—

His bracelets of iron,—his bed in our towers."

This man had a laughing eye, Trust not, friends, when such you spy; A beaker's depth he well could drain, Revel, sport, and jest amain— The haunch of the deer and the grape's

bright dye
Never bard loved them better than I;
But sooner than Vinsauf fill'd me my wine,
Pass'd me his jest, and laugh'd at mine,
Though the buck were of Bearpark, of

Bourdeaux the vine,
With the dullest hermit I'd rather dine
On an oaken cake and a draught of the
Tyne.

IX.

Walwayn the leech spoke next—he I Each plant that loves the sun and But special those whose juice can g Dominion o'er the blood and brain The peasant who saw him by pale m beam

Gathering such herbs by bank and str Deem'd his thin form and soundless! Were those of wanderer from the dea "Vinsauf, thy wine," he said, " power,

Our gyves are heavy, strong our to Yet three drops from this flask of r More strong than dungeons, gyve wine,

Shall give him prison under ground More dark, more narrow, more found.

Short rede, good rede, let Harold ha A dog's death and a heathen's grav I have lain on a sick man's bed, Watching for hours for the leech's t As if I deem'd that his presence al Were of power to bid my pain beg I have listed his words of comfort g As if to oracles from heaven;

I have counted his steps from my chamber door, And bless'd them when they were heard no more;— But sooner than Walwayn my sick couch should nigh, My choice were by leech-craft unaided to die,

X.

"Such service done in fervent zeal
The Church may pardon and conceal,"
The doubtful Prelate said, "but ne'er
The counsel ere the act should hear.—
Anselm of Jarrow, advise us now,
The stamp of wisdom is on thy brow;
Thy days, thy nights, in cloister pent,
Are still to mystic learning lent;—
Anselm of Jarrow, in thee is my hope,
Thou well mayst give counsel to Prelate or Pope."

XI

Answer'd the Prior—"'Tis wisdom's use
Still to delay what we dare not refuse;
Ere granting the boon he comes hither to ask,
Shape for the giant gigantic task;
Let us see how a step so sounding can tread
In paths of darkness, danger, and dread;
He may not, he will not, impugn our decree,
That calls but for proof of his chivalry;
And were Guy to return, or Sir Bevis the Strong,
Our wilds have adventure might cumber them long—
The Castle of Seven Shields "——"Kind Anselm, no more!
The step of the Pagan approaches the door."
The churchmen were hush'd.—In his mantle of skin,
With his mace on his shoulder, Count Harold strode in.
There was foam on his lips, there was fire in his eye,
For, chafed by attendance, his fury was nigh.
"Ho! Bishop," he said, "dost thou grant me my claim?
Or must I assert it by falchion and flame?"—

XII.

"On thy suit, gallant Harold," the Bishop replied, In accents which trembled, "we may not decide, Until proof of your strength and your valour we saw—'Tis not that we doubt them, but such is the law."—"And would you, Sir Prelate, have Harold make sport For the cowls and the shavelings that herd in thy court? Say what shall he do?—From the shrine shall he tear The lead bier of thy patron, and heave it in air, And through the long chancel make Cuthbert take wing, With the speed of a bullet dismiss'd from the sling?"—"Nay, spare such probation," the Cellarer said, "From the mouth of our minstrels thy task shall be read, While the wine sparkles high in the goblet of gold, And the revel is loudest, thy task shall be told;

And thyself, gallant Harold, shall, hearing it, tell That the Bishop, his cowls, and his shavelings, meant well."

XIII.

Loud revell'd the guests, and the goblets loud rang, But louder the minstrel, Hugh Meneville, sang; And Harold, the hurry and pride of whose soul, E'en when verging to fury, own'd music's control, Still bent on the harper his broad sable eye, And often untasted the goblet pass'd by; Than wine, or than wassail, to him was more dear The minstrel's high tale of enchantment to hear; And the Bishop that day might of Vinsauf complain That his art had but wasted his wine-casks in vain.

XIV.

The Custle of the Seben Shields.

A BALLAD.

The Druid Urien had daughters seven, Their skill could call the moon from heaven; So fair their forms and so high their fame, That seven proud kings for their suitors came.

King Mador and Rhys came from Powis and Wales, Unshorn was their hair, and unpruned were their nails; From Strath-Clyde was Ewain, and Ewain was lame, And the red-bearded Donald from Galloway came.

Lot, King of Lodon, was hunchback'd from youth; Dunmail of Cumbria had never a tooth; But Adolf of Bambrough, Northumberland's heir, Was gay and was gallant, was young and was fair.

There was strife 'mongst the sisters, for each one would have For husband King Adolf, the gallant and brave; And envy bred hate, and hate urged them to blows, When the firm earth was cleft, and the Arch-fiend arose!

He swore to the maidens their wish to fulfil— They swore to the foe they would work by his will. A spindle and distaff to each hath he given, "Now hearken my spell," said the Outcast of heaven.

"Ye shall ply these spindles at midnight hour,
And for every spindle shall rise a tower,
Where the right shall be feeble, the wrong shall have power,
And there shall ye dwell with your paramour."

Beneath the pale moonlight they sate on the wold, And the rhymes which they chanted must never be told; And as the black wool from the distaff they sped, With blood from their bosom they moisten'd the thread. As light danced the spindles beneath the cold gleam, The castle arose like the birth of a dream— The seven towers ascended like mist from the ground, Seven portals defend them, seven ditches surround.

Within that dread castle seven monarchs were wed, But six of the seven ere the morning lay dead; With their eyes all on fire, and their daggers all red, Seven damsel's surround the Northumbrian's bed.

"Six kingly bridegrooms to death we have done, Six gallant kingdoms King Adolf hath won, Six lovely brides all his pleasure to do, Or the bed of the seventh shall be husbandless too."

Well chanced it that Adolf the night when he wed Had confess'd and had sain'd him ere boune to his bed; He sprung from the couch and his broadsword he drew. And there the seven daughters of Urien he slew.

The gate of the castle he bolted and seal'd, And hung o'er each arch-stone a crown and a shield: To the cells of Saint Dunstan then wended his way, And died in his cloister an anchorite gray.

Seven monarchs' wealth in that castle lies stow'd, The foul fiends brood o'er them like raven and toad Whoever shall guesten these chambers within, From curfew till matins, that treasure shall win.

But manhood grows faint as the world waxes old! There lives not in Britain a champion so bold, So dauntless of heart, and so prudent of brain, As to dare the adventure that treasure to gain.

The waste ridge of Cheviot shall wave with the rye, Before the rude Scots shall Northumberland fly, And the flint clifts of Bambro' shall melt in the sun, Before that adventure be peril'd and won.

xv.

"And is this my probation?" wild Harold he said,
"Within a lone castle to press a lone bed?—
Good even, my Lord Bishop,—Saint Cuthbert to borro
The Castle of Seven Shields receives me to-morrow."

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

DENMARK'S sage courtier to her princely youth, Granting his cloud an ouzel or a whale, Spoke, though unwittingly, a partial truth; For Fantasy embroiders Nature's veil.

The tints of ruddy eve, or dawning pale, Of the swart thunder-cloud, or silver haze, Are but the ground-work of the rich detail Which fantasy with pencil wild portrays, Blending what seems and is, in the wrapt muser's gaze.

Nor are the stubborn forms of earth and stone Less to the Sorceress's empire given; For not with unsubstantial hues alone, Caught from the varying surge, or vacant heaven, From bursting sunbeam, or from flashing levin, She limns her pictures: on the earth, as air, Arise her castles, and her car is driven; And never gazed the eye on scene so fair, But of its boasted charms gave Fancy half the share.

Up a wild pass went Harold, bent to prove, Hugh Meneville, the adventure of thy lay; Gunnar pursued his steps in faith and love, Ever companion of his master's way. Midward their path, a rock of granite gray From the adjoining cliff had made descent,-A barren mass-yet with her drooping spray Had a young birch-tree crown'd its battlement, Twisting her fibrous roots through cranny, flaw, and rent.

This rock and tree could Gunnar's thought engage Till Fancy brought the tear-drop to his eye, And at his master ask'd the timid Page, "What is the emblem that a bard should spy In that rude rock and its green canopy?" And Harold said, "Like to the helmet brave Of warrior slain in fight it seems to lie, And these same drooping boughs do o'er it wave Not all unlike the plume his lady's favour gave."-

"Ah, no!" replied the Page; "the ill-starr'd love Of some poor maid is in the emblem shown, Whose fates are with some hero's interwove, And rooted on a heart to love unknown: And as the gentle dews of heaven alone Nourish those drooping boughs, and as the scathe Of the red lightning rends both tree and stone, So fares it with her unrequited faith, -

Her sole relief is tears-her only refuge death."-

III. art a fond fantastic boy," replied, "to females coy, prating still of love; amid the clash of war thou lovest to keep afar, destined by thy evil star th one like me to rove,

Whose business and whose joys are found

Upon the bloody battle-ground. Yet, foolish trembler as thou art, Thou hast a nook of my rude heart, And thou and I will never part ;-Harold would wrap the world in flame Ere injury on Gunnar came." FOG

The grateful Page made no reply, But turn'd to Heaven his gentle eye And clasp'd his hands, as one who said, "My toils-my wanderings are o'erpaid!"

Then in a gayer, lighter strain, Compell'd himself to speech again; And, as they flow'd along, His words took cadence soft and slow, And liquid, like dissolving snow, They melted into song.

"What though through fields of carnage wide I may not follow Harold's stride. Yet who with faithful Gunnar's pride Lord Harold's feats can see? And dearer than the couch of pride, He loves the bed of grey wolf's hide, When slumbering by Lord Harold's In forest, field, or lea."-

VI.

"Break off!" said Harold, in a tone Where hurry and surprise were shown, With some slight touch of fear, -"Break off, we are not here alone; A Palmer form comes slowly on! By cowl, and staff, and mantle known, My monitor is near. Now mark him, Gunnar, heedfully; He pauses by the blighted tree-Dost see him, youth !- Thou couldst

not see When in the vale of Galilee I first beheld his form, Nor when we met that other while In Cephalonia's rocky isle, Before the fearful storm,-Dost see him now ? "-The Page, distraught

With terror, answer'd, " I see nought, And there is nought to see, Save that the oak's scathed boughs fling

down Upon the path a shadow brown, That, like a pilgrim's dusky gown, Waves with the waving tree."

Count Haro As if his eye And the "Be what it Nor heaven, That for the Count I I'll speak hir My heart wit Which v I will subdue Paused wher show' Its sable shac And, folding His arms, :

The Deep Voi Furious thy p Heart-sear'd: How long, O Disturb the sl Each step in th The ashes of And shout in The fiends of 1 In this thine h For life is brie

Then ceased T

replied In tones where For mastery str The wolf for r Or with its han I am as they-Sends streams vein. Amid thy realn Say, is the fam-Or Witikind's Where fame or Whose galleys 1 They left no He was my sire, That rover merc Can I be sc Part hence, and more upb I am that Waster what he r

X.

The Phantom groan'd ;-the mountain shook around, The fawn and wild-doe started at the sound, The gorse and fern did wildly round them wave, As if some sudden storm the impulse gave, "All thou hast said is truth—Yet on the head Of that bad sire let not the charge be laid, That he, like thee, with unrelenting pace, From grave to cradle ran the evil race :-Relentless in his avarice and ire, Churches and towns he gave to sword and fire; Shed blood like water, wasted every land, Like the destroying angel's burning brand; Fulfill'd whate'er of ill might be invented, Yes—all these things he did—he did, but he REPENTED! Perchance it is part of his punishment still, That his offspring pursues his example of ill. But thou, when thy tempest of wrath shall next shake thee, Gird thy loins for resistance, my son, and awake thee; If thou yield'st to thy fury, how tempted soever, The gate of repentance shall ope for thee NEVER!"-

XI

"He is gone," said Lord Harold, and gazed as he spoke; "There is nought on the path but the shade of the oak. He is gone, whose strange presence my feeling oppress'd. Like the night-hag that sits on the slumberer's breast, My heart beats as thick as a fugitive's tread, And cold dews drop from my brow and my head .-Ho! Gunnar, the flasket you almoner gave; He said that three drops would recall from the grave. For the first time Count Harold owns leech-craft has power, Or, his courage to aid, lacks the juice of a flower!" The Page gave the flasket, which Walwayn had fill'd With the juice of wild roots that his heart had distill'd-So baneful their influence on all that had breath, One drop had been frenzy, and two had been death. Harold took it, but drank not; for jubilee shrill, And music and clamour were heard on the hill, And down the steep pathway, o'er stock and o'er stone, The train of a bridal came blithesomely on; There was song, there was pipe, there was timbrel, and still The burden was, "Joy to the fair Metelill!"

XII.

ald might see from his high stance, self unseen, that train advance With mirth and melody; sorse and foot a mingled throng, suring their steps to bridal song And bridal minstrelsy; And ever when the blithesome rout Lent to the song their choral shout, Redoubling echoes roll'd about, While echoing cave and cliff sent out

The answering symphony
Of all those mimic notes which dwell
In hollow rock and sounding dell.

XIII.

Joy shook his torch above the band, By many a various passion fann'd;— As elemental sparks can feed On essence pure and coarsest weed, Gentle, or stormy, or refined, Joy takes the colours of the mind. Lightsome and pure, but unrepress'd, He fired the bridegroom's gallant breast;

More feebly strove with maiden fear, Yet still joy glimmer'd through the tear On the bride's blushing cheek, that shows

Like dewdrop on the budding rose; While Wulfstane's gloomy smile de-

The glee that selfish avarice shared, And pleased revenge and malice high Joy's semblance took in Jutta's eye. On dangerous adventure sped, The witch deem'd Harold with the

The witch deem'd Harold with the dead,

For thus that morn her Demon said:—
"If, ere the set of sun, be tied
The knot 'twixt bridegroom and his
bride,

The Dane shall have no power of ill O'er William and o'er Metelill." And the pleased witch made answer, "Then

Must Harold have pass'd from the paths of men!

Evil repose may his spirit have,— May hemlock and mandrake find root

in his grave,—

May his death-sleep be dogged by
dreams of dismay,

And his waking be worse at the answering day!"

XIV.

Such was their various mood of glee Blent in one shout of ecstasy. But still when Joy is brimming highest. Of Sorrow and Misfortune nighest, Of Terror with her ague cheek. And lurking Danger, sages speak:—These haunt each path, but chief they lay

Their snares beside the primrose way.—

Thus found that Beset by Harold Trembling bene mood, High on a rock His shout was li Spoke o'er the beneath. His destined vic The reddening t The frown of r face, -The lip that fo chase ;— But all could see Bore back to shu The fragment w Rent from the throw.

Backward they
two
For battle v
No pause of drea
Ere his gos
And Wulfstane
But ere the silke
As hurl'd from
That ruin t
Full on the out
And all that late
And human face
That lived, and
will

To choose the part of the part

As from the bos
The eagle of
Three bounds fre
Placed Har
As the scared wil
So fled the
As 'gainst the e.
The noble falcor
But dares t

the bridegroom; from his id
's rude mace has struck his nd,
ng fragments strew the sand,
rd lies on the plain.
even! take noble William's
t,
that yet upwelted heart

that yet unmelted heart, s bridal hour depart, napless bridegroom's slain!

XVII. rold's frenzied rage is high, death-fire in his eye, ws on his brow are trench'd, are set, his hand is clench'd, upon his lip is white, arm is up to smite! mace aloft he swung, blow young Gunnar sprung, s master's knees he clung, ried, "In mercy spare! pon the words of fear that visionary Seer, he foretold is here,mercy, -or despair !" suspended Harold's mood, ith arm upraised he stood, e like the headsman's rude pauses for the sign. hee with the blessed rood," implored; "Speak word

od,
fiend, or be subdued!"
gn'd the cross divineeye hath human light,
ess keen, less fiercely bright;
relax'd the obdurate frown,
mace sinks gently down,
rm and strides away;
ce revellers who leave
feast, looks back to grieve,
nting the reprieve
mated to his prey,
forbearance one sign hath
given,
Wittkind's son made one

towards heaven.

XVIII.

But though his dreaded footsteps part,
Death is behind and shakes his dart;
Lord William on the plain is lying,
Beside him Metelill seems dying!—
Bring odours—essences in haste—
And lo! a flasket richly chased,—
But Jutta the elixir proves
Ere pouring it for those she loves—
Then Walwayn's potion was not wasted.

For when three drops the hag had tasted,

So dismal was her yell,
Each bird of evil omen woke,
The raven gave his fatal croak,
And shriek'd the night-crow from the
oak,

The screech-owl from the thicket broke.

And flutter'd down the dell! So fearful was the sound and stern, The slumbers of the full-gorged erne Were startled, and from furze and fern Of forest and of fell,

The fox and famish'd wolf replied, (For wolves then prowl'd the Cheviot side,)

From mountain head to mountain head The unhallow'd sounds around were sped;

But when their latest echo fled, The sorceress on the ground lay dead.

XIX.

Such was the scene of blood and woes, With which the bridal morn arose Of William and of Metelill;

But oft, when dawning 'gins to spread, The summer morn peeps dim and red Above the eastern hill,

Ere, bright and fair, upon his road The King of Splendour walks abroad; So, when this cloud had pass'd away, Bright was the noontide of their day, And all serone its setting ray.

CANTO SIXTH

WELL do I hope that this my minstrel tale Will tempt no traveller from southern fields, Whether in tilbury, barouche, or mail, To view the Castle of these Seven Proud Shields. Small confirmation its condition yields To Meneville's high lay, -No towers are seen On the wild heath, but those that Fancy builds, And, save a fosse that tracks the moor with green, Is nought remains to tell of what may there have been

And yet grave authors, with the no small waste Of their grave time, have dignified the spot By theories, to prove the fortress placed By Roman bands, to curb the invading Scot. Hutchinson, Horsley, Camden, I might quote, But rather choose the theory less civil Of boors, who, origin of things forgot, Refer still to the origin of evil, And for their master-mason choose that master-fiend the De

Therefore, I say, it was on fiend-built towers That stout Count Harold bent his wondering gaze, When evening dew was on the heather flowers, And the last sunbeams made the mountain blaze, And tinged the battlements of other days With the bright level light ere sinking down .-Himmined thus, the dauntless Dane surveys The Seven Proud Shields that o'er the portal frown, And on their blazons traced high marks of old renown.

A wolf North Wales had on his armour-coat, And Khys of Powis-land a couchant stag; Smith-Clwyd's strange emblem was a stranded boat, hamahl of Galloway's a trotting nag; A commahow gilt was fertile Lodon's brag; A shedpown-dagger was by Dunmail worn; Academbrian Adolf gave a sea-beat crag Somewhiled by a cross-such signs were borne wasted now antique shields, all wasted now and worn.

Count Harold sought the castle-door. When possible tour bolts were rusted to decay; was all that home adventurous knight forbore a mobiliracted passage to essay. Were show than armed warders in array, Les obulacio mose sure than bolt or bar, the Separation who forbade to war

With foes of other mould than mortal clay, Cast spells across the gate, and barr'd the onward way.

Vain now those spells; for soon with heavy clank
The feebly-fasten'd gate was inward push'd,
And, as it oped, through that emblazon'd rank
Of antique shields, the wind of evening rush'd
With sound most like a groan, and then was hush'd.
Is none who on such spot such sounds could hear
But to his heart the blood had faster rush'd;
Yet to bold Harold's breast that throb was dear—
It spoke of danger nigh, but had no touch of fear.

TV

Yet Harold and his Page no signs have traced Within the castle, that of danger show'd; For still the halls and courts were wild and waste, As through their precincts the adventurers trode. The seven huge towers rose stately, tall, and broad, Each tower presenting to their scrutiny A hall in which a king might make abode, And fast beside, garnish'd both proud and high, Was placed a bower for rest in which a king might lie.

As if a bridal there of late had been,
Deck'd stood the table in each gorgeous hall;
And yet it was two hundred years, I ween,
Since date of that unhallow'd festival.
Flagons, and ewers, and standing cups, were all
Of tarnish'd gold, or silver nothing clear,
With throne begilt, and canopy of pall,
And tapestry clothed the walls with fragments searFrail as the spider's mesh did that rich woof appear.

V.

In every bower, as round a hearse, was hung A dusky crimson curtain o'er the bed, And on each couch in ghastly wise were flung The wasted relics of a monarch dead; Barbaric ornaments around were spread, Vests twined with gold, and chains of precious stone, And golden circlets, meet for monarch's head; While grinn'd, as if in scorn amongst them thrown, The wearer's fleshless skull, alike with dust bestrown.

For these were they who, drunken with delight, On pleasure's opiate pillow laid their head, For whom the bride's shy footstep, slow and light, Was changed ere morning to the murderer's tread. For human bliss and woe in the frail thread Of human life are all so closely twined, That till the shears of Fate the texture shred, The close succession cannot be disjoin'd, Nor dare we, from one hour, judge that which comes!

VL

But where the work of vengeance had been done, In that seventh chamber, was a sterner sight; There of the witch-brides lay each skeleton, Still in the posture as to death when dight. For this lay prone, by one blow slain outright; And that, as one who struggled long in dying; One bony hand held knife, as if to smite; One bent on fleshless knees, as mercy crying; One lay across the door, as kill'd in act of flying.

The stern Dane smiled this charnel-house to see,For his chafed thought return'd to Metelill;—
And "Well," he said, "hath woman's perfidy,
Empty as air, as water volatile,
Been here avenged.—The origin of ill
Through woman rose, the Christian doctrine saith
Nor deem I, Gunnar, that thy minstrel skill
Can show example where a woman's breath
Hath made a true-love vow, and, tempted, kept her

VII.

The minstrel-boy half smiled, half sigh'd,

And his half-filling eyes he dried, And said, "The theme I should but

wrong,
Unless it were my dying song,
(Our Scalds have said, in dying hour
The Northern harp has treble power,)
Else could I tell of woman's faith,
Defying danger, scorn, and death.
Firm was that faith,—as diamond stone
Pure and unflaw'd,—her love un-

known,
And unrequited;—firm and pure,
Her stainless faith could all endure;
From clime to clime,—from place to
place,—

Through want, and danger, and disgrace,

A wanderer's wayward steps could trace.—

All this she did, and guerdon none Required, save that her burial-stone Should make at length the secret known, 'Thus hath a faithfu Not in each breast But Eivir was a Da

VIII

"Thou art a wild of Count Harold, " fo And yet, young Gi Hers were a faith the But Eivir sleeps be And all resembling What maid e'er sho In plighted faith, 1 But couch thee, be shade

Falls thickly round Because the de They were as we; O'erspent, and we Yet near me, Gun Thy couch upon m That thou mayst invade,

Thy master sh Thus couch'd they in Until the beams of IX.

man Lord Harold rose, cheld that dawn unclose s trouble in his eyes, on his brow and cheek awe and wonder speak: age," he said, "arise; his place, my page."—No

ill the castle door
'd—but there he paused said, ss hath awaked the dead—'d the sacred tomb! this night I stood on high, in roars in middle sky, cavern'd gulfs could spy ntral place of doom; pefore my mortal eye

that evil den!
w dizzy, and my brain
d, as the elvish train,
and howl, dragg'd on
who had late been men.

dead came flitting by, ds, with many a fiendish

X.

gard eyes and streaming

pass'd Wulfstane, lately

and foul with bloody

seen, but that uprose ad wild, and swept the s:

ach sound as when at need a spurs his horse to speed, knights rush on, who lead a sable steed.

harness, and there came eir closed visors sparks of

oclaim'd, in sounds of fear, Dauntless, welcome here!' ied, 'Jubilee! we've won kind the Waster's son!' And the third rider sternly spoke,
'Mount, in the name of Zernebock !—
From us, O Harold, were thy
powers,—

Thy strength, thy dauntlessness, are ours;

Nor think, a vassal thou of hell, With hell can strive.' The fiend spoke true!

My inmost soul the summons knew, As captives know the knell Thatsays the headsman's sword is bare, And, with an accent of despair, Commands them quit their cell.

I felt resistance was in vain, My foot had that fell stirrup ta'en, My hand was on the fatal mane, When to my rescue sped

That Palmer's visionary form, And—like the passing of a storm— The demons yell'd and fled!

KI.

"His sable cowl, flung back, reveal'd The features it before conceal'd; And, Gunnar, I could find

In him whose counsels strove to stay So oft my course on wilful way,

My father Witikind!

Doom'd for his sins, and doom'd for mine.

A wanderer upon earth to pine Until his son shall turn to grace, And smooth for him a resting-place. Gunnar, he must not haunt in vain This world of wretchedness and pain: I'll tame my wilful heart to live In peace-to pity and forgive-And thou, for so the Vision said, Must in thy Lord's repentance aid. Thy mother was a prophetess, He said, who by her skill could guess How close the fatal textures join Which knit thy thread of life with mine; Then, dark, he hinted of disguise She framed to cheat too curious eyes, That not a moment might divide Thy fated footsteps from my side. Methought while thus my sire did teach,

I caught the meaning of his speech, Yet seems its purport doubtful now." His hand then sought his thoughtful brow

Then first he mark'd, that in the tower His glove was left at waking hour.

YII

Trembling at first, and deadly pale, Had Gunnar heard the vision'd tale; But when he learn'd the dubious close, He blush'd like any opening rose, And, glad to hide his tell-tale cheek, Hied back that glove of mail to seek; When soon a shriek of deadly dread Summon'd his master to his aid.

XIII.

What sees Count Harold in that bower, So late his resting-place?— The semblance of the Evil Power,

Adored by all his race!
Odin in living form stood there,
His cloak the spoils of Polar bear;
For plumy crest a meteor shed
Its gloomy radiance o'er his head,
Yet veil'd its haggard majesty
To the wild lightnings of his eye.
Such height was his, as when in stone
O'er Upsal's giant altar shown:

O'er Upsal's giant altar shown:
So flow'd his hoary beard;
Such was his lance of mountain-pine,
So did his careefold buckler shine:

So did his sevenfold buckler shine;— But when his voice he rear'd, Deep, without harshness, slow and strong,

The powerful accents roll'd along, And, while he spoke, his hand was laid On captive Gunnar's shrinking head.

XIV.

"Harold," he said, "what rage is thine,

To quit the worship of thy line,
To leave thy Warrior-God?—
With me is glory or disgrace,
Mine is the onset and the chase,
Embattled hosts before my face

Are wither'd by a nod.
Wilt thou then forfeit that high seat
Deserved by many a dauntless feat,
Among the heroes of thy line,
Eric and fiery Thorarine?—
Thou wilt not. Only I can give
The joys for which the valiant live,

Victory and vengeance—only I
Can give the joys for which the
The immortal tilt—the banquet
The brimming draught from for
skull.

Mine art thou, witness this thy The faithful pledge of vassal's lo

XV.

"Tempter," said Harold, firm of "I charge thee, hence! whate'e

art,
I do defy thee —and resist
The kindling frenzy of my bres
Waked by thy words; and of my
Nor glove, nor buckler, splent, m
Shall rest with thee—that
release.

And God, or Demon, part in pea "Eivir," the Shape replied, "is Mark'd in the birth-hour with m Think'st thou that priest with

of spray
Could wash that blood-red mark:
Or that a borrow'd sex and nan
Can abrogate a Godhead's clair
Thrill'd this strange speech th

Harold's brain,
He clench'd his teeth in high di
For not his new-born faith subc
Some tokens of his ancient mo
"Now, by the hope so lately gi
Of better trust and purer heave
I will assail thee, fiend!"—The
His mace, and with a storm of
The mortal and the Demon clo

XVI.

Smokeroll'dabove, fireflash'dar Darken'd the sky and shool ground;

But unt the artillery of hel
The bickering lightning, nor the
Of turrets to the earthquake's s
Could Harold's courage qu
Sternly the Dane his purpose k
And blows on blows resistless h
Till quail'd that Demon Fo
And—for his power to hurt or
Was bounded by a higher will—
Evanish'd in the storm.

sused the Champion of the North, ed, and bore his Eivir forth, hat wild scene of frendish strife, t, to liberty, and life!

XVII.

ced her on a bank of moss, silver runnel bubbled by, new-born thoughts his soul engross, emors yet unknown across s stubborn sinews fly, ile with timid hand the dew er brow and neck he threw, ark'd how life with rosy hue pale cheek revived anew, d glimmer'd in her eye. said, "That silken tress, olindness mine that could not TUCSS!

could page's rugged dress at bosom's pride belie? of heart, through wild and wave ch of blood and death to rave, ith such a partner nigh!"

XVIII.

the mirror'd pool he peer'd, his rough locks and shaggy ins of recent conflict clear'd,nd thus the Champion proved, e fears now who never fear'd, d loves who never loved.

And Eivir-life is on her cheek, And yet she will not move or speak, Nor will her eyelid fully ope;

Perchance it loves, that half-shut eye, Through its long fringe, reserved and

Affection's opening dawn to spy; And the deep blush, which bids its dye O'er cheek, and brow, and bosom fly, Speaks shame-facedness and hope.

XIX.

But vainly seems the Dane to seek For terms his new-born love to speak,-

For words, save those of wrath and

wrong,

Till now were strangers to his tongue; So, when he raised the blushing maid, In blunt and honest terms he said, (Twere well that maids, when lovers WOO,

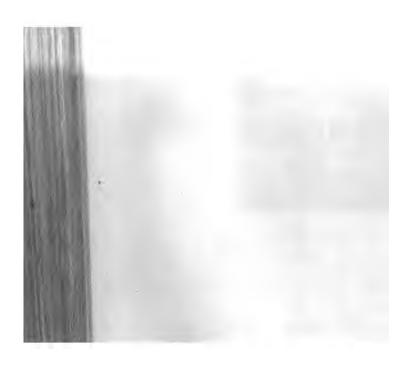
Heard none more soft, were all as true,) "Eivir! since thou for many a day Hast follow'd Harold's wayward way, It is but meet that in the line Of after-life I follow thine. To-morrow is Saint Cuthbert's tide, And we will grace his altar's side, A Christian knight and Christian

And of Witikind's son shall the marvel be said,

That on the same morn he was christen'd and wed."

CONCLUSION.

And now, Ennui, what ails thee, weary maid? And why these listless looks of yawning sorrow? No need to turn the page, as if twere lead, Or fling aside the volume till to-morrow .-Be cheer'd-'tis ended-and I will not borrow, To try thy patience more, one anecdote From Bartholine, or Perinskiold, or Snorro. Then pardon thou thy minstrel, who hath wrote A Tale six cantos long, yet scorn'd to add a note.



BALLADS, SONGS,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



LADS, TRANSLATED OR IMITATED, FROM THE GERMAN, &c.

WILLIAM AND HELEN.

IMITATED FROM THE "LENORÉ" OF BURGER.

L

vy dreams fair Helen rose, d the dawning red: love, thou tarriest long! on false or dead?"—

11.

nt Fred'rick's princely power ht the bold Crusade; word from Judah's wars elen how he sped.

III.

him and with Saracen h a truce was made, knight return'd to dry is his love had shed.

IV.

t host was homeward bound any a song of joy; ed the laurel in each plume, ge of victory.

V.

nd young, and sire and son, them crowd the way, ts, and mirth, and melody, at of love to pay.

VI.

a maid her true-love met, b'd in his embrace, ing joy in tears and smiles full many a face.

VII.

or smile for Helen sad; ght the host in vain; could tell her William's fate, ass, or if slain.

VIII

The martial band is past and gone;
She rends her raven hair,
And in distraction's bitter mood
She weeps with wild despair,

IX.

"O rise, my child," her mother said,
"Nor sorrow thus in vain;
A perjured lover's fleeting heart
No tears recall again."—

X.

"O mother, what is gone, is gone, What's lost for ever lorn: Death, death alone can comfort me; O had I ne'er been born!

XI.

"O break, my heart, O break at once! Drink my life-blood, Despair! No joy remains on earth for me, For me in heaven no share."—

XII.

"O enter not in judgment, Lord!"
The pious mother prays;
"Impute not guilt to thy frail child!
She knows not what she says.

XIIL

"O say thy pater noster, child!
O turn to God and grace!
His will, that turn'd thy bliss to bale,
Can change thy bale to bliss."—

XIV.

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
My William's love was heaven on earth,
Without it earth is helt.

XV.

"Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven, Since my loved William's slain? I only pray'd for William's sake, And all my prayers were vain."—

XVI.

"O take the sacrament, my child, And check these tears that flow; By resignation's humble prayer, O hallow'd be thy woe!"—

XVII.

"No sacrament can quench this fire, Or slake this scorching pain; No sacrament can bid the dead Arise and live again.

XVIII.

"O break, my heart, O break at once! Be thou my god, Despair! Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on me, And vain each fruitless prayer."—

XIX.

"O enter not in judgment, Lord, With thy frail child of clay! She knows not what her tongue has spoke; Impute it not, I pray!

XX.

"Forbear, my child, this desperate woe, And turn to God and grace; Well can devotion's heavenly glow Convert thy bale to bliss."—

XXI.

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
Without my William what were heaven,
Or with him what were hell?"

XXII.

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom, Upbraids each sacred power, Till, spent, she sought her silent room, All in the lonely tower.

XXIII.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands, Till sun and day were o'er, And through the glimmering lattice shone The twinkling of the star.

XXIV.

Then, crash! the heavy drawbridg
That o'er the moat was hung;
And, clatter! clatter! on its board
The hoof of courser rung.

XXV.

The clank of echoing steel was her As off the rider bounded; And slowly on the winding stair A heavy footstep sounded.

XXVI.

And hark! and hark! a knock—
tap!
A rustling stifled noise;—
Door-latch and tinkling staples ria
At length a whispering voice.

XXVII.

"Awake, awake, arise, my love!
How, Helen, dost thou fare?
Wak'st thou, or sleep'st? laugh'st!
or weep'st?

Hast thought on me, my fair?"-

XXVIII.

"My love! my love!—so late by night I waked, I wept for thee: Much have I borne since dawn of m Where, William, could'st thou be

XXIX.

"We saddle late—from Hungary
I rode since darkness fell;
And to its bourne we both return
Before the matin-bell."—

XXX.

"O rest this night within my arms And warm thee in their fold! Chill howls through hawthorn bus wind:— My love is deadly cold."

XXXI.

"Let the wind how! through haw bush! This night we must away;

The steed is wight, the spur is bri I cannot stay till day.

XXXII.

Busk, busk, and boune! Thou mount'st behind

Upon my black barb steed: Yer stock and stile, a hundred miles, We haste to bridal bed."—

XXXIII.

*To-night—to-night a hundred miles!— O dearest William, stay!

The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour!

O wait, my love, till day!"—

XXXIV.

Look here, look here—the moon shines clear—

Full fast I ween we ride;

Mount and away! for ere the day

We reach our bridal bed.

XXXV.

"The black barb snorts, the bridle rings;
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee!
The feast is made, the chamber spread,
The bridal guests await thee."—

XXXVI.

Strong love prevail'd: she busks, she bounes,

She mounts the barb behind, And round her darling William's waist Her lily arms she twined.

XXXVII.

And, hurry! hurry! off they rode,
As fast as fast might be;
Spurn'd from the courser's thundering
heels

The flashing pebbles flee.

XXXVIII.

And on the right, and on the left, Ere they could snatch a view, Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain, And cot, and castle, flew.

XXXIX.

"Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines clear—

Fleet goes my barb—keep hold!
Fear'st thou?"—"O no!" she faintly
said;

"But why so stern and cold?

XL.

"What yonder rings? what yonder sings? Why shrieks the owlet gray?"—
"Tis death-bells' clang, 'tis funeral song, The body to the clay.

XLI.

"With song and clang, at morrow's dawn, Ye may inter the dead:

To-night I ride, with my young bride, To deck our bridal bed.

XLII.

"Come with thy choir, thou coffin'd guest,
To swell our nuptial song!
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast!

Come all, come all along!"—

XLIII.

Ceased clang and song; down sunk the bier;

The shrouded corpse arose: And, hurry! hurry! all the train The thundering steed pursues.

XLIV.

And, forward! forward! on they go;
High snorts the straining steed;
Thick pants the rider's labouring breath,
As headlong on they speed.

XLV.

"O William, why this savage haste? And where thy bridal bed?"—

"'Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill, And narrow, trustless maid."—

XLVI.

"No room for me?"—"Enough for both;—

Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!"
O'er thundering bridge, through boiling surge,

He drove the furious horse.

XLVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode, Splash! splash! along the sea; The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,

The flashing pebbles flee.

XLVIII.

Fled past on right and left how fast Each forest, grove, and bower! On right and left fled past how fast

Each city, town, and tower!

XLIX.

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear. Dost fear to ride with me !-- ! Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can ride!"— "O William, let them be !-

"See there, see there! What yonder swings

And creaks 'mid whistling rain?"-"Gibbet and steel, th' accursed wheel; A murderer in his chain. -

"Hollo! thou felon, follow here: To bridal bed we ride; And thou shalt prance a fetter dance Before me and my bride."—

LII.

And, hurry! hurry! clash, clash, clash! The wasted form descends; And fleet as wind through hazel bush The wild career attends.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode, Splash! splash! along the sea; The scourge is red, the spur drops blood, The flashing pebbles flee.

How fled what moonshine faintly show'd! How fled what darkness hid! How fled the earth beneath their feet,

The heaven above their head!

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines

And well the dead can ride; Does faithful Helen fear for them !"-"O leave in peace the dead!"-

"Barb! Barb! methinks I hear the cock; The sand will soon be run: Barb! Barb! I smell the morning air; The race is well-nigh done."-

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode, Splash ! splash ! along the sea;

The scourge is red, the spur drops bloo The flashing pebbles flee.

LVIIL

"Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the dear The bride, the bride is come; And soon we reach the bridal bed, For, Helen, here's my home."-

Reluctant on its rusty hinge Revolved an iron door, And by the pale moon's setting bean Were seen a church and tower.

With many a shriek and cry whiz ros The birds of midnight, scared; And rustling like autumnal leaves Unhallow'd ghosts were heard.

O'er many a tomb and tombstone pale He spurt'd the fiery horse, Till sudden at an open grave He check'd the wondrous course.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein, Down drops the casque of steel, The cuirass leaves his shrinking side. The spur his gory heel.

LXIII.

The eyes desert the naked skull, The mould'ring flesh the bone, Till Helen's lily arms entwine A ghastly skeleton.

LXIV.

The furious barb snorts fire and form And, with a fearful bound. Dissolves at once in empty air, And leaves her on the ground.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard, Pale spectres flit along, Wheel round the maid in dismal dan And howl the funeral song;

LXVI.

"E'en when the heart's with anguish cl Revere the doom of Heaven, Her soul is from her body reft; Her spirit be forgiven ?

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

IMITATED FROM BURGER'S "WILDE JAGER."

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle-horn, To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo! His fiery courser snuffs the morn, And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,

Dash through the bush, the brier, the

brake;

While answering hound, and horn, and steed.

The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day Had painted yonder spire with gold, And, calling sinful man to pray, Loud, long, and deep the bell had

toll'd:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides; Halloo, halloo! and, hark again! When, spurring from opposing sides, "Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right, Well may I guess, but dare not tell; The right-hand steed was silver white, The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand Horseman, young and fair.

His smile was like the morn of May; The left, from eye of tawny glare, Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high, Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!

What sport can earth, or sea, or sky, To match the princely chase, afford?"

"Cease thy loud bugle's changing knell," Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;

"And for devotion's choral swell, Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise.

"To-day, the ill-omen'd chase forbear, Yon bell yet summons to the fane; To-day the Warning Spirit hear, To-morrow thou mayst mourn in

vain."—

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;

"To muttering monks leave matin-song, And bells, and books, and mysteries."

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed, And, launching forward with a bound, "Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede, Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

"Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chant and pray:—
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd
friend;

Halloo, halloo! and, hark away!"

The Wildgrave spurr'd his courser light, O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill; And on the left, and on the right, Each Stranger Horseman follow'd still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain
snow;

And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
"Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!"

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way; He gasps, the thundering hoofs below:—

But, live who can, or die who may, Still, "Forward, forward!" on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,

A field with Autumn's blessings

crown'd:

See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet, A husbandman with toil embrown'd:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!

Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
"Earn'd by the sweat these brows have
pour'd,

In scorching hour of fierce July."-

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads, The left still cheering to the prey; The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,

But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing
blow!"—

Then loudly rung his bugle-horn, "Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!"

So said, so done:—A single bound Clears the poor labourer's humble pale; Wild follows man, and horse, and hound, Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell Famine marks the maddening
throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;

Hard run, he feels his strength decay, And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd; He seeks the shelter of the crowd; Amid the flock's domestic herd

His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill, His track the steady blood-hounds trace;

O'er moss and moor, unwearied still, The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall;—
"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;

These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!"
Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,

The left still cheering to the prey;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmanner'd dog! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,

Though human spirits, of thy sort, Were tenants of these carrion kine!"—

Again he winds his bugle-horn,

"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;

Down sinks their mangled herdsman

near;

The murderous cries the stag appal,— Again he starts, new-nerved by fear

With blood besmear'd, and white will foam,

While big the tears of anguish post, He seeks, amid the forest's gloom, The humble hermit's hallow'd bows

But man and horse, and horn and home Fast rattling on his traces go; The sacred chapel rung around With, "Hark away! and, holla, ho!"

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit pour'd his praye;
"Forbear with blood God's house to
stain;

Revere His altar, and forbear!

"The meanest brute has rights to pland,
Which, wrong'd by cruelty, or print,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head.—
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside.

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleas;
The Black, wild whooping, points the
prey:—

Alas! the Earl no warning heeds, But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong, Thy altar, and its rites, I spura; Not sainted martyrs' sacred song, Not God himself, shall makemetura."

He spurs his horse, he winds his hom.
"Hark forward, forward, holla,ho!"But off, on whirlwind's pinions bone,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, ga

And horse and man, and horn and hound And clamour of the chase, was gone: For hoofs, and howls, and bugle-sound A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around: He strove in vain to wake his horn, In vain to call: for not a sound Could from his anxious lips be home

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reach'd his ears:
His courser, rooted to the ground,

The quickening spur unmindful bears

Still dark and darker frown the shades, Dark as the darkness of the grave; ot a sound the still invades, e what a distant torrent gave.

o'er the sinner's humbled head ength the solemn silence broke; from a cloud of swarthy red, awful voice of thunder spoke.

ressor of creation fair! state Spirits' harden'd tool! er of God! Scourge of the poor! measure of thy cup is full.

hased for ever through the wood; ever roam the affrighted wild; et thy fate instruct the proud, is meanest creature is His child."

hush'd:—One flash, of sombre glare, h yellow tinged the forests brown; e the Wildgrave's bristling hair, thorror chill'deach nerve and bone.

our'd the sweat in freezing rill; sing wind began to sing; ouder, louder, louder still, aght storm and tempeston its wing.

heard the call ;—her entrails rend ; in yawning rifts, with many a yell, Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose, Well may I guess, but dare not tell; His eye like midnight lightning glows, His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn, With many a shriek of helpless woe; Behind him hound, and horse, and horn, And, "Hark away, and holla, ho!"

With wild despair's reverted eye, Close, close behind, he marks the throng,

With bloody fangs, and eager cry; In frantic fear he scours along.—

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase, Till time itself shall have an end: By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space, At midnight's witching hour, ascend,

This is the horn, and hound, and horse, That oft the lated peasant hears; Appall'd, he signs the frequent cross, When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear, For human pride, for human woe, When, at his midnight mass, he hears The infernal cry of "Holla, he!"

THE FIRE-KING.

The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him."-Eastern Tale.

[1801.]

ballad was written at the request of Mr. LEWIS, to be inserted in his of Wonder.* It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject mentary Spirits. The story is, however, partly historical; for it is recorded, uring the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight-Templar, Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many is, till he was finally routed and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin, the walls of Jerusalem.

BOLD knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear, Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear; And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee, At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.

^{*} Published in 1801.

O see you that castle, so strong and so high? And see you that lady, the tear in her eye? And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land, The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand?—

"Now palmer, grey palmer, O tell unto me, What news bring you home from the Holy Countrie? And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand? And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?"—

"O well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave, For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have; And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon, For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians have won."

A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung; O'er the palmer's grey locks the fair chain has she flung: "O palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee, For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countrie.

"And palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,
O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rush'd on,
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?"—

"O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows; O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows; Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high; But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

"The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls, It leaves of your castle but levin-scorch'd walls; The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone; Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon."

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed; And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need; And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land, To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie, Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had he: A heathenish damsel his light heart had won, The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

"O Christian, brave Christian, my love would'st thou be, Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee: Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take; And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

"And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore, Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake; And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

"And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand, To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land; For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take, When all this is accomplish'd for Zulema's sake." He has thrown by his helmet, and cross-handled sword, Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord; He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on, For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep deep under ground, Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround, He has watch'd until daybreak, but sight saw he none, Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the Princess, the Soldan amazed, Sore murmur'd the priests as on Albert they gazed; They search'd all his garments, and, under his weeds,, They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep deep under ground, He watch'd the lone night, while the winds whistled round; Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh, The flame burn'd unmoved, and nought else did he spy.

Loud murmur'd the priests, and amazed was the King, While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing; They search'd Albert's body, and, Io! on his breast Was the sign of the Cross, by his father impress'd.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain, And the recreant return'd to the cavern again; But, as he descended, a whisper there fell! It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart flutter'd and beat, And he turn'd him five steps, half resolved to retreat; But his heart it was harden'd, his purpose was gone, When he thought of the Maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce pass'd he the archway, the threshold scarce trode, When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad, They made each steel portal to rattle and ring, And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rock'd the cavern whene'er he drew nigh, The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high; In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguish'd in form, His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm; I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame, When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of Flame.

In his hand a broad falchion blue-glimmer'd through smoke, And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke: "With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long, and no more, Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore."

The cloud-shrouded Arm gives the weapon; and see !
The recreant receives the charm'd gift on his knee:
The thunders growl distant, and faint gleam the fires,
As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom retires,

Count Albert has arm'd him the Paynim among, Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong; And the Red-cross wax'd faint, and the Crescent came on, From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's forests to Galilee's wave, The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the brave; Till the Knights of the Temple, and Knights of Saint John, With Salem's King Baldwin, against him came on.

The war-cymbals clatter'd, the trumpets replied, The lances were couch'd, and they closed on each side; And horseman and horses Count Albert o'erthrew, Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.

Against the charm'd blade which Count Albert did wield, The fence had been vain of the King's Red-cross shield; But a Page thrust him forward the Monarch before, And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stoop'd low Before the cross'd shield, to his steel saddlebow; And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head,—"Bonne Grace, Notre Dame!" he unwittingly said.

Sore sigh'd the charm'd sword, for its virtue was o'er, It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more; But true men have said, that the lightning's red wing Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He clench'd his set teeth, and his gauntleted hand; He stretch'd, with one buffet, that Page on the strand; As back from the stripling the broken casque roll'd, You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eyeballs, and blood-clotted hair;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield To the scallop, the saltier, and crossleted shield; And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain.—
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretch'd 'mid the slain?
And who is yon Page lying cold at his knee?—
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie!

The Lady was buried in Salem's bless'd bound, The Count he was left to the vulture and hound: Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring; His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell, How the Red-cross it conquer'd, the Crescent it fell: And lords and gay ladies have sigh'd, 'mid their glee, At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

FREDERICK AND ALICE.

[1801.]

is imitated, rather than translated, from a fragment introduced in Claudina von Villa Bella," where it is sung by a member of a gang to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr. Lewis, to ras sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material nts, published it in his Tales of Wonder.

c leaves the land of France, and hastes his steps to measure, sts the parting glance cene of former pleasure.

is prancing steed, prove his untried blade, dreams the soldier lead untain, moor, and glade.

uin'd; left forlorn, Alice wept alone; er love's fond contract torn, nd peace, and honour flown.

oreast's convulsive throbs! tear of anguish flows! oon with bursting sobs, e laugh of frenzy rose.

ursed, and wild she pray'd; ng days and nights are o'er; ity brought his aid, illage bell struck four.

er, and far from France, Frederick onward rides; blithe, the morning's glance g o'er the mountains' sides.

not the boding sound, ongue of yonder tower, the hills around, fourth, the fated hour?

steed, and snuffs the air, ause of dread appears; th the rider's hair, with strange mysterious fears.

as his terrors rise, eed the spur he hides; elf in vain he flies; restless, on he rides. Seven long days, and seven long nights, Wild he wander'd, woe the while! Ceaseless care, and causeless fright, Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends; Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour; While the deafening thunder lends All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil, Where his head shall Frederick hide? Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle, By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low,
Fast his steed the wanderer bound:
Down a ruin'd staircase slow,
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie!
Glimmering lights are seen to glide!—
"Blessed Mary, hear my cry!
Deign a sinner's steps to guide!"

Often lost their quivering beam, Still the lights move slow before, Till they rest their ghastly gleam Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within, Mix'd with peals of laughter, rose; As they fell, a solemn strain Lent its wild and wondrous close!

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear Voice of friends, by death removed;— Well he knew that solemn air, "Twas the lay that Alice loved.—

Hark! for now a solemn knell
Four times on the still night broke;
Four times, at its deaden'd swell,
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthen'd clangours die, Slowly opes the iron door! Straight a banquet met his eye, But a funeral's form it wore!

Coffins for the seats extend; All with black the board was spread; Girt by parent, brother, friend, Long since numbered with the dead! Alice, in her grave-clothes bound, Ghastly smiling, points a seat; All arose, with thundering sound; All the expected stranger greet. High their meagre arms they wave, Wild their notes of welcome swell; "Welcome, traitor, to the grave! Perjured, bid the light farewell!"

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

[1818.]

THESE verses are a literal translation of an ancient Swiss ballad upon the but of Sempach, fought 9th July, 1386, being the victory by which the Swiss canto established their independence; the author, Albert Tchudi, denominated the So ter, from his profession of a shoemaker. He was a citizen of Lucerne, estern highly among his countrymen, both for his powers as a Meister-Singer, or minste and his courage as a soldier.

'Twas when among our linden-trees The bees had housed in swarms. (And grey-hair'd peasants say that these Betoken foreign arms,)

Then look'd we down to Willisow, The land was all in flame; We knew the Archduke Leopold With all his army came

The Austrian nobles made their vow, So hot their heart and bold,

"On Switzer carles we'll trample now, And slay both young and old."

With clarion loud, and banner proud, From Zurich on the lake, In martial pomp and fair array, Their onward march they make.

"Now list, ye lowland nobles all-Ye seek the mountain strand, Nor wot ye what shall be your lot In such a dangerous land.

"I rede ye, shrive ye of your sins, Before ye farther go;

A skirmish in Helvetian hills May send your souls to woe."-

"But where now shall we find a priest Our shrift that he may hear?"-"The Switzer priest has ta'en the field,

He deals a penance drear.

"Right heavily upon your head He'll lay his hand of steel; And with his trusty partisan Your absolution deal."-

'Twas on a Monday morning then, The corn was steep'd in dew, And merry maids had sickles ta'en, When the host to Sempach drew.

The stalwart men of fair Lucerne Together have they join'd; The pith and core of manhood stern,

Was none cast looks behind. It was the Lord of Hare-castle. And to the Duke he said.

"You little band of brethren true Will meet us undismay'd."-

"O Hare-castle, thou heart of hare!" Fierce Oxenstern replied.

"Shalt see then how the game will fare The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets brigh And closing ranks amain; The peaks they hew'd from their boo

points Might well-nigh load a wain.

And thus they to each other said, "Yon handful down to hew Will be no boastful tale to tell, The peasants are so few."-

riss Confederates there to God aloud, 'd his rainbow fair arthy cloud.

id pulse throbb'd more e e firm and high, good Confederates bore rian chivalry.

ion 'gan to growl, main and tail; haft, and crossbow bolt, ng forth like hail.

d halbert, mingled there, is nothing sweet; many a stately tree at their feet.

nen-at-arms stood fast, r spears they laid; allant Winkelreid, omrades said—

ous wife at home, nfant son; my country's care, all soon be won.

ay their spears right thick, I firm array, parge their order break, y brethren way."

ost the Austrian band, career, ody, breast, and hand, ach hostile spear.

inter'd on his crest, in his side; fied files he press'd fir ranks, and died.

elf-devoted deed he Lion's mood, rest cantons freed om by his blood.

charge had made a lane, omrades burst, id axe, and partisan, id stab, and thrust.

ion 'gan to whine, ground amain, The Mountain Bull he bent his brows, And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield, At Sempach in the flight.

At Sempach in the flight, The cloister vaults at Konig's-field Hold many an Austrian knight.

It was the Archduke Leopold, So lordly would he ride, But he came against the Switzer churls, And they slew him in his pride.

The heifer said unto the bull,
"And shall I not complain?
There came a foreign nobleman
To milk me on the plain.

"One thrust of thine outrageous horn
Has gall'd the knight so sore,
That to the churchyard he is borne,
To range our glens no more."

An Austrian noble left the stour, And fast the flight 'gan take; And he arrived in luckless hour At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher call'd, (His name was Hans von Rot,) "For love, or meed, or charity, Receive us in thy boat!"

Their anxious call the fisher heard, And, glad the meed to win, His shallop to the shore he steer'd, And took the flyers in,

And while against the tide and wind Hans stoutly row'd his way, The noble to his follower sign'd He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turn'd, The squire his dagger drew, Hans saw his shadow in the lake, The boat he overthrew.

He 'whelm'd the boat, and as they strove, He stunn'd them with his oar, "Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs, You'll ne'er stab boatman more,

"Two gilded fishes in the lake
This morning have I caught,
Their silver scales may much avail,
Their carrion flesh is naught."

It was a messenger of woe Has sought the Austrian land:

"Ah! gracious lady, evil news! My lord lies on the strand.

"At Sempach, on the battle-field, His bloody corpse lies there."-

"Ah, gracious God!" the lady cried,
"What tidings of despair!"

Now would you know the minstel Who sings of strife so stem, Albert the Souter is he hight, A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot, The night he made the lay, Returning from the bloody spot, Where God had judged the day

THE NOBLE MORINGER.

AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

O, WILL you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian day, It was the noble Moringer in wedlock bed he lay; He halsed and kiss'd his dearest dame, that was as sweet as May, And said, "Now, lady of my heart, attend the words I say.

"'Tis I have vow'd a pilgrimage unto a distant shrine, And I must seek Saint Thomas-land, and leave the land that's mine: Here shalt thou dwell the while in state, so thou wilt pledge thy fay, That thou for my return wilt wait seven twelvemonths and a day.

Then out and spoke that Lady bright, sore troubled in her cheer. "Now tell me true, thou noble knight, what order takest thou here; And who shall lead thy vassal band, and hold thy lordly sway, And be thy lady's guardian true when thou art far away?'

Out spoke the noble Moringer, "Of that have thou no care, There's many a valiant gentleman of me holds living fair; The trustiest shall rule my land, my vassals and my state, And be a guardian tried and true to thee, my lovely mate.

"As Christian-man, I needs must keep the vow which I have plight, When I am far in foreign land, remember thy true knight; And cease, my dearest dame, to grieve, for vain were sorrow now, But grant thy Moringer his leave, since God hath heard his vow.

It was the noble Moringer from bed he made him boune, And met him there his Chamberlain, with ewer and with gown: He flung the mantle on his back, 'twas furr'd with miniver. He dipp'd his hand in water cold, and bathed his forehead fair.

VII

"Now hear," he said, "Sir Chamberlain, true vassal art thou mine, And such the trust that I repose in that proved worth of thine, For seven years shalt thou rule my towers, and lead my vassal train, And pledge thee for my Lady's faith till I return again."

VIII.

The Chamberlain was blunt and true, and sturdily said he,
"Abide, my lord, and rule your own, and take this rede from me;
That woman's faith's a brittle trust—Seven twelvemonths didst thou say?
I'll pledge me for no lady's truth beyond the seventh fair day."

*

The noble Baron turn'd him round, his heart was full of care, His gallant Esquire stood him nigh, he was Marstetten's heir, To whom he spoke right anxiously, "Thou trusty squire to me, Wilt thou receive this weighty trust when I am o'er the sea?

×.

"To watch and ward my castle strong, and to protect my land, And to the hunting or the host to lead my vassal band; And pledge thee for my Lady's faith, till seven long years are gone, And guard her as Our Lady dear was guarded by Saint John."

XI.

Marstetten's heir was kind and true, but fiery, hot, and young, And readily he answer made with too presumptuous tongue; "My noble lord, cast care away, and on your journey wend, And trust this charge to me until your pilgrimage have end.

XII.

"Rely upon my plighted faith, which shall be truly tried,
To guard your lands, and ward your towers, and with your vassals ride;
And for your lovely Lady's faith, so virtuous and so dear,
I'll gage my head it knows no change, be absent thirty year."

XIII.

The noble Moringer took cheer when thus he heard him speak, And doubt forsook his troubled brow, and sorrow left his cheek; A long adieu he bids to all—hoists topsails, and away, And wanders in Saint Thomas-land seven twelvemonths and a day.

XIV.

It was the noble Moringer within an orchard slept, When on the Baron's slumbering sense a boding vision crept; And whisper'd in his car a voice, "'Tis time, Sir Knight, to wake, Thy lady and thy heritage another master take.

XV.

"Thy tower another banner knows, thy steeds another rein,"
And stoop them to another's will thy gallant vassal train;
And she, the Lady of thy love, so faithful once and fair,
This night within thy fathers' hall she weds Marstetten's heir."

XVL

It is the noble Moringer starts up and tears his beard, "Oh would that I had ne'er been born! what tidings have I heard! To lose my lordship and my lands the less would be my care, But, God! that e'er a squire untrue should wed my Lady fair.

XVII,

"O good Saint Thomas, hear," he pray'd, "my patron Saint art thou, A traitor robs me of my land even while I pay my vow!

My wife he brings to infamy that was so pure of name,

And I am far in foreign land, and must endure the shame."

XVIII.

It was the good Saint Thomas, then, who heard his pilgrim's prayer, And sent a sleep so deep and dead that it o'erpower'd his care; He waked in fair Bohemian land outstretch'd beside a rill, High on the right a castle stood, low on the left a mill.

YIY

The Moringer he started up as one from spell unbound, And dizzy with surprise and joy gazed wildly all around; "I know my fathers' ancient towers, the mill, the stream I know, Now blessed be my patron Saint who cheer'd his pilgrim's woe!"

XX.

He leant upon his pilgrim staff, and to the mill he drew, So alter'd was his goodly form that none their master knew; The Baron to the miller said, "Good friend, for charity, Tell a poor palmer in your land what tidings may there be?"

XXI.

The miller answer'd him again, "He knew of little news, Save that the Lady of the land did a new bridegroom choose; Her husband died in distant land, such is the constant word, His death sits heavy on our souls, he was a worthy Lord.

XXII.

"Of him I held the little mill which wins me living free, God rest the Baron in his grave, he still was kind to me! And when Saint Martin's tide comes round, and millers take their toll, The priest that prays for Moringer shall have both cope and stole."

XXIII.

It was the noble Moringer to climb the hill began, And stood before the bolted gate a woe and weary man; "Now help me, every saint in heaven that can compassion take, To gain the entrance of my hall this woful match to break."

XXIV.

His very knock it sounded sad, his call was sad and slow, For heart and head, and voice and hand, were heavy all with woe; And to the warder thus he spoke: "Friend, to thy Lady say, A pilgrim from Saint Thomas-land craves harbour for a day.

XXV.

"I've wander'd many a weary step, my strength is well-nigh done, And if she turn me from her gate I'll see no morrow's sun; I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, a pilgrim's bed and dole, And for the sake of Moringer's, her once-loved husband's soul."

XXVI.

It was the stalwart warder then he came his dame before,
"A pilgrim, worn and travel-toil'd, stands at the castle-door;
And prays, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, for harbour and for dole,
And for the sake of Moringer, thy noble husband's soul."

XXVII.

The Lady's gentle heart was moved, "Do up the gate," she said, "And bid the wanderer welcome be to banquet and to bed; And since he names my husband's name, so that he lists to stay, These towers shall be his harbourage a twelvemonth and a day."

XXVIII.

It was the stalwart warder then undid the portal broad, It was the noble Moringer that o'er the threshold strode; "And have thou thanks, kind heaven," he said, "though from a man of sin, That the true lord stands here once more his castle-gate within."

XXIX

Then up the halls paced Moringer, his step was sad and slow; It sat full heavy on his heart, none seem'd their Lord to know; He sat him on a lowly bench, oppress'd with woe and wrong, Short space he sat, but ne'er to him seem'd little space so long.

XXX

Now spent was day, and feasting o'er, and come was evening hour, The time was nigh when new-made brides retire to nuptial bower; "Our castle's wont," a bridesman said, "hath been both firm and long, No guest to harbour in our halls till he shall chant a song."

XXXI.

Then spoke the youthful bridegroom there as he sat by the bride, "My merry minstrel folk," quoth he, "lay shalm and harp aside; Our pilgrim guest must sing a lay, the castle's rule to hold.

And well his guerdon will I pay with garment and with gold."

XXXII.

"Chill flows the lay of frozen age," 'twas thus the pilgrim sung,
"Nor golden meed, nor garment gay, unlocks his heavy tongue;
Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay, at board as rich as thine,
And by my side as fair a bride with all her charms was mine.

XXXIII

"But time traced furrows on my face, and I grew silver-hair'd,
For locks of brown, and cheeks of youth, she left this brow and beard;
Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life's latest stage,
And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of frozen age."

XXXIV.

It was the noble Lady there this woful lay that hears, And for the aged pilgrim's grief her eye was dimm'd with tears; She bade her gallant cupbearer a golden beaker take, And bear it to the palmer poor to quaff it for her sake.

XXXV.

It was the noble Moringer that dropp'd amid the wine A bridal ring of burning gold so costly and so fine: Now listen, gentles, to my song, it tells you but the sooth, 'Twas with that very ring of gold he pledged his bridal truth.

XXXVI.

Then to the cupbearer he said, "Do me one kindly deed, And should my better days return, full rich shall be thy meed; Bear back the golden cup again to yonder bride so gay, And crave her of her courtesy to pledge the palmer gray."

XXXVII.

The cupbearer was courtly bred, nor was the boon denied,
The golden cup he took again, and bore it to the bride;
"Lady," he said, "your reverend guest sends this, and bids me pray,
That, in thy noble courtesy, thou pledge the palmer gray."

XXXVIII.

The ring hath caught the Lady's eye, she views it close and near, Then might you hear her shriek aloud, "The Moringer is here!" Then might you see her start from seat, while tears in torrents fell, But whether 'twas for joy or woe, the ladies best can tell.

XXXIX.

But loud she utter'd thanks to Heaven, and every saintly power, 'That had return'd the Moringer before the midnight hour; And loud she utter'd vow on vow, that never was there bride, That had like her preserved her troth, or been so sorely tried.

XL.

"Yes, here I claim the praise," she said, "to constant matrons due, Who keep the troth that they have plight, so stedfastly and true; For count the term howe'er you will, so that you count aright, Seven twelvemonths and a day are out when bells toll twelve to-night."

XLI.

It was Marstetten then rose up, his falchion there he drew, He kneel'd before the Moringer, and down his weapon threw; "My oath and knightly faith are broke," these were the words he said, "Then take, my liege, thy vassal's sword, and take thy vassal's head."

XLII.

The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud did say,
"He gathers wisdom that hath roam'd seven twelvemonths and a day;
My daughter now hath fifteen years, fame speaks her sweet and fair,
I give her for the bride you lose, and name her for my heir.

XLIII.

"The young bridegroom hath youthful bride, the old bridegroom the old, Whose faith was kept till term and tide so punctually were told; But blessings on the warder kind that oped my castle gate, For had I come at morrow tide, I came a day too late."

THE ERL-KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

The Erl-King is a goblin that haunts the Black Forest in Thuringia.—To be d by a candle particularly long in the snuff.)

O, who rides by night thro' the woodland so wild? It is the fond father embracing his child; And close the boy nestles within his loved arm, To hold himself fast, and to keep himself warm.

"O father, see yonder! see yonder!" he says;
"My boy, upon what doest thou fearfully gaze?"—
"O, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud."
"No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the cloud."

(The ERL-KING speaks.)

"O come and go with me, thou loveliest child; By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled; My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy, And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy."

"O father, my father, and did you not hear The Erl-king whisper so low in my ear?"— "Be still, my heart's darling—my child, be at ease; It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees."

ERL-KING.

"O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?

My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;

She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild,

And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child."

"O father, my father, and saw you not plain,
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past through the rain!"
"O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;
It was the grey willow that danced to the moon."

ERL-KING.

"O come and go with me, no longer delay, Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."
"O father! O father! now, now keep your hold, The Erl-King has seized me—his grasp is so cold!"

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd thro' the wild, Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child; He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread, But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was dead t

BALLADS.

GLENFINLAS:

OR, LORD RINALD'S CORPNACH."

For simple tradition, upon which the following stancas are founded to two Highland hunters were passing the right in a solitary low of the purpose of hunting) and making merry verified remisen at them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete the words were scarcely uttered, when two learnful young women, we entered the huntiling and singing. One of the hunters was a very who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the huntiling, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a warp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at let be temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the him out thend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the cost, he had fallen. The place was from thence called the G. Women.

A construct of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Per Callander in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and it to to Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of the control of the total of the country, as well as the adjacent district of the control of the country, as well as the adjacent district of the Callands lies Look Katrine, and its romantic avenue. It also have the Look Katrine, and its romantic avenue. It also have the distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith pass to the Donne, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The France Callander, and is the principal access to the High Callander, and is the principal access to the High Callander.

As at a appeared in Mr. Lewis's Tales of Wonder.

I or the or the viewless forms of air obey.
Then building heed, and at their beck repair;
Pear I or a what spirit brews the stornful day,
And he or these off, like mosely madness stare,
I was the phantom-train their secret work prepare."
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Well can the Saxon widows
How, on the Teith's resont
The boldest Lowland warriAs down from Lenny's pa
But o'er his hills, in festal d
How blazed Lord Konal
tree,

While youths and maids strathspey So nimbly danced with Hig 1 The term Sasenach, or Sax by the Highlanders to their neighbours. he strength of Ronald's shell, forgot his tresses hoar; e loud lament we swell, o see Lord Ronald more!

of Ronald's halls to find, with him the dark-brown

nds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

; whom in Columba's isle s prophetic spirit found, minstrel's fire the while, ed his harp's harmonious d.

a spell to him was known, vandering spirits shrink to

a lay of potent tone, er meant for mortal ear.

tis said, in mystic mood, verse with the dead they hold, by the fated shroud, Il the future corpse enfold.

that on a day, the red deer from their den, have ta'en their distant way, t'd the deep Glenfinlas glen,

wait their sports to aid, their safety, deck their board; e dress, the Highland plaid, usty guard, the Highland d.

ner days, through brake and

istling shafts successful flew; then dewy evening fell, ry to their hut they drew,

nfinlas' deepest nook ary cabin stood, meira's sullen brook, mermurs through that lonely d.

e night, the sky was calm, rec successive days had flown; er mist in dewy balm leathy bank, and mossy stone. The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes, Afar her dubious radiance shed, Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes, And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise, Their silvan fare the Chiefs enjoy; And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes, As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

"What lack we here to crown our bliss, While thus the pulse of joy beats high? What, but fair woman's yielding kiss, Her panting breath and melting eye?

"To chase the deer of yonder shades, This morning left their father's pile The fairest of our mountain maids, The daughters of the proud Glengyle,

"Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart, And dropp'd the tear, and heaved the sigh:

But vain the lover's wily art, Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

"But thou mayst teach that guardian fair, While far with Mary I am flown, Of other hearts to cease her care, And find it hard to guard her own.

"Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see The lovely Flora of Glengyle, Unmindful of her charge and me, Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

"Or, if she choose a melting tale, All underneath the greenwood bough, Will good St. Oran's rule prevail, Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?"—

"Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,

No more on me shall rapture rise, Responsive to the panting breath, Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

"E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe, Where sunk my hopes of love and fame.

I bade my harp's wild wailings flow, On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

"The last dread curse of angry heaven, With ghastly sights and sounds of work, To dash each glimpse of joy was given-The gift, the future ill to know.

"The bark thou saw'st, you summer morn.

So gaily part from Oban's bay, My eye beheld her dash'd and torn. Far on the rocky Colonsay.

"Thy Fergus too-thy sister's son, Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power,

As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe, He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

"Thou only saw'st their tartans " wave, As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,

Heard'st but the pibroch, + answering

To many a target clanking round.

"I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears, I saw the wound his bosom bore, When on the serried Saxon spears He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

"And thou, who bidst me think of bliss, And bidst my heart awake to glee, And court, like thee, the wanton kiss-That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

I see the death-damps chill thy brow; I hear thy Warning Spirit cry; The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and now . . .

No more is given to gifted eye!"-

"Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams, Sad prophet of the evil hour! Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,

Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

"Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe, Clangillian's Chieftain ne'er shall fear: His blood shall bound at rapture's glow, Though doom'd to stain the Saxon

"E'en now, to meet me in yon dell, My Mary's buskins brush the dew." He spoke, nor bade the Chief farewell, But called his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Tartans-The full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.

† Pibroch—A piece of martial music, adapted

to the Highland bagpipe.

Within an hour return'd each l In rush'd the rousers of the They howl'd in melancholy sou Then closely couch'd beside t

No Ronald yet; though midnig And sad were Moy's prophetic As, bending o'er the dying flam He fed the watch-fire's q gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their e And sudden cease their moanin Close press'd to Moy, they man fears

By shivering limbs and stifled Untouch'd, the harp began to ri As softly, slowly, oped the do And shook responsive every stri As light a footstep press'd the

And by the watch-fire's glimmeric Close by the minstrel's side w An huntress maid, in beauty brig All dropping wet her robes of

All dropping wet her garments s Chill'd was her cheek, her bosor As, bending o'er the dying glean . She wrung the moisture from he

With maiden blush, she softly sa "O gentle huntsman, hast thou In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight gle A lovely maid in vest of green

"With her a Chief in Highland His shoulders bear the hunter's The mountain dirk adorns his sid Far on the wind his tartans flow "And who art thou? and who are t

All ghastly gazing, Moy replied "And why, beneath the moon's pa Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' sid

"Where wild Loch Katrine pou tide,

Blue, dark, and deep, round ma isle,

Our father's towers o'erhang her s The castle of the bold Glengyle "To chase the dun Glenfinlas dee Our woodland course this mor

And haply met, while wandering ! The son of great Macgillianore.

id me, then, to seek the pair,
nom, loitering in the woods, I lost;
a. I dare not venture there,
aere walks, they say, the shrieking
ghost."—

, many a shricking ghost walks there; en, first, my own sad vow to keep, will I pour my midnight prayer, nich still must rise when mortals sleep."—

irst, for pity's gentle sake, ide a lone wanderer on her way! must cross the haunted brake, id reach my father's towers ere day."—

st, three times tell each Ave-bead, id thrice a Pater-noster say; kiss with me the holy rede; shall we safely wend our way."—

hame to knighthood, strange and foul!, , doff the bonnet from thy brow, shroud thee in the monkish cowl, tich best befits thy sullen vow.

so, by high Dunlathmon's fire, y heart was froze to love and joy, a gally rung thy raptured lyre wanton Morna's melting eye."

stared the minstrel's eyes of flame, id high his sable locks arose, quick his colour went and came, fear and rage alternate rose.

d thou! when by the blazing oak ay, to her and love resign'd, rode ye on the eddying smoke, sail'd ye on the midnight wind?

t thine a race of mortal blood, or old Glengyle's pretended line; dame, the Lady of the Flood by sire, the Monarch of the Mine."

utter'd thrice St. Oran's rhyme, d thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer; turn'd him to the eastern clime,

d sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung His wildest witch-notes on the wind; And loud, and high, and strange, they rung.

As many a magic change they find,

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form, Till to the roof her stature grew; Then, mingling with the rising storm, With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear: The slender hut in fragments flew; But not a lock of Moy's loose hair Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale, Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise; High o'er the minstrel's head they sail, And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood, As ceased the more than mortal yell; And, spattering foul, a shower of blood Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropp'd from high a mangled arm; The fingers strain'd an half-drawn blade:

And last, the life-blood streaming warm, Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field, Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore;

That arm the broad claymore could wield, Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet At noon shall shun that sheltering den, Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the Chieftain's shield, No more shall we in safety dwell; None leads the people to the field— And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!

The pride of Albin's line is o'er!

And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;

We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more)

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

SMAYLHO'ME, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rock, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden, [now Lord Polwarth.] The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an onterwall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two barizers or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thicknes, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the Watchfold, and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruind chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ballad was first printed in Mr. Lewis's Tales of Wonder. It is here published, with some additional illustrations, particularly an account of the battle of Ancram Moor; which seemed proper in a work upon Border antiquities. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition. This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the Editor's infancy, and seemed we

claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale.

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurr'd his courser on,

Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,

That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch, His banner broad to rear;

He went not 'gainst the English yew, To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack* was braced, and his helmet was laced,

And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore; At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,

Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days' space, And his looks were sad and sour; And weary was his courser's pace, As he reach'd his rocky tower.

* The plate-jack is coat-armour: the vauntbrace, or wam-brace, armour for the body: the sperthe, a battle-axe. He came not from where Ancram Mor Ran red with English blood;

Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,

'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd, His acton pierced and tore, His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—

But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little
foot-page,

His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page, Come hither to my knee; Though thou art young, and tender of age, I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen, And look thou tell me true! m Smaylho'me tower have

thy lady do?"-

each night, sought the lonely

ns on the wild Watchfold; neight to height, the beacons

nglish foemen told. n clamour'd from the moss,

I blew loud and shrill; ggy pathway she did cross

ry Beacon Hill.

her steps, and silent came e sat her on a stone ;an stood by the dreary flame, all alone.

ad night I kept her in sight,

e fire she came, ry's might! an Armed Knight

the lonely flame.

a word that warlike lord to my lady there; fell fast, and loud blew the

ard not what they were. night there the sky was fair, mountain-blast was still, watch'd the secret pair, nesome Beacon Hill. ard her name the midnight

e this holy eve; Come this night to thy lady's

old Baron's leave.

his spear with the bold Buc-

is all alone : "Il undo, to her knight so true, ve of good St. John.'come: I must not come;

t come to thee;

of St. John I must wander

wer I may not he."on thee, fainthearted knight! uldst not say me nay; sweet, and when lovers meet, the whole summer's day.

" 'And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall not sound,

And rushes shall be strew'd on the stair; So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy St. John,

I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'-

" 'Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush beneath my foot,

And the warder his bugle should not blow,

Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,

And my footstep he would know.'-

"O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east,

For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en; And there to say mass, till three days

do pass, For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'-

"He turn'd him around, and grimly he frown'd;

Then he laugh'd right scornfully-'He who says the mass-rite for the soul

of that knight, May as well say mass for me:

"At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power, In thy chamber will I be.'-

With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,

And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,

From the dark to the blood-red high; "Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,

For, by Mary, he shall die!"-

"His arms shone full bright, in the beacon's red light;

His plume it was scarlet and blue; On his shield was a hound, in a silver

leash bound, And his crest was a branch of the yew."-

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little footpage,

Loud dost thou lie to me !

For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,

All under the Eildon-tree."

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord! For I heard her name his name; And that hady bright, she called the knight Sir Richard of Coldinghame."—

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I

trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—and the
corpse is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,

And Eildon slopes to the plain, Full three nights ago, by some secret foe, That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight, And the wild winds drown'd the name; For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing, For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped

the tower-gate,

And he mounted the narrow stair, To the bartizan seat, where, with maids that on her wait, He tound his lady fair.

I but hady sat in mournful mood; Look'd over hill and vale; S'ver I'weed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood,

And all down Teviotdale.

"New had, now hail, thou lady bught!"

"Now had, thou Baron true!

Who news what news, from Ancram

What news from the bold Buc-

15. Vecam mean is red with gore, 15. Sec. Vecamine of fell;

was the tempedus, evermore,

A two that nothing she said:

Known a word:

Control of the stair to her

Innly londs

In sleep the lady
Baron toss'c
And oft to himse
"The worms arour
bloody grav
It cannot give up

It was near the rin The night was w When a heavy slee On the eve of go

The lady look'd t

By the light of a And she was away there—

Sir Richard of (

"Alas! away, awa "For the holy V "Lady, I know wh But, lady, he wi

"By Eildon-tree, f In bloody grave The mass and the for me,

But, lady, they :

"By the Baron's fair strand,
Most foully slain
And my restless spacetimes,
height,

For a space is de

"At our trysting-page,

I must wander to But I had not had thy bower Had'st thou not

Love master'd fear-"How, Richard, And art thou saved. The vision shook

"Who spilleth life, So bid thy lord I That lawless love i This awful sign 1

* Trysting-blace-F

left palm on an oaken beam; it upon her hand; hrunk, and fainting sunk, corch'd like a fiery brand, score, of fingers four, on that board impress'd; ermore that lady wore

ng on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower, Ne'er looks upon the sun; There is a monk in Melrose tower, He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day, That monk, who speaks to none— That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay, That monk the bold Baron.

CADYOW CASTLE.

ESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conthe Civil Wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose couse of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occar temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation s, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overebrawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian ich anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern ntic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, rence; and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shows that extressed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the tand extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved st the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by thors as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.

ing the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the allad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those sertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of ainting.

on of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarons e had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we y related, and owed his life to the Regent's clemency. But part of his seen bestowed upon one of the Regent's favourites, who seized his house, out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before ag, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression in the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be the Regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resent-a kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of tified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He e Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the resolved at last to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlingow, ich he was to pass in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. We been

his stand in a wooden gallery, which had a window towards the street. feather bed on the floor to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach lodged, during the ingut, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct is of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Regent, at so much to jur! to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through had critical, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowl gate was steat, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded dire the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single built the lower part at his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who r other sile. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the hothe blow had come; but they found the door strongly barricadoed, and could be faced open. Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse, which storhim at a lack passage, and was got far beyond their reach. same right of 1 s wound," - History of Sectional, book V.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in for the asl es of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Mur were yet said sign and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the the processing, seemed to his kinsmen to justify the deed. After a s at Hamaton, this herce and determined man left Scotland and serve unlist the pair mag of the family of Guise, to whom he was doud tless reby having avenge i the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrate The Think has been last, that an attempt was made to engage him to Gastar 1 to Just, the time as Admiral of France, and the buckler of the cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no tra ler in id 1, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. authority, he said, from Scotland to commit murders in France; he's his own just quench but he would neither for price nor prayer ave

another man. . Turnus, cap. 46.

The Regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded or by contemporary last-rians, according to their religious or party pretriumph of Blackwood is urbounded. He not only extels the pious fe wellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead weinbaugh, while had stripped the metropolitan church of St. An owering;" but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity, -1 p. 203. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground-national relection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate E quoted the examples of Polirot and Pothwellhaugh, the other conspirate quotest the example.

"that neither Politica nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, w reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by hyre, and reason or consuctant; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, according to the vyh wrong user unto man anyon of the Scottes"—MURDIN'S State To p. 197.

WHEN princely Hamilton's abode Enn. Med Cadyow's Gothic towers, The say went round, the gablet flow d, And level sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the har: " So sweetly rung each van And echoed light the dance As mirth and music chee ow's towers, in ruins laid, ults, by ivy mantled o'er, he music of the shade, Evan's hoarser roar. of Cadyow's faded fame, I me tell a minstrel tale, my harp, of Border frame, wild banks of Evandale. from scenes of courtly pride, deasure's lighter scenes, canst m.

blivion's pall aside,
rk the long-forgotten urn.
de maid! at thy command,
he crumbled halls shall rise;
Evan's banks we stand,
t returns—the present flies.
th the rock's wood cover'd side,
lended late the ruins green,
a in fantastic pride,
atal banners flaunt between:

rude torrent's brawling course gg'd with thorn and tangling

buttress braves its force, nparts frown in battled row, —the shade of keep and spire ly dance on Evan's stream; e wave the warder's fire tering the moonlight beam.

their light; the east is gray; try warder leaves his tower; t; uncoupled stag-hounds bay, try hunters quit the bower. oridge falls—they hurry out—

each plank and swinging

g o'er, the jovial rout shy steed, and slack the rein. s troop, the Chief rode on; uting merry-men throng be-

of princely Hamilton ter than the mountain wind, ick copse the roebucks bound, fled red-deer scuds the plain, arse bugle's warrior sound sed their mountain haunts Through the huge oaks of Evandale, Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,

What sullen roar comes down the gale, And drowns the huuter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering
on.

Fierce, on the hunter's quiver'd band, He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow, Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,

And tosses high his mane of snow, Aim'd well, the Chieftain's lance has

Aim'd well, the Chieftain's lance has flown; Struggling in blood the savage lies:

Struggling in blood the savage lies; His roar is sunk in hollow groan— Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the pryse!

Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland
cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain mark'd his clan, On greenwood lap all careless thrown, Vet miss'd his eye the boldest man That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place, Still wont our weal and woe to share? Why comes he not our sport to grace? Why shareshe not our hunter's lare?"—

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face, (Grey Paisley's hanghty lord was he,)

"At merry feast, or buxom chase, No more the warrior wilt thou see.

"Few suns have set since Woodhouselee Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,

When to his hearths, in social glee, The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes, His Margaret, beautiful and mild,

Sate in her bower, a pallid rose, And peaceful nursed her new-born child

stand in a wooden gallery, which had a window towards the street ther-bed on the floor to hinder the noise of his feet from being hear black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from I, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach lged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Regent, I much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through d entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crote was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded destreet; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slow sassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bal e lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who her side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the e blow had come; but they found the door strongly barricadoed, at uld be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse, which sto n at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. me night of his wound."-History of Scotland, book v.

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197.

HEN princely Hamilton's abode Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers, the song went round, the goblet flow'd, And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the har So sweetly rung each ward and echoed light the dark As wirth and music ch



"O change accursed! past are those days; False Murray's ruthless spoilers came, And, for the hearth's domestic blaze, Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

"What sheeted phantom wanders wild, Where mountain Eske through woodland flows.

Her arms enfold a shadowy child— Oh! is it she, the pallid rose?

"The wilder'd traveller sees her glide, And hears her feeble voice with awe— 'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride! And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!"

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief Burst mingling from the kindred band, And half arose the kindling Chief, And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock, Rides headlong, with resistless speed, Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,

As one some vision'd sight that saw, Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—

'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle,* and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a
bound,

And, reeking from the recent deed, He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—"'Tis sweet to hear In good greenwood the bugle blown, But sweeter to Revenge's ear, To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trode, At dawning morn, o'er dale and down, But prouder base-born Murray rode Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side, In haughty triumph marched he, While Knox relax'd his bigot pride, And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

*Selle—Saddle. A word used by Spenser, and other ancient authors.

"But can stern Pow Or Pomp, with a The settled heart of Or change the pu

"With hackbut ber Dark as the purp Andmark'd, where, Troop'd Scottish bows.

"Dark Morton, girl Murder's foul mir And clash'd their bro The wild Macfarl

"Glencairn and stenigh,
Observious at the

Obsequious at the And haggard Linde That saw fair Ma

"'Mid pennon'd spe Proud Murray's pl Scarce could his tram So close the minic

"From the raised vi Dark-rolling, glan And his steel trunche Seem'd marshallir

"But yet his sadden A passing shade o Some fiend was whis Beware of injure

"The death-shot parings—
Wild rises tumult

Wild rises tumult' And Murray's plumy —Rings on the grow

"What joy the rapti To hear her love t Or he, who broaches The wolf, by who

"But dearer to my i To see in dust pro And mine was ten ti To hear him groar

"My Margaret's spe With pride her ble And shriek'd in his d 'Remember injure ed thee, noble Chatlerault! o the wind thy banner'd tree!* or bend his Clydesdale bow! s fall'n, and Scotland free!"

y warrior to his steed; gles join their wild acclaim s fall'n, and Scotland freed! Arran! couch thy spear of e!"

he minstrel vision fails amering spears are seen no e;

alf-sawn, with the motto through, cognizance of the family of Ha-

The shouts of war die on the gales, Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For Chiefs, intent on bloody deed, And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain, Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed, Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own The maids who list the minstrel'stale; Nor e'er a ruder guest be known On the fair banks of Evandale!

THE GRAY BROTHER,

A FRAGMENT.

fect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a ce affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest, which is to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the Editor's have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his ction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, he has preferred ese verses as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them. ition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house upon the barony on, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilinge, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. y of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who autiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newchly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of sof Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and o, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of curse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He solution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the racter, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, thereand windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a view, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, ad caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing welling, with all its inmates.

with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious tracted from the Life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and or, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, and himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes frequented, and the constant dangers which were incurred through their or, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in

"About the same time he [Peden] came to Andrew Normand's house, it parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face cowe when he lifted up his head, he said, 'They are in this house that I have not word of salvation unto;' he halted a little again, saying, 'This is strange, the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work!' Then there was a we went out, ill-looked upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a we with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, I John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came! Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon Scripture read, when a very ill-looking man came, and sat down within the dat the back of the hallan, [partition of the cottage:] immediately he halted said, 'There is some unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge to go out, and not stop my mouth!' This person went out, and he insistat (on,) yet he saw him neither come in nor go out."—The Life and Prophasis Mr. Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Gallow part ii. § 26.

A friendly correspondent remarks, "that the incapacity of proceeding in performance of a religious duty, when a contaminated person is present, is of mingher antiquity than the era of the Reverend M1 Alexander Peden." Vide High Fabulas, cap. 26. "Medea Corintho exul, Athenas, and Ageum Pandionis fila

devenit in hospitium, eique nupsit.

"Postea sacerdos Diana Medeam exagitare capit, regique negalet ex caste facere posse, eo quod in ca civitate esset mulier venefica et scelerata; to exulatur."

THE Pope he was saying the high, high mass,

All on Saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the
saints in heaven,

To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass, And the people kneel'd around, And from each man's soul his sins did

As he kiss'd the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While, through vaulted roof, and aisles
aloof,

The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quiver'd for fear, And falter'd in the sound— And, when he would the chalice rear, He dropp'd it to the ground.

"The breath of one of evil deed Pollutes our sacred day; He has no portion in our creed, No part in what I say. "A being, whom no blessed word To ghostly peace can bring;

A wretch, at whose approach abbor Recoils each holy thing.

"Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise! My adjuration fear!

I charge thee not to stop my voice. Nor longer tarry here!"

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel'd, In gown of sackcloth gray; Far journeying from his native field, He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so dreat,
I ween he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water cleat.
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock, Seem'd none more bent to pray; But, when the Holy Father spoke, He rose and went his way.

Again unto his native land His weary course he drew, To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,

And Pentland's mountains blue

st feet his native seat, ske's fair woods, regain; ods more fair no stream more cet

the eastern main.

to meet the pilgrim came, ssals bent the knee; and Scotland's chiefs of fame, one more famed than he.

by for his country, still, e he had stood, when on the banks of Till blest pour'd their blood.

the paths, O passing sweet!
e's fair streams that run,
steep, through copsewood

ous to the sun.

rapt poet's step may rove, eld the muse the day; auty, led by timid Love, un the tell-tale ray;

t fair dome, where suit is paid, t of bugle free, adinny's hazel glade, unted Woodhouselee.

ws not Melville's beechy grove, oslin's rocky glen, which all the virtues love, assic Hawthornden?

a path, from day to day, grim's footsteps range, the solitary way ndale's ruin'd grange.

dace was that, I ween, ow could desire; ing to the fall was each cruming wall, a roof was scathed with fire.

on a summer's eve, on Carnethy's head, aint gleams of the sun's low

eak'd the grey with red; convent bell did vespers tell, the's oaks among, the with the solemn knell dye's evening song; The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell, Came slowly down the wind,

And on the pilgrim's ear they fell, As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was, Nor ever raised his eye,

Until he came to that dreary place, Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,

With many a bitter groan— And there was aware of a Gray Friar, Resting him on a stone,

"Now, Christ thee save!" said the Gray Brother;

"Some pilgrim thou seemest to be." But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze, Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from

Or bring reliques from over the sea; Or come ye from the shrine of St. James the divine,

Or St. John of Beverley?"-

"I come not from the shrine of St. James the divine,

Nor bring reliques from over the sea; I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,

Which for ever will cling to me."-

"Now, woful pilgrim, say not so ! But kneel thee down to me, And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly

That absolved thou mayst be."—
"And who art thou, thou Gray Brother,

That I should shrive to thee, When He, to whom are given the keys of earth and heaven,

Has no power to pardon me?"—
"O I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,

And all to absolve a foul, foul crime, Done here 'twixt night and day." The pilgrim kneel'd him on the sand, And thus began his saye—

When on his neck an ice-cold hand Did that Gray Brother laye.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

[1799.]

The following fragment of a ballad written at Bothwell Castle, in the annua 1799, was first printed in the Life of Sir Walter Scott, vol. ii. p. 28.

WHEN fruitful Clydesdale's apple-bowers Are mellowing in the noon;

When sighs round Pembroke's ruin'd towers

The sultry breath of June;

When Clyde, despite his sheltering wood, Must leave his channel dry;

And vainly o'er the limpid flood The angler guides his fly;

If chance by Bothwell's lovely braes A wanderer thou hast been,

Or hid thee from the summer's blaze
In Blantyre's bowers of green,

Full where the copsewood opens wild Thy pilgrim step hath staid,

Where Bothwell's towers, in ruin piled, O'erlook the verdant glade;

And many a tale of love and fear
Hath mingled with the scene—
Of Bothwell's banks that bloom'd so

dear, And Bothwell's bonny Jean.

O, if with rugged minstrel lays
Unsated be thy ear,

And thou of deeds of other days Another tale wilt hear.—

Then all beneath the spreading beech, Flung careless on the lea, The Cothic muse the teleschell tests

The Gothic muse the tale shall teach Of Bothwell's sisters three.

Wight Wallace stood on Deckmon head,

He blew his bugle round,
Till the wild bull in Cadyow wood
Has started at the sound.

St. George's cross, o'er Bothwell hang.
Was waving far and wide,
And from the lofty turret flung
Its crimson blaze on Clyde;

And rising at the bugle blast
That marked the Scottish foe,
Old England's yeomen muster'd fast,
And bent the Norman bow.

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE. [1799.]

"Another imperfect ballad, in which he had meant to blend together beliegends familiar to every reader of Scottish history and romance, has been found in the same portfolio, and the handwriting proves it to be of the same early date.—LOCKHART, vol. ii. p. 30.

AND ne'er but once, my son, he says, Was yon sad cavern trod, In persecution's iron days,

When the land was left by God.

From Bewlie bog, with slaughter red, A wanderer hither drew,

And oft he stopt and turn'd his head, As by fits the night wind blew;

For trampling round by Cheviot edge Were heard the troopers keen,

And frequent from the Whitelaw rid!
The death-shot flash'd between.

The moonbeams through the mist shower

On you dark cavern fell; Through the cloudy night the saw gleam'd white,

Which sunbeam ne'er could quell

"You cavern dark is rough and rade, And cold its jaws of snow; But more rough and rude are the men of blood,

That hunt my life below!

"" Yon spell-bound den, as the aged tell, Was hewn by demon's hands; But I had lourd " melle with the fiends of hell.

Than with Clavers and his band."

He heard the deep-mouth'd bloodhound bark,
He heard the horses neigh,

He plunged him in the cavern dark, And downward sped his way.

Now faintly down the winding path Came the cry of the faulting hound, And the mutter'd oath of baulked wrath Was lost in hollow sound.

He threw him on the flinted floor, And held his breath for fear; He rose and bitter cursed his foes, As the sounds died on his ear.

For Scotland's wandering band;

Dash from the oppressor's grasp the sword.

And sweep him from the land!

Forget not thou thy people's groans From dark Dunnotter's tower, Mix'd with the seafowl's shrilly moans,

And ocean's bursting roar!

O, in fell Clavers' hour of pride,

Even in his mightiest day,

As bold he strides through conquest's tide,

O stretch him on the clay!

"His widow and his little ones,
O may their tower of trust
Remove its strong foundation stones,
And crush them in the dust!"—

"Sweet prayers to me," a voice replied,
"Thrice welcome, guest of mine!"
And glimmering on the cavern side,
A light was seen to shine.

An aged man, in amice brown, Stood by the wanderer's side,

* Lourd: i.e. liefer-rather.

By powerful charm, a dead man's arm The torch's light supplied.

From each stiff finger, stretch'd upright,

Arose a ghastly flame,

That waved not in the blast of night Which through the cavern came.

O, deadly blue was that taper's hue, That flamed the cavern o'er, But more deadly blue was the ghastly hue Of his eyes who the taper bore.

He laid on his head a hand like lead, As heavy, pale, and cold—

"Vengeance be thine, thou guest of mine,
If thy heart be firm and bold.

"But if faint thy heart, and caitiff fear
Thy recreant sinews know,

The mountain erne thy heart shall tear, Thy nerves the hooded crow."

The wanderer raised him undismay'd:
"My soul, by dangers steel'd,
Is stubborn as my border blade,
Which never knew to yield.

"And if thy power can speed the hour Of vengeance on my foes,

Theirs be the fate, from bridge and gate, To feed the hooded crows."

The Brownie look'd him in the face, And his colour fled with speed— "I fear me," quoth he, "uneath it will be To match thy word and deed.

"In ancient days when English bands Sore ravaged Scotland fair,

The sword and shield of Scottish land Was valiant Halbert Kerr.

"A warlock loved the warrior well, Sir Michael Scott by name, And he sought for his sake a spell to make,

Should the Southern foemen tame.

"'Look thou,' he said, 'from Cessford head,

As the July sun sinks low, And when glimmering white on Cheviot's height

Thou shalt spy a wreath of snow,

C C 3

The spell is complete which shall bring to thy feet

The haughty Saxon foe.'

"For many a year wrought the wizard here,

In Cheviot's bosom low,

Till the spell was complete, and in July's

Appear'd December's snow: But Cessford's Halbert never came The wondrous cause to know.

"For years before in Bowden aisle The warrior's bones had lain, And after short while, by female guile, Sir Michael Scott was slain.

"But me and my brethren in this cell His mighty charms retain,— And he that can quell the powerful spell

Shall o'er broad Scotland reign.'

He led him through an iron door And up a winding stair,

And in wild amaze did the wanderer gaze On the sight which open'd there.

Through the gloomy night flash'd ruddy light,-

A thousand torches glow;

The cave rose high, like the vaulted sky, O'er stalls in double row.

In every stall of that endless hall Stood a steed in barbing bright; At the foot of each steed, all arm'd save the head.

Lay stretch'd a stalwart knight.

In each mail'd hand was a naked brand; As they lay on the black bull's hide, Each visage stern did upwards turn. With eyeballs fix'd and wide.

A launcegay strong, full twelve ells long, By every warrior hung; At each pommel there, for battle yare,

A Jedwood axe was slung.

The casque hung near each cavalier: The plumes waved mournfully At every tread which the wanderer made Through the hall of gramarye.

The ruddy beam of the torches' gleam That glared the warriors on,

Reflected light from armour bright, In noontide splendour shone.

And onward seen in lustre sheen, Still lengthening on the sight, Through the boundless hall stood st in stall,

And by each lay a sable knight.

Still as the dead lay each horsemandre And moved nor limb nor tongue: Each steed stood stiff as an earthfast d Nor hoof nor bridle rung.

No sounds through all the spacious ! The deadly still divide, Save where echoes aloof from the vanl

roof

To the wanderer's step replied.

At length before his wondering eyes, On an iron column borne,

Of antique shape, and giant size, Appear'd a sword and horn.

"Now choose thee here," quoth leader.

"Thy venturous fortune try; Thy woe and weal, thy boot and but In you brand and bugle lie."

To the fatal brand he mounted his har But his soul did quiver and quail; The life-blood did start to his shudlen heart,

And left him wan and pale.

The brand he forsook, and the hom took

To 'say a gentle sound; But so wild a blast from the burle be That the Cheviot rock'd around.

From Forth to Tees, from seas to sea The awful bugle rung;

On Carlisle wall, and Berwick with To arms the warders sprung.

With clank and clang the cavern ran The steeds did stamp and neigh: And loud was the yell as each warner! Sterte up with hoop and cry.

"Woe, woe," they cried, "thou cait coward,

That ever thou wert born!

ew ye not the knightly sword e ye blew the horn?"

raing on the mountain shone, on the bloody ground, rom the cave with shiver'd bone, nangled wretch was found.

beneath the cavern dread, g the glidders grey, less stone with lichens spread where the wanderer lay.

CHEVIOT.

d Cheviot's crest below, sive mark the lingering snow his scaurs abide, And slow dissolving from the hill In many a sightless, soundless rill, Feed sparkling Bowlmont's tide.

Fair shines the stream by bank and lea, As wimpling to the eastern sea. She seeks Till's sullen bed, Indenting deep the fatal plain, Where Scotland's noblest, brave in vain, Around their monarch bled.

And westward hills on hills you see, Even as old Ocean's mightiest sea Heaves high her waves of foam, Dark and snow-ridged from Cutsfeld's wold

To the proud foot of Cheviot roll'd, Earth's mountain billows come.

THE REIVER'S WEDDING,

[1802.]

Reiver's Wedding," the Poet had evidently designed to blend together itional stories concerning his own forefathers, the Scots of Harden, which led in the first chapters of his Life. The biographer adds:—"I know not reason, Lochwood, the ancient fortress of the Johnstones in Annandale, substituted for the real locality of his ancestor's drumhead Wedding Con-Life, vol. ii. p. 94.

ye hear a mirthful bourd? I ye hear of courtesie? e hear how a gallant lord erided to a gay ladye?

the kye," quo' the village herd, stood on the knowe, ane's nine and that ane's ten, auld Lord William's cow."—

my sooth," quoth William then, stands it that way now, ave and churl have nine and ten, he Lord has but his cow?

by the light of the Michaelmas son, as might of Mary high, sedge of my braidsword brown, hall soon say Harden's kye." a buyle frae his side,

ames carved o'er and o'er-

Full many a chief of meikle pride That Border bugle bore—

He blew a note baith sharp and hie,
Till rock and water rang around—
Three score of moss-troopers and three
Have mounted at that bugle sound.

The Michaelmas moon had enter'd then, And ere she wan the full, Ye might see by her light in Harden glen A bow o' kye and a bassen'd bull.

And loud and loud in Harden tower
The quaigh gaed round wi' meikle glee;
For the English beef was brought in bower
And the English ale flow'd merrilie.

And mony a guest from Teviotside And Yarrow's Braes was there; Was never a lord in Scotland wide That made more dainty fare. They are, they laughed, they song and quaff d,

Lill nought on loard was seen, Will knight and squire were boune to

dinc. Par a span of silver sheen.

: ... W ham has ta'en his berry brown

1000 Vices short man was he;

* W ... w. mr guests a little speed-"ad liade or insees " .. If

have been down by Falschope burn, 😘 🔾 assin dear to see.

Way in to take a miling turn-Was the sword was he.

\ 'about he came to Falschope glen,

the trysting-tree, the content of the trysting-tree, the content green was carved plain, to technical bound are we.

and the game to dark Lochwood 🕠 🚵 Warden's gear,

.... times, I ween, there's feud; ... ed have my share:

... icak I for Johnstone's feud, . Wassa sthough he be."

, W one is away to dark Loch-

٠., Jan's three.

. Was a seeing liters in Lochwood

 1. Noon and gav, ٦. - A Moreatet,

a, was was and war.

The same. Jesse, had a full fai And Grace was bank and i Her the emi-tast heart her bre It was worth them at.

He isher : reanked her siste With mention you and pride: Har Mangurer mann seek Dan T. -

She in it and be a bride.

On speed and casque by gallan rier ascers screen were born But never in this or tournamen Were KITTHE'S COLOURS WE

Her sisters mide to Thirlstane But she was left at hame To wander round the gloomy And sigh yesing Harden's n

"Of all the knights, the knight From Yarriw to the Tyne, Soft sight it the maid. "is Han

But ne'er can he be mine; "Of all the maids, the foulest

From Teviot to the Dee, Ah!" sighing sad, that lady "Can ne er young Harden

She looked up the briery gler And up the mossy brae, And she saw a score of her fa

Yelad in the Johnstone gre O fast and fast they downwa: The moss and briers amon And in the midst the trooper

A shackled knight along.

SONGS FROM THE NOVELS.

From Waverley.

[1814.] ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR.

ON Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest, Ever beware that your couch be bless'd; Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead, Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride, And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side, Whether the wind sing lowly or loud, Sailing through moonshine or swath'd in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair,
The dew of the night has damp'd her hair:
Her cheek was pale—but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She mutter'd the spell of Swithin bold, When his naked foot traced the midnight wold, When he stopp'd the Hag as she rode the night, And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair, When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air, Questions three, when he speaks the spell, He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege, These three long years in battle and siege; News are there none of his weal or his woe, And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks;— Is it the moody owl that shricks? Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream, The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low, And the roaring torrent had ceased to flow; The calm was more dreadful than raging storm, When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly form!

FLORA MACIVOR'S SONG.

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale, But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael. A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land, It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every hand! The dirk and the target lie would will deat.
The bloodless claymure is but residen 2 with read;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-walk or deer.

The deeds of our sizes if our hards should reference, Let a block or a blow be the mend of their serse! Be mute every string, and be hash'd every time. That shall bid us remember the fame that a flower.

But the dark hours of night and of shunber are past, The morn on our mountains is drawning at loss; Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays, And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray !-- the exiled -- the dear!-- In the blash of the dawning the STANDARD upwer! Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly, Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is night!

Ve sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break, Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake? That dawn wever beam'd on your forefathers' eye, But it coused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sorong from the Kings who in Islay kept state, Prood cheek of Clan-Ranald, Glengary, and Sleat I Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow And resistless in union rush down on the foe,

Twee son of Sir Evan, undamnted Lochief, Place the targe on the shoulder and burnish the steel! Kough Kenwach, give Invant to the bugle's bold swell, Will far Conymerck resound to the knell!

Sown wor of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail, Lot the song in thy standard bound wild in the gale! May the voce of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and free, kennember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose offspring has given Such houses to earth, and such martyrs to heaven, I have with the race of renown'd Rorri More, I've househ the long galley, and stretch to the our!

New Mac-Shimoi will joy when their chief shall display the yew created bonnet o'er tresses of grey! How the two of wrong'd Alpine and murder'd Glencot shall shoul for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Vo uses of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar, seemed the pure faith of the great Callum-More! blue Vid of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake, but hoseous, for tecchon, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake, Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake! 'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call; 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

*Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death, When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath; They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe, To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more!

From Guy Mannering.

[1815.]

TWIST YE, TWINE YE.

rr ye, twine ye! even so, le shades of joy and woe, e, and fear, and peace, and strife, e thread of human life.

e the mystic twist is spinning, the infant's life beginning, y seen through twilight bending, that varied shapes attending!

ons wild, and follies vain, ares soon exchanged for pain; at, and jealousy, and fear, e magic dance appear.

they wax, and now they dwindle, ling with the whirling spindle. t ye, twine ye! even so, le human bliss and woe.

From the Heart of Midlothian.

[1818.]

PROUD MAISIE.

TO Maisie is in the wood, alking so early; t Robin sits on the bush, aging so rurely.

I me, thou bonny bird, hen shall I marry me?" en six braw gentlemen rkward shall carry ye." "Who makes the bridal bed, Birdie, say truly?"—

"The grey-headed sexton That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone Shall light thee steady. The owl from the steeple sing, 'Welcome, proud lady,'"

From the Bride of Lammermoor, [1819.]

LUCY ASHTON'S SONG.

LOOK not thou on beauty's charming,— Sit thou still when kings are arming,— Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,— Speak not when the people listens,— Stop thine ear against the singer,— From the red gold keep thy finger,— Vacant heart, and hand, and eye, Easy live and quiet die.

From the Legend of Montrose.

ANCIENT GAELIC MELODY.

BIRDS of omen dark and foul,
Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl,
Leave the sick man to his dream—
All night long he heard you scream,
Haste to cave and ruin'd tower,
Lyy tod, or dingled-bower,
There to wink and mop, for, hark I
In the mid air sings the lark,

2

Hie to moorish gills and rocks, Prowling wolf and wily fox,— to the event of the event of the event of the event of the event flight, and the event of the ev

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ming beams;
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Notice Control of States, Notice Control of States Likewise Control of States Control Witches Control of States Andrew

the control of the control of a con-

The hail-drops had not melte Amid her raven hair.

"And, dame," she said, "by That child and mother kn: Aid one who never knew the Relieve an orphan's woe."

The lady said, "An orphan's Is hard and sad to bear; Yet worse the widow'd moth Who mourns both lord an

"Twelve times the rolling yes Since, while from vengers Of fierce Strathallan's chief Forth's eddies whelm'd m

"Twelve times the year its borne,"

The wandering maid repli "Since fishers on Saint Brid Drew nets on Campsie sid

"Saint Bridget sent no scaly An infant, well-nigh dead They saved, and rear'd in w: To beg from you her brea

That orphan maid the lady "My husband's looks you Saint Bridget and her morn You are his widow's heir.

They've robed that maid, : pale,

In silk and sandals rare; And pearls, for drops of fro Are glistening in her hair

Store Continu

THE BARFFOOTED FRIAR.

Use give thee, good fell in, a twelvemonth or twain, to search Furnise through from Byzantium to Spain; but never shall you find, should you search till you tire, so happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

Your knight for bis lady pricks forth in career, And is brought home at even-song prick'd through with a s I contess him in haste—for his lady desires No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's. 3.

Your monarch!—Pshaw! many a Prince has been known To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown; But which of us e'er felt the idle desire To exchange for a crown the grey hood of a Friar?

4

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone, The land and its fatness is marked for his own; He can roam where he lists, he can stop where he tires, For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

5

He's expected at noon, and no wight, till he comes, May profane the great chair, or the porridge of plums; For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire, Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar,

6

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot, They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot; And the good-wife would wish the good-man in the mire, Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

7.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope, The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope! For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar, Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar,

REBECCA'S HYMN.

en Israel, of the Lord beloved, at from the land of bondage came, fathers' God before her moved, a awful guide in smoke and flame. tay, along the astonish'd lands he cloudy pillar glided slow; sight, Arabia's crimson'd sands turn'd the fiery column's glow.

rose the choral hymn of praise, and trump and timbrel answer'd keen, Zion's daughters pour'd their lays, ith priest's and warrior's voice between.

portents now our foes amaze, arsaken Israel wanders lone: fathers would not know THY ways, ad THOU hast left them to their own. But present still, though now unseen! When brightly shines the prosperous day.

Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams, The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn; No censer round our altar beams, And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.

But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SINGS FROM THE NOVELS.

YUNYKU HYMN.

12

The result hash resigned.
The result hash resigned.
The result hash resigned.
The result is a result.
The result is a result.
The result is a result.

Dan kirin peta ginadi. Lanirrigi detan eugeno**as** To seek the realms
Where fiery pain
Shall purge the stain
Of actions done be
In that sad place,
By Mary's grace,
Brief may thy dwel
Till prayers and alms
And holy psalms,
Shall set the captiv

From the Monastery. [1820.] ON TWEED RIVER.

Myerity saim we, the moon shines bright, his converted imple are dancing in light. We storm so the matteraven, I heard him croak, to see that the matteraven, I heard him croak, to see that the matter so far and so wide, the storm is are fancing in midst of the tide. We see that the matter in his blood be red!

We see that the matter in his blood be red!

We see that the time in his blood be red!

We see that the time in his blood be red!

Marile soon we, the moon shines bright, it can be in just gleam on the distant height: it to its a soon shower on the alders dank, And it is from willows that wave on the bank. I see the Viley both turnet and tower, I is all as in he the vesper hour; I is all as in he the vesper hour; Brown aks in the charel are leaving each cell, But where's Father Philip should toll the bell?

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright, Downward we di fi through shadow and light, Under you rock the eddles sleep, Calm and silect, dirk and deep. The Kebry has risen from the fathomless pool, He has lighted his candle of death and of dool: Look, Father, Iook, and you'll laugh to see How he gapes and glares with his eyes on thee!

Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-night? A man of mean or a man of might? Is it layman or priest that must float in your cove, Or lover who crosses to visit his love?

Hark! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we pass'd,—
"God's blessing on the warder, he lock'd the bridge fast!
All that come to my cove are sunk,
Priest or layman, lover or monk."

Landed—landed! the black book hath won, Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun! Sain ye, and save ye, and blithe mot ye be, For seldom they land that go swimming with me.

TO THE SUB-PRIOR.

Good evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you ride, With your mule so fair, and your mantle so wide; But ride you through valley, or ride you o'er hill, There is one that has warrant to wait on you still, Back, back,

The volume black!

I have a warrant to carry it back.

What, ho! Sub-Prior, and came you but here To conjure a book from a dead woman's bier? Sain you, and save you, be wary and wise, Ride back with the book, or you'll pay for your prize. Back, back,

There's death in the track!

In the name of my master, I bid thee bear back.

That which is neither ill nor well,
That which belongs not to heaven nor to hell,
A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,
'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream;

A form that men spy With the half-shut eye In the beams of the setting sun, am I.

Vainly, Sir Brior, wouldst thou bar me my right! Like the star when it shoots, I can dart through the night; I can dance on the torrent, and ride on the air, And travel the world with the bonny night-mare.

Again, again,
At the crook of the glen,
Where bickers the burnle, I'll meet thee again.

Men of good are bold as sackless,
Men of rude are wild and reckless.

Lie thou still
In the nook of the hill,

For those be before thee that wish thee ill.

ECRDER BALLAD.

T.

Moste, march. Eurick in I Teviotdale,
its income we march forward in order?
its income is an i Liddesdale,
its income is are bound for the Border.
Virwal ameris; read,
I have also your head,
its income is the income story.

 into a service of firmus in story, and the imake ready then, a service mountain gien,

Fig. 11. Can an intain glen.

2.

the second second second or hirsels are grazing, the second second second second the roe; the second second

Surfice of Control in good order,

When it all it is the state over the Border,

From the Posts.

[1821.]

CLAUD HARGEO'S STN7

I verwitt to Northmayen, cover Hill-wicke, farewell' for a coding of thy haven, a common thy foll—cover before or that can vary a cod of the moin, As a cover become Mary!

We are out a, unit

1. wild lerry,
1. Story could brave,
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them;

New sweetness they'll go Flowil lering strain; Let there's one who will Felieve them again.

C were there an island.
Though ever so will,
Where wo man could sail
No may be begule i—
To term ting a snare
To too it in stall were
As the hope would fix.
That sail all timeber is

SONG OF HAKOLD HAKIA

The same rising limby rail and while warding I would be said to rail as the same last the warding the warding the warding the warding the warding or aking haying back in his wall accents teach in his wall accents that it should be said and Yair-hair'd Harold's flag is f

a crest on air is streaming, a helmet darkly gleaming, an arm the axe uprears, d to hew the wood of spears, ag the crowded ranks neigh and armour clanks; are shouting, clarions ringing, er flootmen, gather horsemen, field, ye valiant Norsemen!

ye not for food or slumber, ot vantage, count not number: tapers, forward still, he crop on vale or hill, or scatter'd, stiff or lithe, down before the soythe. Forward with your sickles bright, Reap the harvest of the fight.— Onward footmen, onward horsemen, To the charge ye gallant Norsemen!

"Fatal Choosers of the Slaughter,
O'er you hovers Odin's daughter;
Hear the choice she spreads before ye,—
Victory, and wealth, and glory;
Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,
Her ever-circling mead and ale,
Where for eternity unite
The joys of wassail and of fight.
Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,
Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen!"

SONG OF THE ZETLAND FISHERMAN.

FAREWELL, merry maidens, to song, and to laugh, For the brave lads of Westra are bound to the Haaf; And we must have labour, and hunger, and pain, Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness again.

For now, in our trim boats of Noroway deal, We must dance on the waves, with the porpoise and seal; The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high, And the gull be our songstress whene'er she flits by.

Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like thee, By bank, shoal, and quicksand, the swarms of the sea; And when twenty-score fishes are straining our line, Sing louder, brave bird, for their spoils shall be thine.

We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing while we haul, For the deeps of the Haaf have enough for us all: There is torsk for the gentle, and skate for the carle, And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son of the earl.

Huzza! my brave comrades, give way for the Haaf, We shall sooner come back to the dance and the laugh; For light without mirth is a lamp without oil; Then, mirth and long life to the bold Magnus Troil!

CLEVELAND'S SONGS.

LOVE wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps!
Music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme,
For Beauty's dream,
as the pillow of her slumbers!

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

3.

O wake and live!
No dream can give
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that Love is telling.

Farewell! Farewell! the voice you hear, Has left its last soft tone with you,— Its next must join the seaward cheer, And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form
Beneath your frown's controlling
check,
Must give the word, above the storm,

To cut the mast, and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,—
The hand, that shook when press'd

to thine,

Must point the guns upon the chase—

Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear,— Honour, or own, a long adieu! To all that life has soft and dear, Farewell! save memory of you!

From Quentin Durward.
[1823.]

COUNTY GUY.

AH! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy!

From the Betrothed. [1825.] SOLDIER. WAKE.

Ŧ.

SOLDIER, wake—the day is peeping Honour ne'er was won in sleeping. Never when the sunbeams still Lay unreflected on the hill: 'Tis when they are glinted back From axe and armour, spear and ja That they promise future story Many a page of deathless glory. Shields that are the foeman's terror, Ever are the morning's mirror.

2

Arm and up—the morning beam Hath call'd the rustic to his team, Hath call'd the falc'ner to the late, Hath call'd the huntsman to the bra. The early student ponders o'er His dusty tomes of ancient lore. Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame; Thy study, conquest; war, thy gam Shield, that would be foeman's term Still should gleam the morning's man

2

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain:
More paltry still the sportsman's get
Vainest of all the student's theme
Ends in some metaphysic dream:
Yet each is up, and each has toild
Since first the peep of dawn has smale
And each is eagerer in his aim
Than he who barters life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror:
Be thy bright shield the morning's min

THE TRUTH OF WOMAN

I.

WOMAN's faith, and woman's trust—Write the characters in dust; Stamp them on the running stream, Print them on the moon's pale beam, And each evanescent letter Shall be clearer, firmer, better, And more permanent, I ween, Than the thing those letters mean.

in'd the spider's thread promise of a maid; gh'd a grain of sand plight of heart and hand; rue love of the token, faith proved light, and her was broken: word and truth she plight, eved them again ere night.

From Woodstock. [1826.]

OUR WITH THEE.

ith thee !- When earliest day ith gold the eastern grey, can frame my mind to bear d turmoil, cark and care, which coming hours unfold, membrance of the old ?-

One hour with thee.

with thee!-When burning red flag at pitch of noon; repay the faithful swain, on the sultry plain; than cave or sheltering bough, rish blood, and throbbing w ?-

One hour with thee. with thee !- When sun is set, in teach me to forget less labours of the day; the wishes, flung away; sing wants, and lessening gains, er's pride, who scorns my 15 ?-

One hour with thee.

the Fair Maid of Perth. [1828.]

AV OF POOR LOUISE. Louise! the livelong day from cot to castle gay; er voice and viol say, beware the woodland way, Think on Louise.

ouise! The sun was high, her cheek, it dimm'd her eye, The woodland walk was cool and nigh, Where birds with chiming streamlets vie To cheer Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The savage bear Made ne'er that lovely grove his lair; The wolves molest not paths so fair-But better far had such been there For poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! In woody wold She met a huntsman fair and bold; His baldric was of silk and gold, And many a witching tale he told To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Small cause to pine Hadst thou for treasures of the mine; For peace of mind, that gift divine, And spotless innocence, were thine, Ah, poor Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! Thy treasure's reft! I know not if by force or theft, Or part by violence, part by gift; But misery is all that's left To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succour have! She will not long your bounty crave, Or tire the gay with warning stave-For Heaven has grace, and earth a grave Poor poor Louise.

SONG OF THE GLEE-MAIDEN.

VES, thou mayst sigh, And look once more at all around, At stream and bank, and sky and ground, Thy life its final course has found, And thou must die.

Yes, lay thee down, And while thy struggling pulses flutter, Bid the grey monk his soul-mass mutter, And the deep bell its death-tone utter-Thy life is gone,

Be not afraid, 'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill, A fever fit, and then a chill; And then an end of human ill, For thou art dead.

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS.

· · · · · Dem of Dereguil. ' : N COON THE LAKE "ve out you the take is low, Spece risks that their song "No have reconny's deepest glow, Service at which is to Now at whom we not tool and care From home and love dande, It the calm support may remain able eager favor and at the f "Ne noble dame, on turret high, Who wasts her gallant knight. tions to the western beam to spy The flash of simoni bright. The selfige right, with hand on brow, The least to shade two the execute warehos now Vicinia s anakonag plank with the motor the wild swans row.

The first because the wild swams to the less than swam anothe as in the broken wanters slow the hard beautiful hard the want first his partner's side, and the house of another divide, the way when the and care divide, the common the working.

A. W. A. N. C. CLEAP I GAIND.
A second of the later of the prine.
A second of the action of even.
A second of the action were true!
A New York with the later were true!

And when in floods of rosy wi My comrades drown'd their I thought but that thy heart w My own leapt light as their

My brief delay then do not bl: Nor deem your swain untru My form but linger'd at the g My soul was still with you.

WHEN THE TEMPI

WHEN the tempest's at the lo On its gale the eagle rides; When the ocean rolls the pro Through the foam the sea-bi All the rage of wind and sea Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness;
All the ills that men endur
Each their various pangs con
Constancy can find a cure
Pain, and Fear, and Poverty
Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pl Make me abject, mean, as Heap on insults without me Chain me to a dungeon fi I'll be happy, rich, and free, If endow'd with constancy.

PANNY DUNDEE.

🕽 🐑 " The Souncis of Bonny Dundee."

the Act haves of Convention Twas Claver'se who spoke, who by North as shall fall there are crowns to be broke North and a second of the who loves honour and me, who is come to be honour or Ronny Dundee.

which is the my copy come fill up my can, which were a void houses, and call up your men; which were the West Port, and let me gang free, Van to seem on the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!" Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they look'd couthie and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, &c.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was cramm'd As if half the West had set tryst to be hang'd;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watch'd for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee,
Come fill up my cup, &c.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears, And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers; But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free, At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. Come fill up my cup, &c.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth, If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North; There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three, Will cry hoight for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee,
Come fill up my cup, &c.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks— Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox; And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee, You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!" Come fill up my cup, &c. He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown, The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on, Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee, Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come saddle the horses and call up the men, Come open your gates, and let me gae free, For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

WHEN FRIENDS ARE MET.

When friends are met o'er merry cheer, And lovely eyes are laughing near, And in the goblet's bosom clear The cares of day are drown'd;

When puns are made, and bumpers

quaff'd,

And wild Wit shoots his roving shaft, And Mirth his jovial laugh has laugh'd, Then is our banquet crown'd, Ah gay,

Then is our banquet crown'd.

When glees are sung, and catches troll'd, And bashfulness grows bright and bold, And beauty is no longer cold, And age no longer dull;

When chimes are brief, and cocks do

To tell us it is time to go,
Yet how to part we do not know,
Then is our feast at full,
Ah gay,

Then is our feast at full.

HITHER WE COM

HITHER we come,
Once slaves to the drum,
But no longer we list to its ra
Adieu to the wars,
With their slashes and sc
The march, and the storm, and

There are some of us mai And some that are lamed And some of old aches are con But we'll take up the too Which we flung by like f 'Gainst Don Spaniard to go a-t ing.

Dick Hathorn doth vow To return to the plough, Jack Steele to his anvil and h The weaver shall find ro At the wight-wapping lo And your clerk shall teach w grammar.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

IN THE ORDER OF THEIR COMPOSITION OR PUBLICATION.

ON THE SETTING SUN. [1783.]

THOSE evening clouds, that setting ray, And beauteous tints, serve to display Their great Creator's praise; Then let the short-lived thing call'd man, Whose life's comprised within a span, To Him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds, And tints so gay and bold, But seldom think upon our God, Who tinged these clouds with gold!

THE VIOLET.

[1797.]

It appears from the *Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 333, that these lines, first published in the *English Minstressy*, 1810, were written in 1797, on occasion of the Poet's disappointment in love.

THE violet in her greenwood bower, Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,

May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue, Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining; I've seen an eye of lovelier blue, More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

TO A LADY.

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

[1797.]

Written in 1797, on an excursion from Gillsland, in Cumberland. See Life, vol. i. p. 365.

TAKE these flowers which, purple waving,
On the ruin'd rampart grew,

Where, the sons of freedom braving, Rome's imperial standards flew. Warriors from the breach of danger Pluck no longer laurels there;
They but yield the passing stranger Wild-flower wreathes for Beauty's hair.

THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION IN THE AUTUMN OF 1804.

THE forest of Glenmore is drear,

It is all of black pine and the dark oak-tree;

And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,

Is whistling the forest lullaby:

The moon looks through the drifting storm,

But the troubled lake reflects not her form.

For the waves roll whitening to the land, And dash against the shelvy strand. There is a voice among the trees,

That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against
the rock;—

There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the bard in fitful mood;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the bard of Glenmore through the
forest past.

"Wake ye from your sleep of death, Minstrels and bards of other days! For the midnight wind is on the heath, And the midnight meteors dimly blaze:

The Spectre with his Bloody Hand, Is wandering through the wild woodland;

The owl and the raven are mute for dread.

And the time is meet to awake the dead!

"Souls of the mighty, wake and say, To what high strain your harps were strung, When Lochlin plow'd her billowy way,

When Lochlin plow'd her billowy way,
And on your shores her Norsemen
flung?

Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood.

Skill'd to prepare the Raven's food, All, by your harpings, doom'd to die On bloody Largs and Loncarty.

"Muteare ye all? Nomurmurs strange Upon the midnight breeze sail by; Nor through the pines, with whis change

Mimic the harp's wild harmon Mute are ye now?—Ye ne'er mute,

When Murder with his bloody & And Rapine with his iron hand, Were hovering near you mou strand.

"O yet awake the strain to tell, By every deed in song enroll'd By every chief who fought or fell For Albion's weal in battle bok From Coilgach, first who roll'd hi Through the deep ranks of Roman To him, of veteran memory dear, Who victor died on Aboukir.

"By all their swords, by all their so By all their names, a mighty spall their wounds, by all their wards, the mighty strain to tell For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain More impious than the heathen Dance grasping than all-grasping Roman's ravening legions hither con The wind is hush'd, and still the lake-Strange murmurs fill my tinkling the strange my tinkling the

Bristles my hair, my sinews quake, At the dread voice of other years-"When targets clash'd, and bu rung,

And blades round warriors' heads a

The foremost of the band were w And hymn'd the joys of Liberty!

HELLVELLYN.

[1805.]

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable di sition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains a not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles three wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended, For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended, The much-loved remains of her master defended, And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?

When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

And, oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him—

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,

And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him—

Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded, And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:

Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly arch'd chapel the banners are beaming;

Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming, Lamenting a Chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,

To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying.
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

THE DYING BARD.

[1806.] AIR—Daffyda Gangwen.

Welsh tradition bears, that a Bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp, played the air to which these verses are adapted; requesting that it might be bruned at his funeral.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the moment is nigh, When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die: No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave, And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade
Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride, And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side; But where is the harp shall give life to their name? And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

IV.

And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair, Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair; What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye, When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene, To join the dim choir of the bards who have been; With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old, And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades, Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids! And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell, Farewell, my loved Harp! my last treasure, farewell!

THE NORMAN HORSE-SHOE.

[1806.]

AIR-The War-Song of the Men of Glamorgan.

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invade the following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of CLARE, Earl of and Pembroke, and of NEVILLE, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers o mouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmor Glamorgan: Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

I

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds, And hammers din, and anvil sounds, And armourers, with iron toil, Barb many a steed for battle's broil. Foul fall the hand which bends the steel Around the courser's thundering heel, That e'er shall dint a sable wound On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

TT.

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle-horn;

And forth, in banded pomp and Stout Clare and fiery Neville rid They swore, their banners broad gleam,

In crimson light, on Rymny's str They vow'd, Caerphili's sod shot The Norman charger's spurning

And sooth they swore—the sun a And Rymny's wave with crimson; For Clare's red banner, floating v Roll'd down the stream to Severn' And sooth they vow'd—the tra green w'd where hot Neville's charge had been:

very sable hoof-tramp stood forman horseman's curdling blood!

TV

Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,

That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

THE MAID OF TORO. [1806.]

O, Low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,
All as a fair maiden, beginder disportory.

All as a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow, Sorely sigh'd to the breezes, and wept to the flood.

"O, saints! from the mansions of bliss lowly bending;
Sweet Virgin! who hearest the suppliant's cry,
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending.

Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending, My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die!"

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamour, came loading the gale.
Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary;
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen;

Slowly approaching a warrior was seen; Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary, Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

"O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying!
O, save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low!
Deadly cold on you heath thy brave Henry is lying,
And fast through the woodland approaches the foe."

Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,.

And scarce could she hear them, benumb'd with despair:

And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of Toro,

For ever he set to the Brave and the Fair.

THE PALMER. [1806.]

OPEN the door, some pity to show, icen blows the northern wind! glen is white with the drifted snow, and the path is hard to find.

o outlaw seeks your castle gate, tom chasing the King's deer, agh even an outlaw's wretched state ight claim compassion here. "A weary Palmer, worn and weak, I wander for my sin;

O, open, for Our Lady's sake ! A pilgrim's blessing win!

"I'll give you pardons from the Pope, And reliques from o'er the sea,— Or if for these you will not ope, Yet open for charity.

"The hare is crouching in her form, The hart beside the hind; An aged man, amid the storm, No shelter can I find. The section of Three selections, and the selection of the

The mining and is before thank

1. Better than the contract

The Better team is a serial and

and than be are a sample.

r glambell, markell - me Many grame. The second may be seen You never may the shelter want That's now denied to me."

The Ranger on his couch lay w And heard him plead in vain But oft amid December's storm He'll hear that voice again:

For lo, when through the vapor Morn shone on Ettrick fair, A corpse amid the alders rank, The Palmer welter'd there.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH. [1806.]

There is a rise of Tweelinie, that when Neidpath Castle, near Pernature of March a married passion subsisted between a detail to the last a second to the Land of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest above the last of the Land of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest above the last of the parents, the young man went abroad to the second to the parents and at length, as the only second to the second to the parents of the carried to the balcomer to be a second to the second to the parents of the second to the second to the parents of the par

O hoveras' eyes are sharp to see,
An'i livers' ears to bearing:
And live, in life's extremity,
Can len'i an hour of chooring.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning.
Thoughnow shesits on Neily ath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek were flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see an Seem'd in her frame residi Before the watch-dog prick'd She heard her lover's ridin Ere scarce a distant form was She knew, and waved to g And o'er the battlement did As on the wing to meet hi

He came—he pass'd—an hee
As o'er some stranger glan
Her welcome, spoke in falter
Lost in his courser's pranc
The castle arch, whose hollor
Returns each whisper spok
Could scarcely catch the feet
Which told her heart was

WANDERING WILLIE,

11806.7

ALL joy was bereft me the day that you left me, And climb'd the tall vessel to sail you wide sea; O weary betide it! I wander'd beside it, And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd thy fortune, Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain; Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting, Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were wailing, I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my ee,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
And wish'd that the tempest could a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring, Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame, Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring, That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they did rattle, And blithe was each heart for the great victory, In secret I wept for the dangers of battle, And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar;
And trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may glisten;
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween lovers,
When there's naething to speak to the heart thro' the ee;
How often the kindest and warmest prove rovers,
And the love of the faithfullest ebbs like the sea.

Till, at times—could I help it?—I pined and I ponder'd
If love could change notes like the bird on the tree—
Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae wander'd,
Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through channel, Hardships and danger despising for fame, Furnishing story for glory's bright annal, Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame!

Enough now thy story in annals of glory
Has humbled the pride of France, Holland, and Spain;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou leave me,
I never will part with my Willie again.

HUNTING SONG. [1808.]

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay, To the green-wood haste awa We can show you where he I Fleet of foot, and tall of size We can show the marks he n When 'gainst the oak his and You shall see him brought to "Waken, lords and ladies ga

Louder, louder chant the lay Waken, lords and ladies gay Tell them youth, and mirth, Run a course as well as we; Time, stern huntsman! who Stanch as hound, and feet a Think of this, and rise with Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SONG.

OH, say not, my love, with that mortified air, That your spring-time of pleasure is flown, Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair, For those raptures that still are thine own.

Though April his temples may wreathe with the vine,

Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,

'Tis the ardour of August matures us the wine, Whose life-blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form, that was fashion'd as light as a fay's, Has assumed a proportion more round,
And thy glance, that was bright as a falcon's at gaze,
Looks soberly now on the ground,—

Enough, after absence to meet me again,
Thy steps still with ecstasy move;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
For me the kind language of love.

ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE. [1814.]

"In the beginning of the year 1692, an action of unexampled barbathe government of King William III. in Scotland. In the August proclamation had been issued, offering an indemnity to such insurger take the oaths to the King and Queen, on or before the last day of De the chiefs of such tribes as had been in arms for James, soon after to of the proclamation. But Macdonald of Glencoe was prevented by ac

lesign, from tendering his submission within the limited time. In the end cember he went to Colonel Hill, who commanded the garrison in Fort-William, the caths of allegiance to the Government; and the latter having furnished with a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, sheriff of the county of Argyll, directed to repair immediately to Inverary, to make his submission in a legal manner that magistrate. But the way to Inverary lay through almost impassable tains, the season was extremely rigorous, and the whole country was covered a deep snow. So eager, however, was Macdonald to take the oaths before within the series that though the scale lay within half a mile of his aited time should expire, that, though the road lay within half a mile of his ouse, he stopped not to visit his family, and, after various obstructions, arrived verary. The time had elapsed, and the sheriff hesitated to receive his ssion: but Macdonald prevailed by his importunities, and even tears, in inthat functionary to administer to him the oath of allegiance, and to certify use of his delay. At this time Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards Earl of Stair, in attendance upon William as Secretary of State for Scotland, took advantage cdonald's neglecting to take the oath within the time prescribed, and procured he king a warrant of military execution against that chief and his whole clan. was done at the instigation of the Earl of Breadalbane, whose lands the e men had plundered, and whose treachery to Government in negotiating with ighland clans, Macdonald himself had exposed. The King was accordingly ded that Glencoe was the main obstacle to the pacification of the Highlands; he fact of the unfortunate chief's submission having been concealed, the nary orders for proceeding to military execution against his clan were in puence obtained. The warrant was both signed and countersigned by the own hand, and the Secretary urged the officers who commanded in the ands to execute their orders with the utmost rigour. Campbell of Glenlyon, tain in Argyle's regiment, and two subalterns, were ordered to repair to be on the 1st of February with a hundred and twenty men. Campbell, uncle to young Macdonald's wife, was received by the father with all manner ndship and hospitality. The men were lodged at free quarters in the houses tenants, and received the kindest entertainment. Till the 13th of the month ops lived in the utmost harmony and familiarity with the people; and on the ight of the massacre, the officers passed the evening at cards in Macdonald's In the night, Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party of soldiers, called in a ly manner at his door, and was instantly admitted. Macdonald, while in of rising to receive his guest, was shot dead through the back with two s. His wife had already dressed; but she was stripped naked by the soldiers, ore the rings off her fingers with their teeth. The slaughter now became d, and neither age nor infirmity was spared. Some women, in defending their en, were killed; boys imploring mercy, were shot dead by officers on whose they hung. In one place nine persons, as they sat enjoying themselves at were butchered by the soldiers. In Inverriggon, Campbell's own quarters, en were first bound by the soldiers, and then shot at intervals, one by one. forty persons were massacred by the troops; and several who fled to the ains perished by famine and the inclemency of the season. Those who dowed their lives to a tempestuous night. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, ad received the charge of the execution from Dalrymple, was on his march our hundred men, to guard all the passes from the valley of Glencoe; but he oliged to stop by the severity of the weather, which proved the safety of the mate clan. Next day he entered the valley, laid the houses in ashes, and away the cattle and spoil, which were divided among the officers and s."—Article "BRITAIN;" Encyc. Britannica—New Edition.

"O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow Thy wayward notes of wail and woe Far down the desert of Glencoe,

Where none may list their melody? Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly, Or to the dun-deer glancing by, Or to the eagle that from high Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?"—

"No, not to these, for they have rest,— The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest, The stag his lair, the erne her nest, Abode of lone security.

Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

"Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum, The very household dogs were dumb,

Unwont to bay at guests that come In guise of hospitality. His blithest notes the piper plied, Her gayest snood the maiden tied, The dame her distaff flung aside, To tend her kindly housewifery.

"The hand that mingled in the meal, At midnight drew the felon steel, And gave the host's kind breast to feel Meed for his hospitality! The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,

At midnight arm'd it with the brand, That bade destruction's flames expand Their red and fearful blazonry. "Then woman's shriek was hearding Nor infancy's unpitied plain,

More than the warrior's groan, could Respite from ruthless butchery! The winter wind that whistled shall The snows that night that cloked the! Though wild and pitiless, had still

Far more than Southern clement;
"Long have my harp's best notes b

gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their to
They can but sound in desert lose
Their grey-hair'd master's miser.
Were each grey hair a minstrel stra

Each chord should imprecations fin Till startled Scotland loud should n 'Revenge for blood and treachery

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO RANALD MACDONA ESQ. OF STAFFA.

[1814.]

STAFFA, sprung from high Macdon Worthy branch of old Clan-Ranald Staffa! king of all kind fellows! Well befall thy hills and valleys. Lakes and inlets, deeps and shallow Cliffs of darkness, caves of wonder, Echoing the Atlantic thunder; Mountains which the grey mist core Where the Chieftain spirit hovers, Pausing while his pinions quiver, Stretch'd to quit our land for ever! Each kind influence reign above the Warmer heart, 'twixt this and Staff Beats not, than in heart of Staffa!

LETTER IN VERSE,

ON THE VOYAGE WITH THE COMMISSIONERS OF NORTHERN LIGHTS.

"Of the letters which Scott wrote to his friends during those happy six we I have recovered only one, and it is, thanks to the leisure of the yacht, in w The strong and easy heroics of the first section prove, I think, that Mr. Can did not err when he told him that if he chose he might emulate even Dryd command of that noble measure; and the dancing anapæsts of the second, s that he could with equal facility have rivalled the gay graces of Cotton, Anster Moore."—Lockhart, Life, vol. iv. p. 372.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

Brc. Brc. Brc.

Lighthouse Yacht in the Sound of Lerwick, Zerland, 8th August, 1814.

Health to the chieftain from his clansman true! From her true minstrel, health to fair Buccleuch! Health from the isles, where dewy Morning weaves Her chaplet with the tints that Twilight leaves; Where late the sun scarce vanish'd from the sight, And his bright pathway graced the short-lived night, Though darker now as autumn's shades extend, The north winds whistle and the mists ascend! Health from the land where eddying whirlwinds toss The storm-rock'd cradle of the cape of Noss; On outstretch'd cords the giddy engine slides, His own strong arm the bold adventurer guides, And he that lists such desperate feat to try, May, like the sea-mew, skim 'twixt surf and sky, And feel the mid-air gales around him blow, And see the billows rage five hundred feet below.

Here, by each stormy peak and desert shore, The hardy islesman tugs the daring oar, Practised alike his venturous course to keep, Through the white breakers or the pathless deep, By ceaseless peril and by toil to gain A wretched pittance from the niggard main. And when the worn-out drudge old ocean leaves, What comfort greets him, and what hut receives? Lady! the worst your presence ere has cheer'd (When want and sorrow fled as you appear'd) Were to a Zetlander as the high dome Of proud Drumlanrig to my humble home. Here rise no groves, and here no gardens blow, Here even the hardy heath scarce dares to grow; But rocks on rocks, in mist and storm array'd, Stretch far to sea their giant colonnade, With many a cavern seam'd, the dreary haunt Of the dun seal and swarthy cormorant. Wild round their rifted brows, with frequent cry As of lament, the gulls and gannets fly, And from their sable base, with sullen sound, In sheets of whitening foam the waves rebound.

Yet even these coasts a touch of envy gain From those whose land has known oppression's chain; For here the industrious Dutchman comes once more To moor his fishing craft by Bressay's ahore; Greets every former mate and brother tar, Marvels how Lerwick 'scaped the rage of war, 'Tells many a tale of Gallic outrage done, And ends by blessing God and Wellington.

KETELLANEOUS POEMS.

from the the Greenland tax, a hercer guest, with a treef have of siot, not of rest; "" we must write irolic that in wine has birth, and was no mad with beawls and boisterous mirth. y certain office the last look semily, a brown The marker Nameseas sits in silent woe, the new the large of Breath as they flow. The same is water which bade her terrors sway his restrict marke, and seize so mean a prey; A need with marks so warp'd and seams so riven, the source might have the gentlest airs of heaven; from the size and presents of if none Lit is the speed and anderstand his moan; I state-in Lecture for can use the tongue to the Nove Norse, from whom their lineage spring. No this in that the Norsemen hither came, 36 it is the control damager or of fame; in a new scorne rest cape a shapeless tower True in other wars, their conquests, and their power; For hear the Propal's vales, nor Latian land, Was to the same than the this barren strand; Value of the second again londs, I would be two fee got the stode of swords;

What work and appropriate mental pang defied, Violence the rights that they in buille died.

Such which the sites of Zetland's simple race, And so the ever may faint resemblance trace. In the color ever, tail form, proportion fair, The color ever, tail form, proportion fair,—Such miss attends and the long light hair—Such was the mich, as Scall and Minstrel sings, to the chard in Hardle, first of Norway's Kings (). Further high feeds to scale these craps confined, Their raily wedgers is with waves and wind.

Why should I talk of Mousa's eastle coast? Why of the horrors of the Sumburgh Rost; May not these bald disjointed lines suffice, Pennid while my comrades whirl the rattling dice—While down the cabin skylight lessening shine. The rays, an! eve is chased with mirth and wine? Imaginel, while down Mousa's desert bay, Our well-trimm'd vessel urged her nimble way, While to the freshening breeze she lean'd her side, And bade her bowsprit kiss the foamy tide!

Such are the lays that Zetland Isles supply; Drench'd with the drizzly spray and dropping sky, Weary and wet, a sea-sick minstrel L.—W. SCOTT.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

Kirkwall, Orkney, Aug. 13, 1814.

In respect that your Grace has commission'd a Kraker,
You will please be inform'd that they seldom are taken;

It is January two years, the Zetland folks say, Since they saw the last Kraken in Scalloway bay; He lay in the offing a fortnight or more, But the devil a Zetlander put from the shore, Though bold in the seas of the North to assail The morse and the sea-horse, the grampus and whale. If your Grace thinks I'm writing the thing that is not, You may ask at a namesake of ours, Mr. Scott-(He's not from our clan, though his ments deserve it, But springs, I'm inform'd, from the Scotts of Scotstarvet;) He question'd the folks who beheld it with eyes, But they differ'd confoundedly as to its size. For instance, the modest and diffident swore That it seem'd like the keel of a ship, and no more-Those of eyesight more clear, or of fancy more high, Said it rose like an island 'twixt ocean and sky-But all of the hulk had a steady opinion That 'twas sure a live subject of Neptune's dominion-And I think, my Lord Duke, your Grace hardly would wish, To cumber your house, such a kettle of fish. Had your order related to night-caps or hose, Or mittens of worsted, there's plenty of those. Or would you be pleased but to fancy a whale? And direct me to send it-by sea or by mail? The season, I'm told, is nigh over, but still I could get you one fit for the lake at Bowhill. Indeed, as to whales, there's no need to be thrifty, Since one day last fortnight two hundred and fifty, Pursued by seven Orkneymen's boats and no more, Betwixt Truffness and Luffness were drawn on the shore! You'll ask if I saw this same wonderful sight; I own that I did not, but easily might-For this mighty shoal of leviathans lay On our lee-beam a mile, in the loop of the bay, And the islesmen of Sanda were all at the spoil, And flinching (so term it) the blubber to boil; (Ye spirits of lavender, drown the reflection That awakes at the thoughts of this odorous dissection.) To see this huge marvel full fain would we go, But Wilson, the wind, and the current, said no. We have now got to Kirkwall, and needs I must stare When I think that in verse I have once call'd it fair; *Tis a base little borough, both dirty and mean-There is nothing to hear, and there's nought to be seen, Save a church, where, of old times, a prelate harangued, And a palace that's built by an earl that was hang'd. But, farewell to Kirkwall-aboard we are going, The anchor's a-peak, and the breezes are blowing; Our commodore calls all his band to their places, And 'tis time to release you-good night to your Graces!

FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE,

HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL

FROM THE GAELIC.

[1815.—£t. 44.]

are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chart is a counter run upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore the counter corrams, or boat-songs. They were composed to the first arrange of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to the first arrangemental effort at insurrection in favour of the

VARIABLE to Mackenneth, great Earl of the North, The Lord to Lochestron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth; To the Charlian this morning his course who began, Launching forth on the billows his bark like a swan, For a fire foreign land he has hoisted his sail, Larewel, to Nackenne, High Chief of Kintail!

Coswith he the galaxy and hardy her crew, Who her caronic be skilful, her mariners true, It dange unmanited, unwearied by toil, Though the win twind should rise, and the ocean should bolls of the feare vessel's garnel I drank his bonail,* An incowel to Mackenne, High Chief of Kintail!

Awak, in its chamber, thou sweet southland gale! is known in sail; its interest as regret that his vassals must know, its increase to took and sincere as their woe: its is so soon and is name and so faithful, sweet gale, William and Mackenine, High Chief of Kintail!

18 has a self-experienced, and trusty, and wise, for the sold, the seas and to study the skies:

Now he has a a line canvias from streamer to deck, the self-experience when wafting him back—

The self-experience Skoomoorn, and Conan's glad vale, the self-experience Macketing, High Chief of Kintail!

SAINT CLOUD.

. Paris, 5th September, 1815.]

A second of the second of the

The second of th

The drum's deep roll was hear The bugle wildly blew Good-night to Hulan and Hu That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the With broken urns withdrew And silenced was that proud of The glory of Saint Cloud.

pon its steps of stone, ild its silence rue, ced, to music of our own, oes of Saint Cloud.

e might hear each lovely note ht as summer dew, ugh the moonless air they float, 'd from fair Saint Cloud.

a melody more sweet ters never knew, usic's self was wont to meet rinces at Saint Cloud.

with more delighted ear, cle round her drew, , when gather'd round to hear gstress at Saint Cloud.

y hours poor mortals pass, we those hours their due, among the foremost class nings at Saint Cloud.

DANCE OF DEATH.

[1815.]

ш

d morning were at meeting Waterloo; I sung their earliest greeting; and low they crew, ly beam yet shone ights of Mount Saint John; fouds prolong'd the sway s darkness over day; d, thunder-clap, and shower, a predestined hour. frequent through the night e sheets of levin-light; glancing lightnings back, e dreary bivouack e the soldier lay, stiff, and drench'd with rain, lawn of morn again, gh death should come with day.

II.

th a tide and hour, witch, and fiend, have power, stly forms through mist and ower m on the gifted ken; And then the affrighted prophet's ear Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear Presaging death and ruin near

Among the sons of men;—
Apart from Albyn's war-array,
'Twas then grey Allan sleepless lay;
Grey Allan, who, for many a day,
Had follow'd stout and stern,
Where, through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and edge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,

Valiant Fassiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low laid 'mid friends' and foemen's
gore—

But long his native lake's wild shore, And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,

And Morven long shall tell, And proud Bennevis hear with awe, How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras, Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra Of conquest as he fell.

III.

'Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof,
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,
Where held the cloak'd patrol their
course,

course, And spurr'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse;

horse; But there are sounds in Allan's ear, Patrol nor sentinel may hear, And sights before his eye aghast Invisible to them have pass'd,

When down the destined plain, "Twixt Britain and the bands of France, Wild as marsh-borne meteor's glance, Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,

And doom'd the future slain.— Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,

When Scotland's James his march prepared

For Flodden's fatal plain; Such, when he drew his ruthless sword, As Choosers of the Slain, adored

As Choosers of the Slain, adored
The yet unchristen'd Dane.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheel'd their ring-dance hand in
hand.

112

With gestures wild and dread; The Seer, who watch'd them ride the storm,

Saw through their faint and shadowy form
The lightning's flash more red;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray,
And of the destined dead.

IV.

Song.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by;
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

w

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And eall the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room;
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!

Room for the men of steel! Through crest and plate The broadsword's weight

Both head and heart shall feel.

WE

Wheel the wild dan While lightnings gla And thunders rate And call the brave To bloody grave, To sleep without

Sons of the spear!
You feel us near
In many a ghastly
With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy,
And hear our fats
With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
Just when to wea
Your disembodied s
On trembling wing
sprite
Our choir of deal

NIVY.

Wheel the wild dan While lightnings gli And thunders rat And call the brave To bloody grave, To sleep without

Burst, ye clouds, into Redder rain shall so See the east grow Yield we place to so Ere deadlier bolts in Shall the welkin's t Elemental rage is to To the wrath of

VIIIL

At morn, grey Allan's n Heard of the vision'd si The legend heard h But the Seer's gifted eye Deafen'd his ear, and su

Ere closed that bloc He sleeps far from his His But often of the Dance

His comrades tell the On picquet-post, when a And waning watch-fires a And dawn is glimm

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[1815.]

The original of this little Romance makes part of a manuscript collection French Songs, probably compiled by some young officer, which was found on field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and with blood, as sufficiently indicate what had been the fate of its late owner. The song is popular in Franch is rather a good specimen of the style of composition to which it belongs. I translation is strictly literal.

IT was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine, But first he made his orisons before Saint Mary's shrine:

"And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven," was still the Soldier's prayer,

"That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the fairest fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine he graved it with his sword, And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his Lord; Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd the air, "Be honour'd aye the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his Liege-Lord said, "The heart that has for honour beat by bliss must be repaid.—
My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary's shrine, That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine; And every lord and lady bright, that were in chapel there, Cried, "Honour'd be the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair!"

THE TROUBADOUR.

FROM THE SAME COLLECTION.

[1815.]

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow:

"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true-love's bower;
Gaily for love and fame to fight
Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on

head
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As, faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel-burden still he sung:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour."

Even when the battle-roar was deep, With dauntless heart he hew'd his w 'Mid splintering lance and falchisweep,

And still was heard his warrior-lay
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.'

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaiv
But still reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave:
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love and fame to fall in fight
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.'



SONG.

THE NOTICE THE RANKER OF THE HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH, A 1.4 T-RALL MATCH ON CARTERHAUGH.

[1815]

"With the brown crest of Newark its summons extending waving in smoke and in flame; as the second that he from his mountain descending, Name to join in the game.

CHORUS.

The we will the Banner, let forest winds fan her, No En wasted the Ettrick eight ages and more; is a same her, in battle defend her, and an ame work hand, like our fathers before.

"The the Southern a vader spread waste and disorder, the graphs to her croscents he paused and withdrew, has a sume then were marshall'd the pride of the Border, the Bands of Buccleuch. allee all wait the Banner, &c.

the wank that it is our revel has borne her, the grass of her, no spearmen surround; have a continue would be cold on the ground. " ber all with the Rainer, &c.

See the content of evil dissension, consequences of their fathers in war. No. 1 Can the Ranner, &c.

to though sharp be the weather, Some than a tumble on heather,

see the well drink a blithe measure he half that witness'd our fun, that that took part in our pleasure, the lost and the lads that have won, which kunner, &c.

to the second of the second by the Hend's ingle-nook; A constraint for Rucci Fuch and his standar

Novem, let ferest winds fan her, Novembergels ages and more; o en artie defend her,

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

AIR-"Cadulgu lo."

[1815.]

и

O, HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O he ro i rivi cadul on to

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo, O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

TT

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

TTT

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum; Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day. O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

THE RETURN TO ULSTER. [1816.]

ONCE again,—but how changed since my wand'rings began—I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann, And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar, That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.

Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!

With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?

Can I live the dear life of delusion again,

That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown, High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown; The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew, The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.

I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their lyre: To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear, But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call, And renew'd the wild pomp of the chase and the hall; And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from on high, last a barst of the sun when the tempest is nigh. It seem if that the harp of green Erin once more that there will the glories she boasted of yore.—
In our an remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou burn? They were they of delession and cannot return.

For was she, the, a phantom, the Maid who stood by, and hered my lay, while she turn'd from mine eye? We sake, the, a vision, just glancing to view, Then inspected in the simbeam, or melted to dew? In which it had been so,—Oh! would that her eye had been turn a size-glance that shot through the sky, And her viting that was moulded to melody's thrill, had been turn a apply, that sigh'd and was still!

On would it had been so,—not then this poor heart blan learn in the sad lesson, to love and to part;
"In team amassional its burthen of care,
Wither I walk with the wealth I had no one to share.
Not be that I said when life's summer was done,
so, the boars of her antumn were fast speeding on,
"Take the tame and the riches we brought in your train,
And resolve me the fream of my spring-tide again."

TOOK OF HAZELDEAN.

A. t. A Serier Melaly."

100 to school of the Reliad is ancient. The others were written No. Campbell's Albyn's Anthology.

[1816.]

HI.

t Wish wice the best of the falle?

Note that the second of the goal s

No control of the con

"A chain of gold ye sall not! Nor braid to bind your hai Nor mettled hound, nor mana, Nor palfrey fresh and fair; And you, the foremost o' the Shall ride our forest queen But aye she loot the tears do For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morn. The tapers glimmer'd fair: The priest and bridegroom wal. And dame and knight are. They sought her baith by how. The ladie was not seen! She's o'er the Border, and av. Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU. AIR—" Piobair of Donuil Dhuidh."

[1816.]

This is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan MacDonald, and supposed prefer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched from the sless with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army sperior to his own. The words of the set, theme, or melody, to which the pipe ariations are applied, run thus in Gaelic:

Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piob agus bratach air faiche Inverlochi.
The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The pipe summons of Donald the Black,
The war-pipe and the pennon are on the gathering-place at Inverlochy.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu, Pibroch of Donuil, Wake thy wild voice anew, Summon Clan Conuil. Come away, come away, Hark to the summons! Come in your war array,

Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon

Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;

Leave the deer, leave the steer, Leave nets and barges: Come with your fighting gear, Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when Forests are rended; Come as the waves come, when

Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster.

Chief, vassal, page and groom, Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come; See how they gather! Wide waves the eagle plume, Blended with heather.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades, Forward each man set! Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, Knell for the onset!

MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

Air—" Thain' a Grigalach.
WRITTEN FOR ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY.

[1816.]

hese verses are adapted to a very wild, yet lively gathering tune, used by the acGregors. The severe treatment of this Clan, their outlawry, and the proription of their very name, are alluded to in the Ballad.

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae, And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day; Then gather, gather, gather Grigalach! Gather, gather, gather, &c.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew, Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo! Then haloo, Grigalach! haloo, Grigalach! Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, &c.

Glen Orthy's proud mountains, Coalchurn and her towe Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours; We're landless, landless, kindless, Grigalach! Landless, landless, landless, &c.

Put doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord, Mactiregor has still both his heart and his sword! Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach! Courage, courage, courage, &c.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles, Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagle Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalac Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, &c.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river, MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!

Come then, Grivalach, come then, Grivalach!

Come then, Grigalach, come then, Grigalach! Come then, come then, come then, &c.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall care O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer, And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt, Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt.

Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!

Gather, gather, gather, &c.
THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

AIR—"Rimhin aluin'stu mo run."
[1817.]

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill, In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet; The westland wind is hush and still, The lake lies sleeping at my feet. Yet not the landscape to mine eye Bears those bright hues that once it bore;

Though evening, with her richest dye, Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain, I see Tweed's silver current glide, And coldly mark the holy fane Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride. The quiet lake, the baln
The hill, the stream,
tree,—
Are they still such as on

Or is the dreary chang
Alas, the warp'd and br
How can it bear the g
The harp of strain'd and
How to the minstrel's
To aching eyes each lan
To feverish pulse each;
And Araby's or Eden's
Were barren as this n

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

AIR—"Ymdaith Mionge."

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE THOMSON'S WELSH MELO [1817.]

ETHELFRID, or OLFRID, King of Northumberland, having besieged and BROCKMAEL, a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the 1 neighbouring Monastery of Bangor marched in procession, to pray

r countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victor monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to which erses are adapted is called the Monks' March, and is supposed to have been at their ill-omened procession.

en the heathen trumpet's clang and beleaguer'd Chester rang, ed nun and friar gray th'd from Bangor's fair Abbaye; a their holy anthem sounds, ria's vale the hymn rebounds, ting down the silvan Dee, O miscrere, Dominet

the long procession goes, y round their crosses glows, the Virgin-mother mild heir peaceful banner smiled; o could think such saintly band m'd to feel unhallow'd hand? I was the Divine decree, O miserere, Domine!

is that masses only sung, ds that censers only swung, the northern bow and bill, d the war-cry wild and shrill: Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand, Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand, Woe to Saxon cruelty,

O miserere, Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain, Spurn'd by steeds with bloody mane, Slaughter'd down by heathen blade, Bangor's peaceful monks are laid; Word of parting rest unspoke, Mass unsung, and bread unbroke; For their souls for charity, Sing, O miserere, Domine!

Bangor! o'er the murder wail!
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Shatter'd towers and broken arch
Long recall'd the woeful march:

On thy shrine no tapers burn, Never shall thy priests return; The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee, O miserere, Domine!

MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT.

AIR-" Cha till mi tuille."

[1818.]

mmon, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have comhis Lament when the Clan was about to depart upon a distant and dangerous
ion. The Minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event verified,
was to be slain in the approaching feud; and hence the Gaelic words,
fill mi tuille; ged thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon," "I shall never
although Macleod returns, yet Mackrimmon shall never return!" The
but too well known, from its being the strain with which the emigrants
we West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shore.

MACLEOD'S wizard flag from the grey castle sallies,
The rowers are seated, unmoor'd are the galleys;
Gleam war-axe and broadsword, clang target and quiver,
As Mackrimmon sings, "Farewell to Dunvegan for ever!
Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming;
Farewell, each dark glen, in which red-deer are roaming;
Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river;
Macleod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never!

"Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are sleeping;
Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping;
To each minstrel delusion, farewell!—and for ever—
Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never!

The Banshe's wild voice sings the death-dirge before me, The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me; But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not shiver, Though devoted I go—to return again never!

"Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon's bewailing Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing; Dear land! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever, Return—return—return shall we never!

Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille! Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille, Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille, Gea thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon!"

DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN.

AIR—"Malcolm Caird's come again."
[1818.]

CHORUS.

DONALD CAIRD'S come again !
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can lilt and sing, Blithely dance the Hieland fling, Drink till the gudeman be blind, Fleech till the gudewife be kind; Hoop a leglin, clout a pan, Or crack a pow wi' ony man; Tell the news in brugh and glen, Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird's come again! Donald Caird's come again! Tell the news in brugh and glen, Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin, Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin', Leisters kipper, makes a shift To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift; Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers, He can wauk when they are sleepers; Not for bountith or reward Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.

> Donald Caird's come again | Donald Caird's come again | Gar the bagpipes hum amain, Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can drink a gill Fast as hostler-wife can fill; Ilka ane that sells gude liquor Kens how Donald bends a bicker;

When he's fou he's stout and suc; Keeps the cantle o' the cawsey; Hieland chief and Lawland laird Maun gie room to Donald Caird!

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glm,
Donald Caird's come again.

Steek the amrie, lock the kist, Else some gear may weel be mist; Donald Caird finds orra things Where Allan Gregor fand the ting; Dunts of kebbuck, taits o' woo, Whiles a hen and whiles a sow, Webs or duds frae hedge or yard-'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Shirra ken
Donald Caird's come again.

On Donald Caird the doom was sen Craig to tether, legs to airn; But Donald Caird wi' mickle study, Caught the gift to cheat the wudde; Rings of airn, and bolts of steel, Fell like ice frae hand and heel! Watch the sheep in fauld and glen, Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Justice ken
Donald Caird's come again.

ON ETTRICK FOREST'S MOUNTAINS DUN.

[1822.]

k Forest's mountains dun, to hear the sportsman's gun, the heath-frequenting brood gh the noonday solitude; a cairn and trenched mound, niefs of yore sleep lone and nd, igs, where grey-hair'd shepds tell.

the fairies love to dwell.

silver streams of Tweed, the mimic fly to lead, he hook the salmon springs, ne whistles through the rings; g eddy see him try, ing from the current high, ful eye and cautious hand his wasted strength to land.

'Tis blithe along the midnight tide, With stalwart arm the boat to guide; On high the dazzling blaze to rear, And heedful plunge the barbed spear : Rock, wood, and scaur, emerging bright, Fling on the stream their ruddy light, And from the bank our band appears Like Genii, arm'd with fiery spears.

'Tis blithe at eve to tell the tale, How we succeed, and how we fail, Whether at Alywn's lordly meal, Or lowlier board of Ashestiel; While the gay tapers cheerly shine, Bickers the fire, and flows the wine Days free from thought, and nights from

My blessing on the Forest fair.

THE MAID OF ISLA.

AIR-" The Maid of Isla."

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE THOMSON'S SCOTTISH MELODIES. [1822.]

of Isla, from the cliff, oks on troubled wave and sky, not see you little skiff with ocean gallantly? ing 'gainst the breeze and surge, ep'd her leeward deck in foam, she war unequal urge ?-'s maid, she seeks her home.

maid, you sea-bird mark, ite wing gleams through mist spray, e storm-cloud, lowering dark, ie rock she wheels away ;-

Where clouds are dark and billows rave. Why to the shelter should she come Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave ?-Oh, maid of Isla, 'tis her home !

As breeze and tide to vonder skiff, Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring, And cold as is yon wintry cliff, Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.

Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave, Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come; For in thy love, or in his grave, Must Allan Vourich find his home.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

[1822.]

ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft has decoy'd me,
At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking
The language alternate of rapture and woe:

Oh! none but some lover, whose heart-strings are breaking, The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,

'Twas thou that once taught me, in accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain;
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—
Farewell, then, Enchantress;—I meet thee no more.

The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

END OF THE POEMS.

NOTES.



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APPENDIX.

OTES TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

feast was over in Branksome tower.

of James I., Sir William Scott chief of the clan bearing that yed, with Sir Thomas Inglis of tate of Murdiestone, in Lanark-tail of the barony of Branksome, lying upon the Teviot, about ove Hawick. He was probably transaction from the vicinity of the extensive domain which he strick Forest and in Teviotdale. district he held by occupancy the cleuch, and much of the forest ver Ettrick. In Teviotdale, he rony of Eckford, by a grant from his ancestor, Walter Scott of he apprehending of Gilbert Ridmed by Robert III. 3d May 1444. mes the exchange betwirt Scott conversation, in which the latter ould appear, of a mild and forecomplained much of the inhe was exposed from the English of requently plundered his lands. Sir William Scott instantly ue estate of Murdiestone, in exact which was subject to such invenience. When the bargain d, he dryly remarked that the berland were as good as those and to Sir David, his son, half of the barony of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, half of the barony of Branksome, alanche for the payment of a red see assigned for the grant is, their inful exertions in favour of the the house of Douglas, with whom an recently tugging for the throne This charter is dated the 3d Febind, and many lands in Lanark-aferred upon Sir Walter and his are monarch.

nd twenty hnights of fame heir shields in Branksome hall

t barons of Buccleuch, both from

tion, retained in their household, at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle.

13. " - with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow."

"Of a truth," says Froissart, "the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes." The Jedwood-axe was a sort of partisan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.

13. They watch, against Southern force and guile, Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's

Threaten Branksome's lordly towers, From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbours.

13. Bards long shall tell, How Lord Walter fell.

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1922. He was a brave and powerful baron, and Warden of the West Marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud betwirt the Scotts and-Kerrs.

While Cessford owns the rule of Care, While Ettrich boasts the line of Scott.

Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwirt the Scotts and the Kerrs, was a bond executed in 1520, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. But either this indenture never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards. The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr, was very powerful on the border.

14. He learn'd the art that mone may

In Padna, far beyond the sea. Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of mecromancy.

14. His form no darkening shadow traced Upon the sunny wall!
The shadow of a necromancer was independent of the sun. Glycas informs us that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him. making people believe it was an attendant spirit.

By wily turns, by desperate bounds, Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds.

The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as The kings and heries of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of blood-hounds. Barbour informs us, that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water; thus, leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent. A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes startified on such occasions Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance:- The Wallace, founded on this circumstance: The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdoun, or Fadzean, a dark, ayage, and suspi joins character. After a sharp skirmish at Black Erne Sile, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers, the English pursuing with a Border blood-hound. In the retreat, Fawdoun, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no further, and Wallace having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body :-

"The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, still she stood, Nor farther would fra time she fund the blood."

16. And sought the convent's lonely wall. The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most

minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought.

17. Then view St. David's ruin'd pile.

David I. of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity, by founding, and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others; which led to the well-known observation of his successor, that he was a sere saint for the crewn.

18. O gallant Chief of Otterburne!

The desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August 1388, between Henry Percy, called

Hotspur, and Jac إوا fame, were at the head of troops. The issue of the con-Percy was made prisoner, s the day, dearly purchased by gallant general, the Earl of slain in the action. He was beneath the high altar.

18. - Dark Knight of

William Douglas, the Knig flourished during the reign was so distinguished by his called the Flower of Chivalry. his renown by the murder Ramsay of Dalhousie, origin brother in arms. The King h Ramsay the sheriffdom of To Douglas pretended some clai d wn upon Ramsay, while he istice at Hawick, seired and his remote and inaccessible ca where he threw his unfortuna and man, into a dungeon, lea of hunger. So weak was th that David, although highl atrocious murder, found him point the Knight of Liddesd victim, as Sheriff of Tevioto soon after slain, while hunting by his own godson and chieft of Douglas, in revenge, at authors, of Ramsay's mun popular tradition, preserved popular tradition, preserved by Godscroft, some parts of preserved, ascribes the reserved. to jealousy.

19. -– The wondrons 11

Sir Michael Scott of Ba during the 13th century, arambassadors sent to bring the to Scotland upon the death. By a poetical anachronism, in a later era. He was a man chiefly acquired in foreign con a commentary upon Aristotle. in 1496; and several treati philosophy, from which he been addicted to the abstruse mancy. Hence he passed a poraries for a skilful mag informs us, that he remembe in his youth, that the magic Scott were still in existence, opened without danger, on a lignant fiends who were there dition varies concerning the p some contending for Home (berland; others for Melnise agree, that his books of ma in his grave, or preserved in the died.

words that cleft Eildon hills in three.

Scott was, once upon a time, much d by a spirit, for whom he was under ty of finding constant employment, and the two dames the Tweed at Kelso; it was action one night, and still does honour all architect. Michael next ordered, built which was then a wnifern each. hal architect. Michael next ordered, hill, which was then a uniform cone, divided into three. Another night nt to part its summit into the three peaks which it now bears. At enchanter conquered this indefaties, by employing him in the hopeless task of making ropes out of sea-

Baron's Dwarf his courser held. of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is a being called Gilpin Horner, who and made some stay, at a farm-house Border mountains.

as delusion, nought was truth.

in the legends of Scottish superof the spectators, so that the ap-an object shall be totally different lity. To such a charm the ballad dity. To such a charm the manau-fa' imputes the fascination of the ttess, who eloped with that gipsy

as they saw her weel-far'd face, cast the glamour o'er her."

unning stream dissolved the spell. m article of popular faith, that no can subsist in a living stream. can interpose a brook betwixt you spectres, or even fiends, you are turns entirely upon such a circum-

never counted him a man Vould strike below the knee.

an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, d contrary to the law of arms. In at Gawain Michael, an English Jenchim Cathore, a Frenchman, joachim Cathore, a Frenchman, at the spare poyntes rudely; the yer justed right pleasantly; the ran too lowe, for he strak the depe into the thigh. Wherewith Buckingham was right sore disawere all the other lords, and was shamefully done."—Freinart, 166.

Achryst glows a bale of fire.

con-fagot. The Border beacons, umber and position, formed a sort c communication with Edinburgh. farliament 1455, c. 48, directs, that the English in any manner ; two bales, that they are coming indeed; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force.

27. On many a cairn's grey pyramid, Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid.

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments, his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

28. Fell by the side of great Dundee. The Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killicrankie.

28. For pathless marsh and mountain cell, The peasant left his lowly shed.

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army—Ministrely of the Scottlish Border, vol. i. p. 393.) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunjaws, upon the Ale at Ancram, upon the Led or. in the precipitions banks of the Tevios at olin-laws, upon the Ale at Ancram, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Eske, at Gorton and Hawthornden, are hollowed into similar

28. Watt Tinlinn.

This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for tainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a sulor, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion, the captain of Bewcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated and forced to fly. Watt Tinlinn pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tuolinn dismontated, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult:—"Sutor Watt, we cannot sew your boots: the heels risk, and the seams rive."

"If I cannot sew," retorted Tinlinn, dischargements of the seams rive."

* Rist, creak - Rive, was

ing a shaft, which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle,—"If I cannot sew, I can yerk." 4

29. His wife, stout, ruddy, and darkbrowd, Of silver broock and bracelet proud.

As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendour in decorating and ornamenting their females.—See LESLEY de Mortbus Limitaneorum.

29. Belted Will Howard.

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches; and, from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions.

29. Lord Dacre.

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

29. The German hackbut-men,

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky there were in the English army six hundred hackbutters on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners.

31. Their gathering word was Bellenden.

Bellenden is situated near the head of Borthwick water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word.

33. That he may suffer march-treason pain.

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during the time of truce.

33. Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword.

The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement.

* Yerk, to twitch, as shoemakers do, in securing the stitches of their work.

33. When English blood swelld A ford.

The battle of Ancram Moor, or Pen was fought A.D. 1545. The Eagli manded by Sir Ralph Evers and S Latoun, were totally routed, and be leaders slain in the action. The Som was commanded by Archibald Doug of Angus, assisted by the Laird of B and Norman Lesley.

34. For who, in field or forey sleck, Saw the blanche lien der fall h

This was the cognizance of the not of Howard in all its branches. The obearing, of a warrior, was often us nomine de guerre.

36. The Bloody Heart blazed in the Announcing Douglas, dreads

The chief of this potent race of here the date of the poem, was Archibald is eventh Earl of Angus, a man of great and activity. The Bloody Heart was known cognizance of the house of assumed from the time of good Lord I whose care Robert Bruce committed to be carried to the Holy Land.

36. The Seven Spears of Wedderburn, sha fatal battle of Flodden, left seven severe called the Seven Spears of Wedderburn.

36. — Clarence's Plantagenet.

At the battle of Beauge, in France, Duke of Clarence, brother to Heary unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swis distinguished him by a coronet set cious stones, which he wore around he The family of Swinton is one of ancient in Scotland, and produced morated warriors.

36. And shouting still, "A H. Home!"

The Earls of Home, as descendar Dunbars, ancient Earls of March, c lion rampant, argent: but, as a di changed the colour of the shield from vert, in allusion to Greenlaw, their possession. The slogan, or war-cry. powerful family, was, "A Home! a li

The Hepburns, a powerful family Lothian, were usually in close alliance Homes. The chief of this clan was I Lord of Hailes; a family which termithe too famous Earl of Bothwell.

37. 'Twixt truce and war, such change

change Was not infrequent, nor held st In the old Border-day.

Notwithstanding the constant wars t Borders, and the occasional crueltic marked the mutual inroads, the inhabi either side do not appear to have regar other with that violent and personal a the have been expected. On the con-the outposts of hostile armies, they ied on something resembling friendly e, even in the middle of hostilities; evident, from various ordinances rade and intermarriages between nd Scottish Borderers, that the go of both countries were jealous of shing too intimate a connexion.

er the dark blood-hound on his way, d with the bugle rouse the fray!

rsuit of Border marauders was folthe injured party and his friends with nds and bugle-horn, and was called ad. He was entitled, if his dog could cent, to follow the invaders into the ingdom; a privilege which often ockept up by the Buccleuch family on fer estates till within the 18th cen-

surought not by forbidden spell.

belief, though contrary to the doc-the Church, made a favourable dis-terwist magicians and necromancers Is :—the former were supposed to the evil spirits, and the latter to at least to be in league and compact e enemies of mankind. The arts of the demons were manifold; somefiends were actually swindled by the

norlin sat upon her wrist.

in, or sparrow-hawk, was actually y ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in peace, the constant attendant of a baron. Godscroft relates, that when orraine was regent, she pressed the of Tantallon. To this he returned no of Tantailon. To this he returned no wer; but, as if apostrophizing a gossich sat on his wrist, and which he was bring the Queen's speech, he extra the devil's in this greedy glede; she r be full."—Hume's Hixtory of the Douglas, 1743, vol. ii. p. 73t. Barplains of the common and indecent of bringing hawks and hounds into

d princely peacock's gilded train, d der the boar-head, garnished brave.

acock, it is well known, was consi-ring the times of chivalry, not merely site delicacy, but a dish of peculiar After being roasted, it was again with its plumage, and a sponge, ighted spirits of wine, was placed in When it was introduced on days of ival, it was the signal for the adven-ights to take upon them yows to do I of chivalry, "before the peacock The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendour. In Scotland it was some-times surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served .- Pinkerton's History, vol. i. p. 432.

43. Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunt-hill.

The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Drawthe sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, remarkable for leading into battle nine sons, gallant warriors, all sons of the aged champion.

- bit his glove.

To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakspeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion, with the instantly demanded of his companion, with whom had he quarrelled? And, learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting that, though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721.

The Minstrel of that ancient name.

"John Græme, second son of Malice, Earl of Montrith, commonly surnamed John with the Bright Sword, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves, and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr. Sandford, presting of them says, which in Sandford, speaking of them, says, (which in-deed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides,) 'They were all stark most-troopers, and arrant thieves: Both to England troopers, and arrant thieves: Both to England and Scothand outlawed; yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland. A saying is recorded of a mother to her son, which is now become proverbial, R ide, Rowley, hough's if the pot: that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more."—Introduction to the History of Camberland.

45. Who has not heard of Survey's fame?

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his somets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was helreaded or Tower-hill in 1546; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear so brilliant

a character near his throne.

The song of the supposed bard is founded on a he song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the cele-brated alchemist, showed him, in a looking-glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a wagen tager. light of a waxen taper.

47. Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curid, Whose monstrous circle girds the world.

The jormungandr, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the Ragnarockr, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

47. Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell.

These were the Valcyriur, or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to dis-tribute the contest. They are well known to the English reader, as Gray's fatal Sisters.

47. Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom

By the pale death-lights of the tomb,

Ransack'd the graves of marrier: Their falshions wrenck'd from a hald

The northern warriors were usually enter with their arms, and their other ross. Thus, Angantyr, before commencing the in which he was slain, stipulated, that fell, his sword Tyrfing should be buried him. His daughter, Hervor, alterwards it from his tomb. The dialogue which a hearwist her and Angantyr's spring this. it from his tomb. The dialogue which is betwirt her and Angantyr's spirit on this sion has been often translated. The thistory may be found in the Hervand Indeed, the ghosts of the northern wa were not wont tamely to suffer their ton be plundered; and hence the mortal here an additional temptation to attempt sed ventures; for they held nothing more w of their valour than to encounter supera beings.—Bartholinus De causis contra Danis mortis, lib. i. cap. 2, 9, 10, 13

- St. Bride of Douglas. This was a favourite saint of the less Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in cular, as we learn from the following pass The Queen-Regent had proposed to 1 rival noble to the ducal dignity; and dining of her purpose with Angus, he are 'Why not, madam? we are happy tha such a princess, that can know and will knowledge men's services, and is will recompense it; but, by the might of Got was his oath when he was serious and in at other times, it was by St. Bryde of Dt 'if he be a Duke, I will be a Drake! desisted from prosecuting of that purp Godscroft, vol. ii. p. 131.

NOTES TO MARMION.

59. As when the Champion of the Lake Enters Morgana's fated house, Or in the Chapel Perilous, Despising spells and demons force, Holds converse with the unburied

The romance of the Morte d'Arthur contains a sort of abridgment of the most celebrated adventures of the Round Table; and, being written in comparatively modern language, gives the general reader an excellent idea of what romances of chivalry actually were. It has also the merit of being written in pure old English; and many of the wild adventures which it contains are told with a sinplicity bordering upon the sublime. Several of these are referred to in the text; and I would have illustrated them by illustrated them by more full extracts, but as this curious work is about to be republished, I confine myself to the tale of the Chapel Perilous, and of the quest of Sir Launcelot after the Sangreal.

"Right so Sir Launcelot departed, a he came to the Chapell Perilous, he downe, and tied his horse to a little gal as soon as he was within the church saw, on the front of the chapell, marich shields turned upside downe; and nen shields Sir Launcelot had seene have before; with that he saw stand thirtie great knights, more, by a yard, man that ever he had seene, and ; grinned and gnashed at Sir Launce when he saw their countenance, hee dr ore, and so put his shield afore him, a his sword in his hand, ready to doe and they were all armed in black harner with their shields and swords drawn. A Sir Launcelot would have gone through Sir Launceiot would nave gone through they scattered on every side of him, ihim the way; and therewith he waxed and entered into the chapell, and then no light but a dimme lampe burning; was he ware of a corps covered with of sike; then Sir Launcelot stooped ce of that cloth away, and then it him as the earth had quaked a fe he was afeard, and then hee saw lye by the dead knight, and that shand, and hied him out of the soon as he was in the chappell-nights spoke to him with a grimly aid, 'Knight, Sir Launcelot, lay om thee, or else thou shalt die.'—live or die,' said Sir Launcelot, at words get yee it againe, theretand yee list.' Therewith he passed; and, beyond the chappell-yerd, na faire damosell, and said, 'Sir ave that sword behind thee, or for it.'—'I will not leave it,' said te, 'for no threats.'—'No e' said it, 'for no threats.'—'No e' said it. 'for no threats.'—'No e' said it. 'for no threats.'—'No e' said Sir Now, gentle knight,' said the require the to kiss me once.'—ir Launcelot, 'that God forbid!' said the, 'I have lost all my labour; dhis chappell for thy sake, and hee: and once I had Sir Gawaine at that time he fought with that there lieth dead in yonder chapert the bastard, and at that time at that time he fought with that there lieth dead in yonder chapert the bastard's left hand. annelot, now I tell thee, that I tee this seaven yeare; but there an have thy love but Queene it sithen I may not rejoyce thee stylaive, I had kept no more joy but to have had thy dead body; ave balmed it and served, and so my life daies, and daily I should thee, and kissed thee, in the en Guenever. —'Yee say well,' celot; 'Jesus preserve me from aft.' And therewith he took his parted from her."

I man, and unconfers'd,
the Sangreat's holy queet,
unibering, anto the varion high,
it not view with waking eye,
hen Arthur was holding a high
Knights of the Round Table, the
essel out of which the last passin
ja precious relic, which had
concealed from human eyes, beso of the land), suddenly appeared
his chivalry. The consequence
was, that all the knights took on
yow to seek the Sangreal. But,
only be revealed to a knight at
shed in earthly chivalry, and pure
of evil conversation. All Sir
ple accomplishments were theresain by his guilty intrigue with
ter, or Ganore; and in his holy
ountered only such disgraceful
at which follows:—

"But Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endlong in a wild forest, and held no path but as wild adventure led him; and at the last, he came unto a stone cross, which departed two wayes, in wast land; and, by the crosse, was a stone that was of marble; but it was so dark, that Sir Launcelot might not well know what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chappell, and there he wend to have found people. And so Sir Launcelot tied his horse to a tree, and there he put off his shield, and hung it upon a tree, and then hee went unto the chappell doore, and found it wasted and broken. And within he found a faire altar, full richly arrayed with cloth of silk, and there stood a faire candlestick, which beare six great candles, and the candlesticke was of silver. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light, hee had a great will for to enter into the chappell, but he could find no place where hee might enter. Then was he passing heavie and dismaied. Then he returned, and came againe to his horse, and tooke off his saddle and his bridle, and let him pasture, and unlaced him downe to sleepe upon his shield, before the crosse.

crosse.

"And so he fell on sleepe; and, halfe waking and halfe sleeping, he saw come by him two palfreys, both faire and white, the which beare a litter, therein lying a sick length. And when he was night the crosse, he there abode still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for hee slept not verily, and hee heard him say, 'O sweete Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me, and when shall the holy vessel come by me, where through I shall be blessed, for I have endured thus long for little trespasse!" And thus a great while complained the knight, and alwaies Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candlesticke, with the fire tapers, come before the crosse; but he could see nobody that brought it. Also there came a table of silver, and the holy vessell of the Sangreall, the which Sir Launcelot had seen before that time in King Petchour's house. And therewithal the sicke knight set him upright, and held up both his hands and said, 'Faire swete Lord, which is here within the holy vessell, take heede to mee, that I may bee hole of this great malady!' And therewith upon his hands, and upon his knees, he went so nigh, that he touched the holy vessell and kissed it: And anon he was hole, and then he said, 'Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this milady.' Soo when the holy vessell had been there a great while, it went into the chappelle againe, with the candlesticke and the light, so that Sir Launcelot wist not where it became, for he was overraken with sinne, that hee had no power to arise against the holy vessell, wherefore afterward many men said of him shame. But he tooke repentance afterward. Then the sicke knight dressed him upright, and kissed the crosse. Then anon his squire brought him his armses, and seked his lord how he did. 'Certainly,' said hee, 'I thanke God right.

heartily, for through the holy vessell I am healed: But I have right great mervaile of this sleeping knight, which hath had neither grace nor power to awake during the time that this holy vessell hath beene here present.'—'I dare it right well say,' said the squire, 'that this same knight is defouled with some manner of deadly snne, whereof he has never confessed.'—'By my faith,' said the knight, 'what-soever he be, he is unhappie; for, as I deeme, he is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entered into the quest of the Sancgreall.'—'Sir,' said the squire, 'here I have brought you all your armes, save your helme and your sword; and, therefore, by mine assent, now may ye take this knight's helme and his sword;' and so he did. And when he was cleane armed, he took Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was better than his owne, and so they departed from the crosse.
'Then anon Sir Launcelot awaked, and set

"Then anon Sir Launcelot awaked, and set himselfe upright, and he thought him what hee had there seene, and whether it were dreames or not; right so he heard a voice that said, 'Sir Launcelot, more hardy than is the stone, and more bitter than is the wood, and more naked and bare than is the liefe of the fig-tree, therefore go thou from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place;' and when Sir Launcelot heard this, he was passing heavy, and wist now what to doe. And so he departed sore weeping, and cursed the time that he was borne; for then he deemed never to have had more worship; for the words went unto his heart, till that he knew

wherefore that hee was so called."

59. And Dryden, in immortal strain, Had raised the Table Round again.

Dryden's melancholy account of his projected Epic Poem, blasted by the selfish and sordid parsimony of his patrons, is contained in an "Essay on Satire," addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefixed to the Translation of Juvenal. After mentioning a plan of supplying machinery from the guardian angels of kingdoms, mentioned in the Book of Daniel, he adds—

"Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem): and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged. Of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel; which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one

year, for the greatness of the acia answerable event, for the magmain English hero, opposed to the ingrain person whom he restored, and for beautiful episodes which I had inters the principal design, together with the of the chiefest English persons (who Wirgil and Spenser, I would have to sion to represent my living friends a of the noblest families, and also sha events of future ages in the success imperial line),—with these helps, an the machines which I have mentions perhaps have done, as well as some of eccessors, or at least chalked out a others to amend my errors in a like do being encouraged only with fair word Charles II., my little salary Ill pair prospect of a future subsistence, lwas couraged in the beginning of my steenow age has overtaken me, and was insufferable evil, through the changed has wholly disabled me."

59. Their theme the merry minstra Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold.

The "History of the Bevis of Ham abridged by my friend Mr. George I that liveliness which extracts amuser out of the most rude and unpromising-tales of chivalry. Ascapart, a most in personage in the romance, is thus dea an extract:—

"This geaunt was mighty and strong
And full thirty foot was long.
He was bristled like a sow;

He was bristled like a sow; A foot he had between each brow; His lips were great, and hung aside His eyen were hollow, his mouth w Lothly he was to look on than, And liker a devil than a man. His staff was a young oak,

Hard and heavy was his stroke."—S
of Metrical Romances, vol. ii. p. 156
I am happy to say, that the mem:
Bevis is still fragrant in his town of 8
ton; the gate of which is sentinelle
effigies of that doughty knight-errant
gigantic associate.

60. Day set on Norham's castled s. And Tweed's fair river, b. deep. &c.

The ruinous éastle of Norham écalled Ubbanford is situated on the bank of the Tweed, about six miles at wick, and where that river is still the between England and Scotland. The its ruins, as well as its historical irrishows it to have been a place of magt as well as strength. Edward I. reso when he was created umpire of the concerning the Scottish succession repeatedly taken and retaken during! between England and Scotland: and scarce any happened, in which it by principal share. Norham Castle is six a steep bank, which overhangs the rive

ieges which the castle had sustained, requent repairs necessary. In 176, ost rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, Bishop, who added a huge keep, or donjon; who added a huge keep, or donjon; ading which, King Henry H. in 1774, afte from the bishop, and committed g of it to William de Neville. After it seems to have been chiefly garrihe King, and considered as a royal The Greys of Chillingham Castle ently the castellans, or captains of a; yet, as the castle was situated innony of St. Cuthbert, the property see of Durham till the Reformation. period it passed through various the union of the crowns, it was in ion of Sir Robert Carey (afterwards nehouth) for his own life, and that of ons. After King James's accession, Norham Castle to George Home, unbar, for £6000. See his curious ublished by Mr. Constable of Edin-

g to Mr. Pinkerton, there is in the useum, Cal. B. 6. ar6, a curious the Dacres on the state of Norham 1522, not long after the battle of The inner ward, or keep, is reprempregnable;—"The provisions are wats of salt cels, forty-four kine, eads of salted salmon, forty quarters sides many cows and four hundred under the castle-wall nightly; but the arrows wanted feathers, and a ker [2.4. maker of arrows] was re-likely of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 201,

s of the eastle are at present conswell as picturesque. They consist thattered tower, with many vaults, nts of other edifices, enclosed within wall of great circuit.

sattled towers, the donjon keep.

haps unnecessary to remind my the donjon, in its proper significathe strongest part of a feudal castle; re tower, with walls of tremendous matter in the centre of the other on which, however, it was usually Here, in case of the outward degained, the garrison retreated to last stand. The donjon contained III, and principal rooms of state for sions, and also the prison of the m which last circumstance we deem and restricted use of the word Ducange (poor Dunjo) conjectures at the name is derived from these usually built upon a hill, which in led DUN. Borlase supposes the mon the darkness of the apartments are, which were thence figuratively sons; thus deriving the ancient word dern application of it.

Well was he arm'd from head to heel, In mail and plate of Milan steel.

In mail and plate of Milan steel.

The artists of Milan were famous in the middle ages for their skill in armoury, as appears from the following passage, in which Froissart gives an account of the preparations made by Henry, Earl of Hereford, afterwards Heny IV., and Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marischal, for their proposed combat in the lists at Coventry:—"These two lords made ample provision of all things necessary for the combat; and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to have armour from Sir Galeas, Duke of Milan. The Duke complied with joy, and gave the knight, called Sir Francis, who had brought the message, the choice of all his armour for the Earl of Derby. When he had selected what he wished for in plated and mail armour, the Lord of Milan, out of his abundant lave for the Earl, ordered four of the best armourers in Milan to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed."—JOHNES' Froissard, vol. iv. p. 597.

6r. Edthe checks at me, to beath is bight.

The crest and motto of Marmion are borrowed from the following story:—Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crauford, was, among other gentlemen of quality, attended, during a visit to London in 1390, by Sir William Daltrell, who was, according to my authority, Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme,—

"I bear a falcon, fairest of flight; Whoso pinches at her, his death is dight." In graith."

The Scottish knight, being a wag, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie instead of the falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived to rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers:—

"I bear a pie, picking at a piece; Whoso picks at her, I shall pick at his nese,! In faith."

This affront could only be expiated by a jount with sharp lances. In the course, Dahrell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice: in the third encounter, the hindsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the king two hundred pounds, to be forfeited if, on

* Prepared. † Armour. \ \ Xone.

entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the willy Seet demanded that Sir Piers, in addition to the host of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Carrenay demurred to this equalization of optical powers, Dalzell demanded the forfeit, which, after much altercation, the king appointed to be paid to him, saying, he surpassed the English both in wit and valour. This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humour of that time. I suspect the Jockey Club would have given a different decision from Henry IV.

They haif'd Lord Marmion: They haif'd him Lord of Fontenays, Of Lutterwayst, and Scrivelbays, Of Tamworth tower and town.

Lord Marmion, the principal character of the Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Foutenay in Normandy, was highly disringuished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Foutenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and fown of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire. One, or both, of these noble presessions, was held by the honour. of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire. One, or both, of these noble possessions, was held by the honour-able service of being the Royal Champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. But after the castle and demeste of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family be-came extinct in the person of Philip de Mar-mion, who died in 20th Edward I. without issue male. He was successful in his cartle-issue male. mion, who died in 20th Edward I. without issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Masera, his grand-daughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant, in the reign of Richard I., by the supposed tenure of his castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of Regal Chambers, and the detailed the control of the control Royal Champion, and to do the service apper-taining: namely, on the day of coronation, to ride, completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainsay the king's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Serivelby had descended by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it co-heriesses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day. The family and possessions of Freville have merged in the Earls of Ferrars. I have not, therefore, created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage.

personage.

It was one of the Marmion family, who, in the reign of Edward II. performed that chival-rous feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful ballad, "The Hermit of Warkworth." The

story is thus told by Leland:-

"The Scottes cam yn to the England, and destroyed the came Herbottel, and overran mumberland marches.

"At this tyme, Thomas Gray, defended Northam from the Son "It were a wunderful proce what mischefes cam by hunge the many of an even in North the space of xi yeres in Nor the Scottes became so proud got Berwick, that they noth

Englishmen.

"About this time there was made yn Lincolnshir, to whe gentlemen and ladies; and an lady brought a heauline for a with a very riche creste of gold, mion, kinglit, with a letter of cor her lady, that he should go implace in England, and ther to be seene and known as famous. Norhan; whither, within 4 de cam Philip Moubray, guardia having yn his bande 40 men of flour of men of the Scottish ma

flour of men of the Second
"Thomas Gray, capitayne of
this, brought his garison afore
the castel, behind whom cam
arrayed, as al glittering in go
the heaulme, his lady's present
"Then said Thomas Gray is

"Then said Thomas Gray is Knight, be ye cum hither to far mount up on yowr horse, and ry man to yowr foes even here at sake God if I rescue not thy alyve, or I myself wyl dye for a "Whereupon he toke his ca among the throng of ennemyes; sore stripes on him, and pulles out of his sadel to the grounde. "Then Thomas Gray, with a so, lette prick vn among the

son, lette prick yn among the wondid them and their horse overthrowan; and Marmion, horsid agayn, and, with Gra Scottes yn chase. There wer Scottes yn chase. There we of price; and the women of them to the foote men to follow

62. Sir Hugh the Heron be Baron of Twisell, and a And Captain of the h

Were accuracy of any conse-titious narrative, this castellan have been William; for William was husband to the famous L syren charms are said to have or so dear. Moreover, the said was, at the time supposed, a land, being surrendered by account of his share in the Robert Ker of Cessford. His in the text as residing at the Cowas, in fact, living in her own of See Sir Richard Heady's ou of the Heron Family.

es backed the cause of that mack prince, beck that Flemish counterfeit, on the gibbet paid the cheat, it did I march with Surrey's power, t time we razed old Aystewn Traver, y of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard, ek, is well known. In 1496, he was mourably in Scotland; and James nferring upon him in marriage his i, the Lady Catherine Gordon, made

inferring upon him in marriage his, the Lady Catherine Gordon, made than in behalf of his pretentions an invasion of England, Surrey ato Berwickshire at the head of a forces, but retreated, after taking lerable fortress of Ayton.

tere be some have pricked as far, cottick ground, as to Dunhar; drunk the monks of St. Bothan's

driven the beaver of Landerdale; ried the wives of Greenland's goods, close them light to set their heeds, sons of the English castles of Wark, at Berwick, were, as may be easily cry troublesome neighbours to Scot-Richard Maithand of Ledington em, called "The Blind Baron's when his barony of Blythe, in was harried by Rowland Foster, exptain of Wark, with his comnumber of 100 men. They spoiled knight of 5,000 sheep, 200 noli, and mares; the whole furniture of f Blythe, worth 100 pounds Scots, and everything else that was

riest of Shoresmood—he could rein elldest war-horse in your train.

chman seems to have been akin to vicar of St. Thomas of Exeter, a gr the Comish insurgeuts in 1540. "says Holinshed, "had many good u. He was of no great stature, but inghtfile compact; he was a very er; shot well, both in the long bow the cross-bow; he handled his ad peece very well; he was a very nan, and a hardic, and such a one t give his head for the polling, or the washing." This model of as had the misfortune to be hanged epte of his own church.

that Grot where Olivez nod, ers, darling of each heart and eye, m all the south of Sicily, Rosslie retired to God.

osalia was of Palermo, and born of family, and when very young, much the vanities of this world, the converse of mankind, resolving herself wholly to God Almighty, y divine inspiration, forsook her father's house, and never was more heard of till her loofy was found in that cleft of a rock, on that almost inaccrossible mountain, where now the chapel is built; and they affirm she was carried up there by the hands of angele: for that place was not formerly so accessible has now it is in the chays of the Saint; and even now it is a very lead, and steepy, and breakneck way. In this frightful place, this holy woman lived a great many years, feeding only on what he found growing on that barren mountain, and creeping isto a marrow and dreadful cleft in a rock, which was always dropping wet, and was her place of retirement as well as prayer; having wom out even the rock with her knees in a certain place, which is now opened on purpose to show it to those who come here."—

Veyage to Stelly and Malta, by Mr. John Dryden (son to the poet), p. 107.

Friar John
 Himself still sleeps before his beads
 Have mark'd ten aves and two creeds.

Friar John understood the soporific virtue of his beads and breviary, as well as his manesake in Rabelais. "But Gargantua could not sleep by any means, on which side soever he turned bimself. Whereupon the monk said to him, "I never sleep soundly but when I am at sermon or prayers! Let us therefore begin, you and I, the seven penitential paslms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall askep." The conceit pleased Gargantua very well; and beginning the first of these paalms, as soon as they came to Reati quorum they fell askeep, both the one and the other."

63. The summon'd Palmer came in place.

A Palmer, opposed to a Pilgrim, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity; whereas the Pilgrim retired to his tiatual home and occupations when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage. The Palmers seem to have been the Questionarii of the ancient Scottish canons 1242 and 1295.

65. To fair St. Andrews bound,
Within the ocean-case to pray,
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
From midwight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billowe' sound.

St. Regulus (Scottice, St. Rule), a monk of Patrae, in Achaia, warned by a vision, is said, a. 0, 370, to have sailed westward, until he landed at St. Andrews, in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. The latter is still standing; and, though we may doubt the precise date of its foundation, is certainly one of the most ancient edifices in Scotland. A cave, nearly fronting the ruinous castle of the Archbishops of St. Andrews, bears the name of this religious person. It is difficult of access; and the rock in which it is hewn is washed by the German Ocean. It is nearly round, about ten feet in diameter, and the same in height. On

one side is a sort of stress alone in the other, an aperture into an inner one, where the masses able ascettic, who inhacted this stressling probably slept. At full inde, agrees and regress are hardly practicable. As larguins time outside more than the metro-politan see of Scotland, and converted the inhabitants in the weinney, he has some reason to complain, that the anciene name of Killrule (Cella Reguli straight have been supersoled, even in favour if the timelier sount of Scotland. The reason of the change was that St. Rule is said to have brought as Scotland the relies of Saint Andrew.

64 —— Saint Fillan's blessed well. Whose springs an frenzied dreams dispel, And the crisical brain vestore.

St Fillan was a System serious reparation.

St Fillan was a System saint of some reparation. Although Power is, with us, matter of Symmaticion, yet the animon people still retain some of the superst tons connected with it. Some are in Petro-time several wells and some delicated to St. Fillan, which are still some of judgrimage and offerings, even among Destroation. They are held powerful in considerations, and, in some of very late some of another than been left all night.

St. in the hely stone, in confidence that the sould cure and unlosse them before

So be cover are desert new, and have,

... Onershid once a forest fair. set most, now a range of mountainous waste was amountly reserved for the which to val chase. Since it was diswell, dithough, wherever protected Wan the King hunted there, he I the array of the country to sale proclamation to all lords, and free-Vision of the victuals, to pass with the pleased, to danton the de. Annandale, Liddisdale, Commutation and also warned a bad cool dogs to bring them, we keep Ful of Argyle, the and of Athole, and so all and the Highland, did, N 's King as he pleased. hee the King past out with many of the s, aland with him, to and men; and then A moded and hawked that is to say, · Mary laws, Carlay and Longhope.

oilo , besiev. .

. . Ismuds, eighteen

These huntings had, character, and attendan part of the duty of a abolishing ward or militan enumerates the services watching, and warding, a future to be illegal.

Taylor, the water-poet, of the mode in which the ducted in the Highland seventeenth century, ha Braemar upon such an o "There did I find the honourable lords, John I lames Stewart, Earl of den, Earl of Engye, son a of Huntley: James Ersk and John, Lord Erskine Earl of Mar, and their much horoured, and my proved friend, Sir Willia Abercarney, and hundre esquires, and their follo man, in general, in one had been there, and mad once in the year, which August, and sometimes many of the nobility and i for their pleasure) do con countries to hunt; whe themselves to the habit who, for the most part Irish: and in former tim which were called the which were caned me habit is—shoes, with be stockings which they cal a warm stuff of diverse call tartan; as for breech their forefathers, never w of the same stuff that th garters being bands or wr with a plaid about their mantle of diverse colours, stuff than their hose: their heads; a handker knots, about their necks attired. Now their wear and forked arrows, sword busses, muskets, durks, With these arms I found for the hunting. As for 1 of what degree soever. them, must not disclain to do, then they will disdain to bring in their does; but them, and be in their halquered with kindness, and tiful. This was the reason

noblemen and gentlemen is to proceed to the hunting:
"My good Lord of Marithat shape, I node with his where I saw the ruins of; the Castle of Kindroshit King Malcolm Cannace for who reigned in Scotland, Conlessor, Harold, and

England. I speak of it, because it England: I speak of the Beath o d never have seen a house again. he first day we travelled eight miles, were small cottages, built on pur-ge in, which they call Lonquhards, good Lord Erskine, he commanded d always be lodged in his lodging: being always on the side of a bank; s and pots boiling, and many spits d winding, with great variety of venison baked; sodden, rost, and f; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh eons, hens, capons, chickens, par-ir-coots, heath-cocks, caperkellies, cants; good ale, sacke, white and (or allegant), with most potent

and more than these, we had se, and more than these, we had in superfluous abundance, caught s, fowlers, fishers, and brought by mants and purveyors to victual our th consisteth of fourteen or fifteen and horses. The manner of the this: Five or six hundred men do the morning, and they do disperse divers ways, and seven, eight, or empass, they do bring, or chase in, many herds (two, three, or four a herd) to such or such a place, as a herd to such or such a place, as en shall appoint them; then, when the lords and gentlemen of their do ride or go to the said places, wading up to the middles, through rivers; and then, they being come e, do lie down on the ground, till aid scouts, which are called the o bring down the deer; but, as the s of the bad cook, so these tinkhell their own fingers; for, besides their rows, which they carry with them, now and then, a harquebuss or a en, after we had staid there three creabouts, ereabouts, we might perceive the ng a show like a wood), which, ed close by the tinkhell, are chased he valley where we lay; then all on each side, being waylaid with a suple of strong Irish greyhounds, let loose as occasion serves, upon deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, aggers, in the space of two hours, t deer were slain; which after are some one way, and some another, thirty miles, and more than enough to make merry withall, at our ren-

ne Saint Mary's silent lake. tiful sheet of water forms the reser-tion the Varrow takes its source.

It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by moun-tains. In the winter, it is still frequented by flights of wild swans; hence my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines-

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake Floats double, swan and shadow."

Floats double, swan and shadow."

Near the lower extremity of the lake are the ruins of Dryhope Tower, the birth-place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lilias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The author well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of "Tweedside," beginning, "What beauties does Flora disclose," were composed in her honour.

- in feudal strife, a for Hath lain Our Lady's chapet low.

The chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes (de lacubus) was situated on the eastern side of the lacubus) was situated on the eastern side of the lake to which it gives name. It was injured by the clan of Scott, in a feud with the Cranstouns, but continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century. The veatiges of the building can now scarcely be traced; but the burial-ground is still used as a cemetery. A funeral, in a spot so very retired, has an uncommonly striking effect. The vestiges of the chaplain's house are yet visible. Escing in a birth strategic if the companyed a fell release of in a high situation, it commanded a full view of the take, with the opposite mountain of Bour-hope, belonging, with the lake itself, to Lord Napier. On the left hand is the Tower of Dryhope, mentioned in a preceding note.

That Wizard-Priest's, whose bones are thrust From company of holy dust.

At one corner of the burial-ground of the demolished chapel, but without its precincts, is a small mound, called Binram's Corse, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry.

69. Some ruder and more savage wene, Like that which frozens round dark Lock shone

Loch-skene is a mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly swage; and the earn, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch-skene discharges itself into a brook. which, after a short and procipitate course, falls from a cataract of immune height and gloomy grandeur, called, from its appearance, the "Overwords, VADE IN PACE, were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that, in latter times, this punishment was often re-sorted to; but, among the ruins of the Abbey sorted to: but, among the riums of the Abbery of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which, from the shape of the nicke, and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun.

[The Edinburgh Reviewer, on stanza xxxii. Act, suggests that the proper reading of the sentence is rade in pacers—not part in pract, a pretty have as into decree in into eternal rest, a pretty.

but go into feace, or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible mittimus to another world.]

80. The village inn.

The accommodations of a Scottish hostelrie The accommodations of a Scottish nosterine, or inn, in the 16th century, may be collected from Dunbar's admirable tale of "The Friars of Berwick." Simon Lawder, "the gay ostlier," seems to have lived very comfortably; and his wife decorated her person with a scarlet kirtle, and a belt of silk and silver, and rings upon her and a best of sac and saver, and rings upon ner fingers, and feasted her paramour with rabbits, capons, partridges, and Bordeaux wine. At least, if the Scottish inns were not good, it was not for want of encouragement from the legislature, who, so early as the reign of James I., not only enacted, that in all beroughs and fairs there be hostellaries, having stables and chambers, and provision for man and horse, but by another statute, ordained that no man, travelling on horse or foot, should presume to lodge anywhere except in these histellaries; and that no person, save innkeepers, should receive such travellers, under the penalty of forty shillings, for exercising such hospitality. But, in spite of these provident enactments, the Scottish hostels are but indifferent, and strangers con-tinue to find reception in the houses of indi-. حاجب vad

82. The death of a dear friend.

Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry, is what is called the "de id-bell," explained, by my is called the "devl-bell," explained, by my friend James Hogg, to be that tinkling in the ears which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease.

83. The Goblin-Hall.

A vaulted hall under the ancient castle of Gifford or Vester for it bears either name indifferently, the construction of which has from a very remote period been ascribed to magic. The Statistical Account of the Parish of Garvald and Baro gives the following account of the present state of this eastle and apartor the present state of an analysis of the ment:—"Upon a peninsula, formed by the water of Hopes on the east, and a large rivulet on the west, stands the ancient castle of Yester. Sir David Dalrymple, in his Annals, relates, that 'Hugh Gifford de Yester died in 1267; that in his castle there was a capacious cavern, formed by magical art, and called in the country

* James I., Parliament i. cap 24: Parliament iii. c.tp. 50.

Bo-Hall, i.e. Hobgoblin H twenty-four steps led down the which is a large and space arched roof; and though it many centuries, and been e ternal air for a period of fifn is still as firm and entire as if a few years. From the floor o stair of thirty-six steps leads d hath a communication with great part of the walls of this castle are still standing. that the castle of Yester was tion, in this country, that surn Gray, sent into Scotland by set. —Statistical Account, only to add, that, in 1737, th tenanted by the Marque of coner, as I learn from a poem. "Retirement," written up It is now rendered inaccess the stair.

84. There floated Hace's ! Above Normeyan war

In 1263, Haco, King of N the Frith of Clyde with a Jand made a descent at L. Here he was encountered at 2d October, by Alexander 11 to Orkney, where he died so near the place of battle, man which, having been opened usual, to contain bones and u

84. Upon kis breast a pen.

"A pentacle is a piece of with five corners, according : and suitably inscribed with the matician extends toward he invokes, when they are st lious, and refuse to be conceremonies and rites of mag courses concerning Devils an to Reginald Scott's Ducere. edition 1665, p. 66.

84. As been upon that bles When yourning graves Proclaim'd Hell's eng

It is a popular article of faare born on Christmas, or (the power of seeing spirits, manding them. The Spani, haigard and downers looks? to the disagreeable visions to w subjected him.

85. Vet still the knightly s. The Eifin Warrior de Ufon the brown hill

The following extract from the Fairy Superstitions, in the Scottish Border," vol. ii. many of the particulars of the Alexander III, and the Gobii -: bovit

est symptom that a human body had ever n was found swathed in five silk robes of matical embroidery, the ornamental parts ith gold leaf, and these again covered with of lines. Beside the skeleton were also ned several gold and silver insignia, and relies of the Saint.

Even Scotland's dountless king, and heir, &c.

Before his standard fled.

y one has heard, that when David I. the son Henry, invaded Northumberland to the English host marched against them the holy banner of St. Cuthbert; to the ey of which was imputed the great victory to they obtained in the bloody battle of shallerton or Cutonmoor. The conquerors thallerson or Cutonmoor. The conquerors e at least as much indebted to the jealousy intractability of the different tribes who posed David's army; among whom, as nomed in the text, were the Galwegians, Britons of Strath-Clyde, the men of Teviot-and Lothian, with many Norman and man warriors, who asserted the cause of Empress Mand. See Chalmers' Caledonia, p 6:2; a most laborious, curious, and examp publication, from which considerable can of style and manner ought not to turn the Scottish antiquary,

Twas he to vindicate his reign, Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane, And turn'd the Conqueror back again.

blert, we have seen, had no great reason achiert, we have seen, had no great reason pare the Danes, when opportunity offered. Seedingly, I find, in Simeon of Dutham, that Saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, when tang in the marshes of Glastonbury, and made him assistance and victory over his then enemies; a consolation, which, as was smalle, Alfred, after the victory of Ashento, rewarded by a royal offering at the ne of the Saint. As to William the Contact and the form his army, when or the terror spread before his army, when arched to punish the revolt of the Northman in 1006, had forced the monks to fly more to Holy Island with the body of the It was, however, replaced before William the north; and, to balance accounts, the queror having intimated an indiscreet cu-ty to view the Saint's body, he was, while in et of commanding the shrine to be opened, d with heat and sickness, accompanied with h with scale and success, accompanied with he panie terror, that, notwithstanding there is a sumptious dinner prepared for him, he without earling a morsel (which the monkish with scens to have thought no small part he of the miracle and the penance), and or drew his bridle till he got to the river

33. Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame The sea-born beads that bear his name Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, ing his life, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since his death, he has acquired the reputation of forging those Entrocki which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St. Cuthbert's Beads. While at this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock, and use another as his anvil. This story was perhaps credited in former days; at least the Saint's legend contains some not more probable.

73. Old Colwulf.

Ceolwulf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning; for the venerable Bede dedicates to him his "Ecclesiastical History." He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odour of Saint as Colwulf was, however, I sanctity. Saint as Colvulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance-vault does not correspond with his character; for it is recorded among his memorabilia, that, finding the air of the island raw and cold, he indulged the monks, whose rule had hitherto confined them to milk or water, with the comfortable privilege of using wine or ale. If any rigid antiquary insists on this objection, he is welantiquary insists on this objection, he is welcome to suppose the penance-vault was intended by the founder for the more genial purposes of a cellar.

73. Tynemouth's haughty Prioress.

73. Tynemouth's haughty Prioress.

That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth is certain. Its ruins are situated on a high rocky point; and, doubtless, many a vow was made to the shrine by the distressed mariners who drove towards the iron-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was anciently a numery; for Virca, abbess of Tynemouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation of a holy lady called Tuda, who had sent him a coffin; but as in the case of Whitby, and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth in the reign of Henry VIII, is an anachronism. The numery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious. Indeed, St. Cuthbert was unlikely to permit such an establishment; for, notwithstanding his accepting the mortuary gifts above mentioned, and his carrying on a visiting acquaintance with the Abbess of Colingham, he certainly hated the whole female sex; and, in revenge of a slippery trick played. sex; and, in revenge of a slippery trick player to him by an Irish princess, he, after death inflicted severe penances on such as presume to approach within a certain distance of hi

74. On those the wall was to enclose, Alive, within the tomb.

It is well known that the religious, who broke their vows of chastity, were subjecte to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in similar case. A small niche, sufficient to en close their bodies, was made in the massivall of the convent; a slender pittance of fow and water was deposited in it; and the seek

person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me."

"If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried

"To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there

"To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death soon after." — Martin's Description of the Western Islands, 1716, 8vo, p. 300, et seq.

To these particulars innumerable examples might be added, all attested by grave and credible authors. But, in despite of evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were able to resist, the Taish, with all its visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful poem of Lochiel will at once occur to the recollection of every reader.

139. Here, for retreat in dangerous hour, Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden.

139. My sire's tall form might grace the part Of Ferragus or Ascabart.

These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, by the name of Ferrau. He was an antagonist of Orlando, and was at length slain by him in single combat.

Ascapart, or Ascabart, makes a very material figure in the History of Bevis of Hampton, by whom he was conquered. His effigies may be seen guarding one side of a gate at Southampton, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis himself.

139. Though all unask'd his birth and name.

The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would in many cases have pro-duced the discovery of some circumstance which might have excluded the guest of the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.

142. Morn's genial influence reuse strei grey.

To a late period Highland chieftains in their service the bard, as a family of

143. -– the Grame.

The ancient and powerful family of which, for metrical reasons, is bere a the Scottish pronunciation held possessions in the counties of Dumba Stirling. Few families can boast of 1 torical renown, having claim to the annals. Sir John the Græne, the fai undaunted partaker of the labours and warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortu of Falkirk, in 1298. The celebrated of Montrose, in whom De Retz saw re abstract idea of the heroes of antiq the second of these worthies. And, standing the severity of his temper, rigour with which he executed the o mandates of the princes whom he ser not hesitate to name as a third, John Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, who death in the arms of victory may be a cancel the memory of his cruelty to conformists, during the reigns of Cl and James II.

143. This harp, which erst Sain sway'd.

I am not prepared to show that Sai was a performer on the harp. It was, no unsaintly accomplishment: for Si stan certainly did play upon that in which retaining, as was natural, a j the sanctity attached to its master's announced future events by its sp sound.

143. Ere Douglasses, to ruin drive Were exiled from their nation

The downfall of the Douglasses of of Angus during the reign of James event alluded to in the text.

144. In Holy-Rood a knight he sle

This was by no means an uncommorence in the Court of Scotland: nay sence of the sovereign himself scarcely r the ferocious and inveterate fends wi the perpetual source of bloodshed as Scottish nobility. The murder of Sir Stuart of Ochiltree, called The Blood, celebrated Francis, Earl of Bothwell, named among many. See Johnstoni. Rerum Britannicarum, ab anno annum 1628. Amstelodami, 1655, fol

144. The Douglas, like a stricken de Disown'd by every noble peer.

The exiled state of this powerful race exaggerated in this and subsequent p.
The hatred of James against the race of I
was so inveterate, that numerous as the ch wan down to his shoulders; ead was bald and bare. He a man of two-and-fifty years, pikestaff in his hand, and came mong the lords, crying and speir-king, saying, he desired to speak hile, at the last, he came where sitting in the desk at his prayers; aw the king, he made him little alutation, but leaned down groff-ak before him, and said to him in a after follows:- 'Sir King, my ent me to you, desiring you not time, where thou art purposed; s, thou wilt not fare well in thy none that passeth with thee. counsel, nor let them touch thy a theirs; for if thou do it, thou nded and brought to shame.'
an had spoken thir words unto the he evening-song was near done,

paused on their words, studying in answer; but, in the meantine, ig's eyes, and in the presence of nat were about him for the time, shed away, and could no ways be rehended, but vanished away as a blink of the sun, or a whip of and could no more be seen. I David Lindesay Lyon-herauld, is the marshal, who were, at that as the marshal, who were a that nem, and special servants to the were standing presently beside thought to have laid hands on they might have speired further But all for nought; they could for he vanished away betwixt no more seen."

W-buck bells.

of an opportunity to describe the atter has been sanctified by the otrish metrical translation of the seems to be an abbreviation of sylvan sound conveyed great r ancestors, chiefly, I suppose, on A gentle knight in the reign II. Sir Thomas Wortley, budt ge, in Wancliffe Forest, for the a ancient inscription testifies) of

w his father's overthrow.

on against James III. was sig-e cruel circumstance of his son's the hostile army. When the king se hostile army. When the king sanner displayed against him, and faction of his enemies, he lost the he had ever possessed, fled out of from his horse as it started at a vater-pitcher, and was slain, it is sated by whom. James IV. after sed to Stirling, and hearing the

t Asking. I Meddle.

monks of the chapel-royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. (See a following note on stanza ix, of canto v.) The battle of Sauchie-burn, in which James III. fell, was fought 18th June

95. The Borough-moor.

The Borough, or Common Moor of Edin-burgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest; and, Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest; and, in that state, was so great a nuisance, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber, which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV. mustered the array of the kingdom there, in 1513, the Berough-moor was, according to Hawthornden, "a field spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and acced oaks." by the shade of many stately and aged oaks. by the shade of many stately and aged oaks."
Upon that, and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare-Stane, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the highway leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Bruntsfield Links. The Hare-Stane probably derives its name from the British word Har, signifying an army.

— in proud Scotland's royal shield, The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

The well-known arms of Scotland. If you will believe Boethius and Buchanan, the double tressure round the shield, mentioned, counterfluer-de-lyaed or lingued and armed nauver, was first assumed by Echaius, King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated League with France; but later antiquaries make poor Eochy, or Achy, little better than a sort of King of Brentford, whom old Grig (who has also swelled into Gregorius Magnus) associated with himself in the important duty of governing some part of the portant duty of governing some part of the north-eastern coast of Scotland.

- Caledonia's Queen is changed.

The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which there was some attempt to imake defensible even so late as 1745. The gates, and the greater part of the wall, have been pulled down, in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city. My ingenious and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, proposed to celebrate Edinburgh under the epithet here borrowed. But the "Queen of the North" has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pen the proposed distinction.

99. The cloth-yard arrows.

This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England, distinguished for

archery, shafts of this extraordinary length were actually used. Thus, at the battle of Blackheath, between the troops of Henry VII. and the Cornish insurgents, in 1496, the bridge of Dartford was defended by a picked band of archers from the rebel army, "whose arrows," says Hollinshed, "were in length a full cloth yard." The Scottish, according to Ascham, had a proverb, that every English archer carried under his belt twenty-four Scots, in allusion to his bundle of unerring shafts.

100. He saw the hardy burghers there March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare.

The Scottish burgesses were, like yeomen, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth £100; their armour to be of white or bright harness. They wore white hat, i.e. bright steel caps, without crest or visor. By an act of James IV. their wen pen-xhawings are appointed to be held four times a year, under the aldermen or bailiffs.

100. On foot the yeoman too Each at his back (a stender store) His forty-days' provision bore, Itis arms were halbert, axe, or spear.

Bows and quivers were in vain recommended to the peasantry of Scotland, by repeated statutes; spears and axes seem universally to have been used instead of them. Their defensive armour was the plate-jack, hauberk, or brigantine; and their missile weapons cross-bows and culverins. All wore swords of excellent temper, according to Patten; and a voluminous handkerchief round their neck, "not for cold, but for cutting." The mace also was much used in the Scottish army. The old poem on the battle of Flodden mentions a band—

"Who manfully did meet their foes, With leaden mauls, and lances long."

When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provision. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course. Almost all the Scottish forces, except a few knights, men-at-arms, and the Border-prickers, who formed excellent light cavalry, acted upon force.

101. A banquet rich, and costly wines, To Marmion and his train.

In all transactions of great or petty importance, and among whomsoever taking place, it would seem that a present of wine was a uniform and indispensable preliminary. It was not to Sir John Falstaff alone that such an introductory preface was necessary, however well judged and acceptable on the part of Mr. Brook: for Sir Ralph Sadler, while on an embassy to Scotland in 1539-40, mentions, with complacency, "the same night came Rothesay (the herald so called) to me again, and brought me wine from the King, both white and red."—Cliffera's edition, p. 304

That bound his breast in pa In memory of his father sh

Few readers need to be reminder to the weight of which James as ounces every year that he lived, founds his belief, that James was the battle of Flodden, because I never had this token of the iron I to any Scottishman. The person a of James are delineated according historians. His romantic disposition him highly torelish gaiety approachis waz, at the same time, tinged with devotion. These propensities somet a strange contrast. He was wont fits of devotion, to assume the dre form to the rules, of the order of I and when he had thus done penan time in Stirling, to plunge again it of pleasure. Probably, too, with inconsistency, he sometimes lang superstitious observances to which times subjected himself.

102. Sir Hugh the Heron's wife

It has been already noticed a stanza xiii. of canto i.) that King quaintance with Lady Heron of F commence until he marched int Our historians impute to the King passion the delays which led to the of Flodden. The author of "The of the Heron Family" endeavours able anxiety, to clear the Lady Fo scandal: that she came and wen between the armies of James an certain. See Pinkerton's Hitter authorities he refers to, vol. ii. p. 93

102. — the fair Queen of Fo Sent him a turquois ring a And charged him, as her love,

For her to break a lance; And strike three strokes and brand.

"Also the Queen of France whetter to the King of Scotland, calk love, showing him that she had sufrebuke in France for the defent honour. She believed surely that is to would raise her an army, and come of ground on English ground, for hat effect she sent him a ring of with fourteen thousand French pay his expenses." "Pittrettie, puguis ring; probably this fatal g James's sword and dagger, prese College of Heralds, London.

104. Archibald Bell-the-Cat.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of An remarkable for strength of body as

popular name of Bell-the-Cat, upon remarkable occasion: - James the whom Pitscottie complains that he ore in music and 'policies of build-in hunting, hawking, and other ises, was so ill advised as to make of his architects and musicians, of his architects and musicians, same historian irreverently terms I fiddlers. His nobility, who did thise in the King's respect for the were extremely incensed at the inferred on those persons, particularly others, a mason, who had been the off Mar; and seizing the opporting in 148s the King had convoked array of the country to march against a they held a midnight council in the Lander. for the purpose of forcibly ander, for the purpose of forcibly ad agreed on the propriety of this ord Gray told the assembly the the Mice, who had formed a resoit would be highly advantageous to unity to tie a bell round the cat's they might bear her approach at a but which public measure unfor-scarried, from no mouse being willrtake the task of fastening the bell. and the moral," said Angus, " and, we propose may not lack execution,

ninet the war had Angue stood, I chafed his royal lord.

as an old man when the war against as resolved upon. He earnestly ast that measure from its commenceon the eve of the battle of Flodden, at the King said to him, with scorn he Earl burst into tears at this ininsult, and retired accordingly, leav-George, Master of Angus, and Sir Jenbervie, to command his followers. both slain in the battle, with two arl, broken-hearted at the calamities e and his country, retired into a re-le, where he died about a year after Flodden.

stallon Hold.

of Tantallon Castle occupy a high ting into the German Ocean, about ast of North Berwick. The building and of North Berwick. The building foneignal eastle of the Douglas family, the Earl of Angus was banished, in inned to hold out against James V. went in person against it, and for its corrowed from the Castle of Dunbar, ing to the Duke of Albany, two great Thrawn-mouth'd Meg and her Mar-"two great botcards and two moyan, falcons and four quarter falcons." hastanding all this apparatus, James to raise the siege, and only after-

wards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty with the governor, Simon Panango. Earl of Angus returned from banishment, upon the death of James, he again obtained possession of Tantalion, and it actually afforded refuge to an English ambassador, under circumstances similar to those described in the text. This was no other than the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, who resided there for some time under Angus's protection, after the failure of his negotiation for matching the infant Mary with Edward VI.

105. Their motto on his blade.

A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flourishing, two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed betwist them, and the date 1329, being the year in which Bruce charged the good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land.

105. This awful summons came.

This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the apparition at Linlithgow, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV.

- Martin Swart.

A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart-moor. There were songs about him long current in England.—See Dissertation prefixed to Ritrow's Ancient Songs, 1792, p. Ixi.

107. The Cross.

The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octa-gonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch, of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battle-ment, with a turret at each corner, and medal-lions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above this rose the proper Cruss, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. This pillar is preserved in the grounds of the property of Drum, near Edinburgh.

- one of his own ancestry. Drove the Monks forth of Coventry.

This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion, in the reign of King Stephen, whom William of Newbury describes with some attributes of my fictitious hero: "Homo bellicosus, ferecia, et astacia fere multo suo tempere implar." This Baron, having expelled the monks from the church of Caventry, we not love of effectivenies the Disine interest. was not long of experiencing the Divine judg-ment, as the same monks, no doubt, termed his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester. Marmion's horse fell, as he charged in the van of his troop against a badey of the Earl's followers; the rider's thigh being, broken by the fall, his head was tat off by a common foot-soidler, ere he could receive any success. The whole story is told by William of Newbury.

At let more deep the mead did drain.

The 1ol of the heathen Danes is word still applied to Christmas in Scotland was solemined with great feasivity. The humour of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones; and Torfacus tells a long and carious story, in the history of Hroffe Kraka, of one Hottus, an inmate of the Coart of Denmark, who was so goverally assailed with these initiality, the was so goverally assailed with these initiality, the was overwhelmed, a very respectable entrenchment against those who continued the tailbery.

111. On Christmas Eve.

In Roman Catholic countries, mass is neversald at night, except on Christmas eve.

Traces of ancient mystery.

It seems certain, that the Munimerz of England, who in Northumberland at least used to packet in disguise to the neighbouring houses, searing the then useless ploughshare; and the mineral of Scotland, not yet in total dismes, so, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the England transa. In Scotland, one five tests, we were wont, during my boyhood, to take the characters of the apostless, at least of Peter, Peal, and judia Issariot; the first had the keys, the second carried a sword, and the last the in which the dole of our neighbours' plumbours and deposited. One played a champion, and recited some traditional rhymes; another

"Alexander, King of Macedon, "A congaer'd all the world but Scotland alone."

my such verses, were repeated, but a scorrectedly. There was also, the I believe, a Saint George. In all, we substitute the scorrected of the ancient which the characters of Scripture, we were and other popular personally exhibited.

a Straley worn, look pale,

Men of Feare, of the water recemble the Sonn-than the English Fairies, and, they are, if not a heart pervish, discontinuous and the second that the second tha

or in any respect interfers we This is especially in be avaided a whether as declicated to Venn Germany, this subternances nearly consected, or for a near they are more active, and prover, Some curious patrice the popular superstitions of duray be found in De. Grahar Sketchen of Porthabine.

The Journal of the friend in w Canto of the Poem is inscribe with the following account of a sition:—

"Passed the pretty little will mont (near Spaw), with the r road leads through many de a rising ground; at the extrem stands the ancient castle, re-many superstitions legends. It by the neighbouring pessant Haron of Franchemont deposit vanits of the castle, a pend ing an immense treasure in which, by some magic spell, the care of the Devil, who is satting on the chest in the shape Any one adventurous enough to is instantly seized with the pr occasion, a priest of noted pier the vault; he used all the art persuade his infernal majesty t ut in vain ; the huntsman rem At last, moved by the earnest he told him that he would as chest, if the exerciser would blood. But the priest unders and refused, as by that act he livered over his soul to the De body can discover the mystic w person who deposited the irr nounce them, the field rouse is I had many stories of a simil-peasant, who had himself seen shape of a great cat."

117. the huge and res Which went of yore, in His forman's limbs to a As wood-knife lops the s

The Earl of Angus had streng activity corresponding to his to of Kilspindie, a favourite of Jaspoken of him lightly, the Earl hawking, and, compelling him to at one blow cut assinder his killed him on the spot. But ers James's pardon for this slamply obliged to yield his castle of Bicchange for that of Bothwell, a diminution to the family greating with which he struck so remarks presented by his descendant is descendant.

of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell combat on Carberry Hill. See Intro-the Minstreley of the Scottish Border.

d hopest thou hence unscathed to

by St. Bride of Bothwell, no! -drawbridge, grooms! -what, War-der, ho!

Let the portcullis fall.

dilition of violence in the potent Earl in the most without its example in the real the house of Douglas, whose chiefessed the ferocity, with the heroic a savage state. The most curious a savage state. The most curious ccurred in the case of Maclellan, Sambay, who having, refused to ac-the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas, gentlemen and Barons of Galloway, and imprisoned by the Earl, in his in Thrieve, on the borders of Kirkhire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander areas the Second's guard, was uncle as of Bombay, and obtained from the weet letter of supplication," praying deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. Patrick arrived at the castle, he was th all the honour due to a favourite the King's household; but while he mer, the Earl, who suspected his used his prisoner to be led forth and

After dioner, Sir Patrick presented letter to the Earl, who received it affectation of reverence: "and took hand, and led him forth to the green, gentleman was lying dead, and the manner, and said, 'Sir Patrick, me a little too late; yonder is your lying, but he wants the head; take and do with it what you will.'—Sir wered again, with a sore heart, and ord, if ye have taken from him his ne upon the body as ye please; and lled for his horse, and leaped thereon; he was on horseback, he said to the s manner, 'My lord, if I live, you warded for your labours that you at this time, according to your de-

saying the Earl was highly offended, for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the spurred his horse, but he was chased wrzh ere they left him; and had it is led horse was so tried and good, a taken."—Pitscottie's History, p. 39-

etter forged! - Saint Jude to speed! from knight so foul a doed!

reader should partake of the Earl's at, and consider the crime as inconthe manners of the period, I have im of the numerous forgeries (partly y a female assistant) devised by artois, to forward his suit against the latilda; which, being detected, occa-flight into England, and proved the se of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was ex-pressly hired by Edward VI. to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs.

120. Twisel Bridge.

On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's head-quarters were at Barmoor Wood, and King James held an in-accessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the armies. the morning of the 9th September 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel Bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with these natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James's forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Pitacottie puts in his mouth, "that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field," and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

121. Hence might they see the full array Of either host, for deadly fray.

The reader cannot here expect a full account The reader cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden; but, so far as is necessary to understand the romance. I beg to remind him, that, when the English army, by their skilful countermarch, were fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight; and, setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the neighbouring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built. Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing each other, when, according to the old poem of "Flodden Field."

"The English line stretch'd cast and west, And southward were their faces set; The Scottish northward proudly prest, And manfully their foes they met."

The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the Admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the Knight-Marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's hattallon was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person; the left

wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire, and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacre, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve. When the smoke, which the wind had driven between the armies, was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill in a similar order of battle, and in deep silence. The Earls of Huntly and and in deep silence. of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund's banner was beaten right wing. Sir Edmund's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The Admiral, however, stood firm; and Dacre advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, probably between the interval of the divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly Borderes, began to pillage the baggage of both armies; and their leader is branded by the Scottish historians with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntly, on whom they bestow many encomiums, is said by the English historians to have left the field after the first Meanwhile the Admiral, whose flank charge. these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish against another large division of the Scientist army in his front, headed by the Earls of Craw-ford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed. On the left, the success of the English was yet more decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the swere execution of the Lancahire archers. The King and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were mean-while engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his king-dom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory, and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James's division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces; for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder, before dawn. They lost, perhaps, from eight to ten thousand men; but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarce a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the van-quished, but they were of inferior note.

121. — Brian Tunstall, stainlen leigt. Single of the time. Tunstall the Undel, was one of the few Englishmen of rais case Flodden. He figures in the ancient feath poem, to which I may safely refer my raise as an edition, with full explanatory roses in been published by my friend Mr. Henry Weit Tunstall, perhaps, derived his epithed on the latter bearing a white cock, about to come a well as from his unstained loyalty and kniest faith. His place of residence was I and

125, Reckless of life, he desperate (nije).
And fell on Flodden plans:
And well in death his trusty band.
Firm clenckfu within his many had.
Bescem'd the Monarch slain.

There can be no doubt that King James & in the battle of Flodden. He was killed say the curious French Gazette, within a hazi length of the Earl of Surrey; and the same account adds, that none of his divisus wer made prisoners, though many were killed a circumstance that testifies the deserment of their resistance. The Scottish histories record many of the idle reports which passed at the the vulgar of their day. Home was access by the popular voice, not only of fairs t support the King, but even of having carne him out of the field, and murdered him. And this tale was revived in my renembrana. an unauthenticated story of a skelet c. wa.sei in a bull's hide, and surrounded with at at chain, said to have been found in the we Home Castle; for which, on inquiry, 1 c =: never find any better authority than the sere of the parish having said, that, if the month cleaned out, he would not, e surprise at ma-a discovery. Home was the chamles at the King, and his prime favourite; he had much to lose (in fact did lose all in one quence of James's death, and nothing early to gain by that event: but the retreat en-activity of the left wing which he commands after defeating Sir Edmund Howard, and emthe circumstance of his returning unbart, 20 loaded with spoil, from so fatal a conflict redered the propagation of any calumny at #1 him easy and acceptable. Other repers goest still more romantic turn to the King's fate. 43 averred that James, weary of greatnessis the carnage among his nobles, had some of pilgrimage, to merit absolution for the death t his father, and the breach of his outh of and to Henry. In particular, it was objected to the English that they could never show the ties of the iron belt; which, however, he was lift enough to have laid aside on the day of bath. as encumbering his personal exertions. Populate a better evidence, the minimals and and dagger, which are still preserved a the Heralds' College in London. Stone has re rieralds' College in London. Stoke his re-corded a degrading story of the disgree with which the remains of the unfortunate rate:

ed in his time. An unhewn column spot where James fell, still called the

a fair cathedral storm'd and took.

rm of Lichfield Cathedral, which had isoned on the part of the King, took he Great Civil War. Lord Brook, Sir John Gill, commanded the as-

sailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the vizor of his helmet. The Royalists remarked that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's cathedral, and upon St. Chad's day, and received his death-wound in the very eye with which he had said he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this and other occasions; the principal spire being ruined by the fire of the besiegers.

NOTES TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

the heights of Uam-Var, and roused the cavern, where, 'tiz told, giant made his den of old.

as the name is pronounced, or more aighnor, is a mountain to the north-e village of Callander in Menteith, a name, which signifies the great den, from a sort of retreat among the the south side, said, by tradition, to the abode of a giant. In latter as the refuge of robbers and banditti, been only extirpated within these ifty years. Strictly speaking, this is not a cave, as the name would a sort of small enclosure, or recess, d with large rocks, and open above

o dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed. match'd for courage, breath, and speed

open, ounds which we call Saint Hubert's ecommonly all blacke, yet neuertheace is so mingled at these days, that hem of all colours. These are the bleb the abbots of St Hubert haue the some of their race or kind, in remembrance of the saint, which was rith St Eustace. Whereupon we may that the way that the parace of Gold all good bat flow he grace of Gold all good bat flow he gold all good bat flow he gold all gold bat flow he gold hat (by the grace of God) all good shall follow them into paradise."-Art of Venerie or Hunting, trans-collected for the Use of all Noblemen comen. Land. 1611. 4to, p. 15.

r the death-wound and death-hallos ister'd his breath, his whinyard

ne atag turned to bay, the ancient is the perilous task of going in upon, g or disabling the desperae animal. times of the year this was held parangerous, a wound received from a t being then deemed poisonous, and serous than one from the tusks of a e old rhyme testifies-

be hart with hart, it brings thee to

er's hand will boar's hurt heal, therere thou need'st not fear.

At all times, however, the task was dangerous, and to be adventured upon wisely and warily, either by getting behind the stag while he was gazing on the hounds, or by watching an opportunity to gallop roundly in upon him, and kill him with the sword.

136. And now to issue from the glen, No pathway meets the wanderer's ken, Unless he climb, with footing nice, A far-projecting precipice.

Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stances, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of

136. To meet with Highland plunderers here,

Were worse than loss of steed or deer.

The class who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their Lowland neigh-

138. A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye intent Was on the vizion'd future hent.

If force of evidence could authorize us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the Second-sight. It is called in Gaelic Trainhitannugh, from Taish, an unreal or shadowy appearance; and those pos-sessed of the faculty are called Taishatrie, which may be aptly translated visionaries Martin, a stendy believer in the second-sight, gives the following account of it :-

"The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object without any seeing an otherwise invisible object without any previous means used by the person that used it for that end: the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they meither see nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object that was represented to them.

"At the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the

ters in the errors, and the eves continue start, or threshold twitten. This is obvious to the control of when the persons harmen are y when the persons happen is a to servation, and to others that were

•. • . .

with the controls seen studing at a man's left can be to see a superfit to the walke has wite, a superfit to the control to th

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The content of the time of one's string of one's string of our resign of that person's liath with late. The forms District Properties of the or late of late of the or late of late of late of the or late of late of

Is those part infars humanerable examples out of a field, adjusted filly at we and the file and attested filly at we and the file activities. If it is despite of evolution with a fill is now were at a resistance of a fill and a fill is now many affects the fill on with a fill as was many year research or requirement of sees mery programmed for the University of the con-cept of the conflict of the con-traction of the conflict of the con-traction of the contract of the con-

More the exploit in daugerous house, the control of a substitute of the control o

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Mos of Tepo V Common Stephalothe part of Economic of Associate

Processors of Angel angle ling manifold. The first would be understood in its false by the manifold of the processor of Angel by the transport of the second at the first of Orlands and was at length shands from mongle combat. As more, it As about, the Hardy of Basse of Hardy than by we have was compared. His efficient may be seen granding one side of a gate at Sauthampton which the other is occupied by Sir Basses.

the while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis h. ..-ei:

133 Through all unashid his lively and name.

If High riles, who come I hospitality to provide a consistent of the consistence of the consis The state of the s

142. Morn's genial influence i stree grey.

To a late period Highland chief in their service the bard, as a fac-

143. -- the Grame.

The ancient and powerful far, which, for metrical reasons is b t e Scottoh promuciation his sessions in the cunter of D t seesing in the changes of string. Few families can lead throat removal, having call it took remarkable. Changes in annals. Sir John the Greene ii initials for John included in the Lander of the latest warfare of Walmace, fell by the collection of Falcitick in reach. The early of Morrison, links on I electic district indicate of the lates with special of these with several of the second of these with several of the second of these with several of the second of these with several or the second of the second or the second of the second or the second of the second or the se standing the severity of his terig our with which he exe utel man lates of the princes when not besitate to more us with the Coverbouse, Viscourt of Lorde Cathon the arms of vot reventy con of the ment by this ora-e of mists, during the regisand James II.

143 This harp, which can struy'd.

I om to prepare by shorth, was a performer or the love of the most of the love of the article of the love of the l who hiretarians, as we are total tree sanctive are able to be reasonable. attrovinced future events by a s and.

143. Ere Penglisser, to mit Were exited from the

The downfall of the Douglays of Anglis change the reach event alloyed to in the fext.

144. In Holy-Rood a knight i

This was I vino means an uri ren e in the Court of Sc tlan. ince of thes weringn himself su the feroclaus and inveterate fethe respectful source of 1. di-Sourish redship. The nor of Smart of Orbitree, colled 174 cele rated Francis, Earl of B nymed aming menv See ? R vam Pritivna iram, da annum 1923. Amstells hima 113

144 The Diversity, like a cres Discould by every note.

The exiled state of this power exagginated in this arther of The hatre tof James against the was so investitate, that numeral lisregarded as the regal authority been in similar cases, their nearest in the most remote parts of Scotot entertain them, unless under the closest disguise.

- Maronnan's cell.

h of Kılmaronock, at the eastern [Loch Lomond, derives its name trhapel, dedicated to Saint Maroamock, or Maroman, about whose filtle is now remembered. There devoted to him in the same parish; res, like the merits jof its patron, not oblivion.

- Bracklinn's thundering wave.

autiful easeade made by a mountain ed the Keltie, at the Bridge of bout a mile from the village of Calenteith.

Tine-man forged by fairy love.

the third Earl of Douglas, was so in all his enterprises, that he epithet of Tine-MAN, because he t, his followers in every battle which

self-unscabbarded, foreshow footstep of a secret foe.

ent warriors, whose bope and conod chiefly in their blades, were acdeduce omens from them, especially were supposed to have been fabrinchanted skill, of which we have soes in the romances and legends

we thrilling sounds that call the might Vid Clan Alpine to the fight.

oisseurs in pipe-music affect to disvell-composed pibroch, the imitative arch, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all it of a heady fight."

erigh Vich Alpine dhu, hot ieroe!

his ordinary name and surname, chiefly used in the intercourse with dis, every Highland chief had an ressive of his patriarchal dignity as clan, and which was common to all usors and successors, as Pharaoh to f Egypt, or Arsaces to those of his name was usually a patronymic, of his descent from the founder of Thus the Duke of Argyle is called More, or the son of Colin the Great.

t while the Fiery Cross glanced, tike a meteor, round.

chieftain designed to summon his any sudden or important emergency, out, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the Fiery Cross, also Cross Tarigh, or the Cross of Shame, because disobednence to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accontements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear, suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745-6, the Fiery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, to three hours.

153. That monk, of savage form and face.

The state of religion in the middle ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship, to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain, Friar Tuck.

153. Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.

The legend which follows is not of the author's invention. It is possible he may differ from modern critics, in supposing that the records of human superstition, if peculiar to, and characteristic of, the country in which the scene is laid, are a legitimate subject of poetry. He gives, however, a ready assent to the narrower proposition which condemns all attempts of an irregular and disordered fancy to excite terror, by accumulating a train of fantastic and incoherent horrors, thether borrowed from all countries, and prened upon a narrative belonging to one which knew them not, or derived from the author's own imagination. In the present case, therefore, I appeal to the record which I have transcribed, with the variation of a very few words, from the geographical collections made by the Laird of Macfarlane. I know not whether it be necessary to remark, that the miscellaneous concourse of youths and maidens on the night and on the spot where the miracle is said to have taken place, might, even in a credulous age, have somewhat diminished the wonder which accompanied the conception of Gilli-Doir-Magrevolitics.

"There is bot two myles from Inverloghie, the church of Kilmalee, in Lochyeld. ancient tymes there was ane church builded upon ane hill, which was above this church, which doeth now stand in this toune; and ancient men doeth say, that there was a battell foughten on ane little hill not the tenth part of a myle from this church, be certaine men which they did not know what they were. And long tyme thereafter, certaine herds of that toune, and of the next toune, called Unnatt, both wenches and youthes, did on a tyme conveen with others on that hill; and the day being somewhat cold, did gather the bones of the dead men that were slayne long tyme before in that place, and did make a fire to warm them. At last they did all remove from the fire, except one maid or weach, which was verie cold, and she did remaine there for a space. She being quyetlie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her cloaths above her knees, or thereby, to warm her; a wind did come and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of ane man-chyld. Several tymes thereafter she was verie sick, and at last she was knowne to be with chyld. And then her parents did ask at her the matter heiroff, which the wench could not weel answer which way to satisfie them. At last she resolved them with ane answer. As fortune fell upon her concerning this marvellous miracle, the chyld being cerning this marvellous miracie, in cripia neing borne, his name was called Gili-doir Maghre-vollich, that is to say, the Black Child, Son to the Bones. So called, his grandfather sent him to school, and so he was a good schollar and godlie. He did build this church which has been stood in the bound and Bodlie He did build this church which has been stood in tableath and Bladed Kilmalie." doeth now stand in Lochyeld, called Kilmalie." - Macfarlane, ut supra, ii. 158.

153. Yet ne'er again to braid her hair The virgin sneed did Alize wear.

The snood, or riband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the curch, toy, or coif, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the curch. In old Scottish songs there eccur many sly allusions to such misfortune; as in the old words to the popular tune of "Ower the muir amang the heather."

"Down amang the broom, the broom, Down amang the broom, my dearie, The lassic lost her silken smood That gard her greet till she was wearie"

154. The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream.

Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a totelar, or rather a domestic spirit, attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated, by its wailings, any approaching disaster. A superstition

of the same kind is, I believe, university acceived by the inferior ranks of the native less

154. Sounds, too had come in midnight hat. Of charging steeds carrering fast Along Benharrow's shingly side, Where mortal horseman neer migh ride

A presage of the kind alluded to in the text is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of M'Lean of Leibuy. The spirit of an ancestor slam in back is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and the to ride thrice around the family residence, rigging his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity.

155. ——— the dun deer s hide On fleeter foot was never tied.

The present brogue of the Highlanden's made of half-dried leather, with hales to size and let out the water; for walking the sun dry-shod is a matter altogether out of the quotion. The ancient buskin was still ruder, he is made of undressed deer's hide, with the lar outwards; a circumstance which proceed it Highlanders the well-known epithet of Killshander.

156. The dismal coronach.

The Coronach of the Highlanders, like the Clalatus of the Roynans, and the United the Irish, was a wild expression of laneautica, poured forth by the mourners over the beyon a departed friend. When the words of a were articulate, they expressed the praises of the decensed, and the loss the clan would asstir by his death.

158. Not faster o'er thy heathery fram. Balquhidder, speeds the misnight dix

It may be necessary to inform the souther reader, that the heath on the Scottish aschands is often set fire to, that the sheep at have the advantage of the young herbage [rduced, in room of the tough old heather plass. This custom iexecrated by sportsuren preferred occasionally the most beautiful notemal appearances, similar almost to the dischare the volcano. This simile is not new to port. The charge of a warrior, in the fine balled of Hardyknute, is said to be "like fire to beather set."

159. Ry many a bard in Celtic tongue, Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung

This is a very steep and most romantic holes in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the south-eastern extremity of Loch Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and meshadowed with birch-trees, mingled with oslethe spontaneous production of the mountaeven where its cliffs appear denuded of sol-

161. The Taghairm called; by which, sist. Our sires foresaw the events of war.

The Highlanders, like all rude people. had various superstitious modes of inquinng into

One of the most noted was the Tagentioned in the text. A person was up in the skin of a newly-slain buldeposited beside a waterfall, or at u of a precipice, or in some other ild, and unusual situation, where the round him suggested nothing but obarror. In this situation, he revolved id the question proposed; and whatimpressed upon him by his exalted in, passed for the inspiration of the ed spirits, who haunt the desolate re-

– that huge cliff, whose ample verge adition calls the Hero's Targe.

a a rock so named in the Forest of , by which a tumultuary cataract course. This wild place is said in es to have afforded refuge to an outwas supplied with provisions by a ho lowered them down from the brink ipice above. His water he procured f, by letting down a flagon tied to a o the black pool beneath the fall.

hich spills the foremost forman's life, at party conquers in the strife.

this be in the text described as a rethe Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide,
self an augury frequently attended to.
If the battle was often anticipated in
aution of the combatants, by observing
ty first shed blood. It is said that
anders under Montrose were so deeply
th this notion, that, on the morning
the of Tippermoor, they murdered a
s herdsman, whom they found in the
rely to secure an advantage of so
equence to their party.

hy sounds you stroke on beech and oak, fur moonlight circle's screen? who comes here to chase the deer, lelowed of our Elfin Queen?

If not positively malevolent, are cand easily offended. Like other proforests, they are peculiarly jealous of s of seri and venuen. This jealousy a attribute of the northern Divergar, to many of whose distinctions the a to have succeeded, if, indeed, they same class of beings.

- toho may dare on wold to wear e fairies' fatal greent

Duaine Shi' or Men of Peace, wore is, they were supposed to take offence mortals ventured to assume their faur. Indeed, from some reason which exhaps, originally a general superstits held in Scotland to be ualucky to tribes and counties. The Cathiness old this belief, allege as a reason, that a wore that colour when they were the battle of Flodden; and for the methey avoid crossing the Ord on a

Monday, being the day of the week on which their ill-omened array set forth. Green is also disliked by those of the name of Ogilvy; but more especially is it held fatal to the whole clan of Grahame. It is remembered of an aged gentleman of that name, that when his horse fell in a fox-chase, he accounted for it at once by observing, that the whipcord attached to his lash was of this unlucky colour.

164. For thou wert christen'd man.

The elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction. Tamlane, in the old ballad, describes his own rank in the fairy procession:—

"For I ride on a milk-white steed,

"For I ride on a milk-white steed, And aye nearest the town; Because I was a christen'd knight, They gave me that renown."

163. Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when, The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain t

St. John actually used this illustration when engaged in confuting the plea of law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Strafford: "It was true, we gave laws to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either crueity or foul play to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey. In a word, the law and humanity were alike; the one being more fallacious, and the other more barbarous, than in any age had been vented in such an authority."—Clavendon's History of the Rebellion. Oxford, 1702, fol. vol. p. 183.

170. _____ his Highland cheer, The harden'd flesh of mountain-deer.

The Scottish Highlanders in former times had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, which appears greatly to have surprised the French whom chance made acquainted with it. The Vidame of Charters, when a hostage in England, during the reign of Edward VI., was permitted to the remote Highlands (an fin fond des Sauvages). After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw these Scottish Sauvages devour a part of their venison raw, without any farther preparation than compressing it between two hatons of wood, so as to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard. This they reckened a great delicacy; and when the Vidame partook of it, his compliance with their taste rendered him extremely popular.

172. Not then claim'd sovereignty his due While Albany, with feeble hand, Held borrow d to uncheon of command.

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed.

173. I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy.

174. On Bochastle the mouldering lines, Where Rome, the Empress of the world, Of yore her eagle-wings unfured.

The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence, called the *Dun* of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments, which have been thought Roman. There is, adjacent to Callander, a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairfoul, entitled the Roman Camp.

174. See, here, all vantageless I stand, Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand

The duellists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilios respecting equality of arms, which are now judged essential to fair combat. It is true, that in former combats in the lists, the parties were, by the judges of the field, put as nearly as possible in the same circumstances. But in private duel it was often otherwise.

174. Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu, That on the field his targe he threw.

A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops, they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broad-sword against the encumbered soldlier. In the civil war of 1745, most of the front rank of the clans were thus armed: and Captain Grove informs us, that, in 1747, the privates of the 42d regiment, then in Flanders, were, for the most part, permitted to carry targets.—Military Antiquities, vol. i. p. 164.

176. The burghers hold their sports to-day.

Every burgh of Scotland, of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn play, or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the

period. Stirling, a usual place of royal redence, was not likely to be deficient in pay upon such occasions, especially since James' was very partial to them. His ready partic pation in these popular amusements was a cause of his acquiring the title of King of h Commons, or Kex Tlebeiorum, as Lesty in latinized it. The usual prize to the best show was a silver arrow. Such a one is preserved. Selkirk and at Peebles.

177. Robin Hood.

The exhibition of this renowned onlaw as his band was a favourite frolic at such fewin as we are describing. This sporting, in whi kings did not disdain to be actors, was gribited in Scotland upon the Reformation his statute of the 6th Parliament of Queen Mar c. 6t, A.D. 1555, which ordered, made hem penalties, that "na manner of person be cheek Robert Hude, nor Little John, Abbot of Ureason, Queen of May, nor otherwise." But 1561, the "rascal multitude," says John Kon "were stirred up to make a Robin Hude, while incomity was of many years left and dazaed hatatute and act of Parliament; yet would be into the forbidden." Accordingly, they raisely very serious tumult, and at length mad prisoners the magistrates who endeavourd by suppress it, and would not release then they extorted a formal promise that no on should be punished for his share of the describance. It would seem, from the complains I the General Assembly of the Kirk, that thes profane festivities were continued down to 152

177. Prize of the wrestling match, the Ken, To Douglas gave a golden ring

The usual prize of a wrestling was a rate of a ring, but the animal would have embarased my story. Thus, in the Cokes Tale of Gameya ascribed to Chancer:

"There happed to be there beside Tryed a wrestling: And therefore there was y-setten A ram and als a ring."

181. These drew not for their field M sword, Like lenants of a foudul lord, Nor crowd the patriarchal claim Of Chieftain in their leader's name; Adventurers they—

The Scottish armies consisted chiefy of be nobility and barons, with their vasasis, who had lands under them, for military service by themselves and their tenants. The patriach influence exercised by the heads of class at the Highlands and Ilorders was of a different nature, and sometimes at variance with feeds principles. It flowed from the Patria I steads, exercised by the chieftain as representing the original father of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradiction to the featismsperior.

hast glee-maiden and harp! mape, and trudge the land, r of a juggler hand.

or jugglers, used to call in the sistants, to render these perpitivating as possible. The a necessary attendant. Her g and dancing; and therefore ersion of Saint Mari's Gospel to have vaulted or tumbled of

ring air that peals on high, tid's race our victory.—

al instances, at least in tradiomen attached to particular to hear them on their deathneedote is mentioned by the Glenriddel, in his collection respecting an air called the Bairus," for which a certain is said to have evinced this ritality. It is popularly told coter, that he composed the the name of Macpherson's let sentence of death, and gallows-tree. Some spiriteddapted to it by Burns. A counted of a Welsh hard, who yed on his death-bed the air arrang Wen.

Beat' an Duine.

ally took place at a pass thus osachs, and closed with the at mentioned in the text. It rior in date to the reign of 189. And Sumuloun's Knight is Scotland's King.

This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian take of 11 New-docess. Vet the incident is not become from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition than elegant story, but from Scottish traditions that elegant story, but from Scottish traditions of the story of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romance freshs venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and mana oppersed class of his subjects, he-was, as we have seen, popularly termed the King of the Common. For the purpose of accump that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justificable motive of galaxary, he used to traverse the vicinage of his overal palaces in various diagnises. The two excellent confet songs, entitled, "the Gaberhunie man," and "We'll gae nae mair a roving," are said to have been founded upon the success of his amerous adventures when travelling in the diagnise of a beggar. The latter is perhaps the best comic hallad in any language.

190. — Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdown claims.

William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdoun. Sir David Lindsay bestows the same epithet upon it in his complaint of the Papingo:—

"Adieu, fair Snawdonn, with thy towers high, Thy chaple-royal, park, and table round; May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee, Were I a man, to hear the birds sound, Whilk doth againe thy royal sock rebound."

OTES TO THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

raeth's glenz with voice of mph rung, ic Merlin harp'd, and gray-'d Llywarch sung!

y startle those readers who at much of the ancient poetry a refers less to the history of to which that name is now enis which happened in the and, and south-west of Scot-ritons for a long time made a Saxona. The battle of Carty the celebrated Ancurin, is carned Dr. Leyden, to have skirts of Ettrick Forest. It foglish reader by the paragonning.

torrent's might, rage and wild affright," &c.

11ft. - Minchmore's hannied spring.

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the vulgar in Selkirkshire. A copious fountain upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Cheesewell, is supposed to be sacred to these fauciful spirits, and it was customary to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it. A pin was the usual oblation; and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than earnest.

195. — the rude villager, his labour done, In verse spontaneous chants some favour'd name.

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveliness of their genius, renders these countries distinguished for the talent of improvination, which is found

even among the lowest of the people. It is mentioned by Baretti and other travellers.

106. - kindling at the deeds of Græme.

I have used the freedom, here and elsewhere, to alter the orthography of the name of my gallant countryman, in order to apprize the Southern reader of its legitimate sound:—Grahame being, on the other side of the Tweed, usually pronounced as a dissyllable.

198. What! will Don Roderick here till
morning stay,
To wear in shrift and prayer the night
away?
And are his hours in such dull
penance past
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms
to pay.

Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors, Caba or Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonour of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Christian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the Caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik; the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors.

201. The Techir war-cry and the Lelie's yell.

The Techir (derived from the words Alla acbar, God is most mighty) was the original war-cry of the Saracens. It is celebrated by Hughes in the Siege of Damascus:

"We heard the Tecbir; so these Arabs call Their shout of onset, when with loud appeal They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest."

The Lelie, well known to the Christians during the crusades, is the shout of Alla illa Alla, the Mahommedan confession of faith. It is twice used in poetry by my friend Mr. W. Stewart Rose, in the romance of Partenopex, and in the Crusade of St. Lewis.

202. By Heaven, the Moors prevail! the
Christians yield!—
Their convard leader gives for flight
the sign!
The sceptred craven mounts to quit the
field—
Is not yon sleed Orelia?—Yes, 'tis
mine!

Count Julian, the father of the injured Florinda, with the connivance and assistance of Oppas, Archbishop of Toledo, invited, in 713,

the Saracens into Spain. A considera arrived under the command of Tark, who bequeathed the well-known Gibraltar (Gibbl al Tarik, or the of Tarik,) to the place of his landing, joined by Count Julian, ravaged l and took Seville. In 714, they return a still greater force, and Roderick into Andalusia at the head of a grea give them battle. The field was chakers.

204. When for the light bolero ra The mozo blithe, with geg met.

The bolero is a very light and act much practised by the Spaniards, castenets are always used. Moss ch cha are equivalent to our phrase lass.

206. While trumpets rang, an cried "Castile!"

The heralds, at the coronation of monarch, proclaim his name three repeat three times the word "Castilla!" which, with all other was carefully copied in the mock is of Joseph Bonaparte.

207. High blazed the war, and far, and wide.

Those who were disposed to I mere virtue and energy are able o to work forth the salvation of a people, surprised in a moment of deprived of their officers, armies, ar who had every means of resistanc the very moment when they were use of, and whom the numerous tre the higher orders deprived of confic natural leaders,-those who enter enthusiastic but delusive opinion doned for expressing their disap-the protracted warfare in the Peni are, however, another class of p having themselves the highest dre tion, or something allied to both, I of the modern Attila, will neverthe heroical Spaniards little or no clong, stubborn, and unsubdued three years to a power before former well-prepared, well-armed rous adversaries fell in the course months. While these gentleme deference to Bonaparte, and crave "Respect for his great place, and

Be duly honour'd for his burning to it may not be altogether unreason, some modification of censure upon have been long and to a great exfully resisting this great enemy. That the energy of Spain has no been directed by conduct equal to has been too obvious; that her a their complicated disadvantages, such as were defeated after taking the every possible advantage of arms ine, is surely not to be wondered at a nation, under the circumstances discomfiture, internal treason, and agement incident to a temporary adopted government, should have its stubborn, uniform, and prolonged myriads after myriads of those o had overrun the world—that some cess should, like Galicia, after being by their allies, and overrun by their steed exertions; that others, like undismayed by the treason which me fortresses, and the force which me fortresses, and the force which me fortresses, and the force which mers, should not only have continued ance, but have attained over their nemy a superiority, which is even at them to besiege and retake the ength which had been wrested from tale hitherto untold in the revolu-

To say that such a people cannot, would be presumption similar to ewho protested that Spain could herself for a year, or Portugal for at that a resistance which has been for so long a space, when the cept during the short-lived Austrian had no other enemies on the Contide to now less successful, when resats have broken the reputation of armies, and when they are likely (it almost in desperation) to seek occurabere, is a prophecy as improbable in the second of the continuous control of the control

y won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.

esting account of Mr. Vaughan has readers acquainted with the first ragoza.* The last and fatal siege ant and devoted city is detailed with ence and precision in the "Edinual Register" for 1809—a work in affairs of Spain have been treated ention corresponding to their deep d to the peculiar sources of inform to the historian. The following rief extracts from this splendid histories.

th was soon made in the mud walls, w in the former siege, the war was in the streets and houses; but the been taught by experience, that in of warfare the Zaragosans derived by from the feeling and principle red them, and the cause for which. The only means of conquering as to destroy it house by house, and reet; and upon this system of de-

charles Vaughan, Esq. 1809. The courable R. C. Vaughan is now sh Minister at Washington.

struction they proceeded. Three companies of miners, and eight companies of sappers, carried on this subterraneous war; the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by countermines; these were operations to which they were wholly unused, and, according to the French statement, their miners were every day discovered and suffocated. Meantime, the bombardment was incessantly kept up. 'Within the last 48 hours,' said Palafox in a letter to his friend General Doyle, '6,000 shells have been thrown in. Two-thirds of the town are in ruins, but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third rather than surrender.' In the course of the siege, above 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town; the stock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was exhausted; they had none at last but what they manufactured day by day; and no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy."

In the midst of these horrors and privations, the pestilence broke out in Zaragoza. To various causes, enumerated by the annalist, he adds, "Scantiness of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body, anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest, in a city which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines. There was now no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza; by day it was involved in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke, which hid the face of heaven; by night the fire of cannons and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of terrific illumination.

illumination.

"When once the pestilence had begun, it was impossible to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. Hospitals were immediately established,—there were above thirty of them; as soon as one was destroyed by the hombardment, the patients were removed to another, and thus the infection was carried to every part of Zaragoza. Famine aggravated the evil; the city had probably not been sufficiently provided at the commencement of the siege, and of the provisions which it contained, much was destroyed in the daily ruin which the mines and bombs effected. Had the Zaragozans and their garrison proceeded according to military rules, they would have surrendered before the end of January; their batteries had then been demolished, there were open breaches in many parts of their weak walls, and the sentent were already within the city. On the 30th, about sixty houses were blown up, and the French obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Las Monicas, which adjoined each other, two of the last defensible places left. The enemy forced their way into the church; every column, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defense

which was repeatedly attacked, taken, and retaken; the pavement was covered with blood, the aisles and body of the church strewed with the dead, who were trampled under foot by the combatants. In the midst of this conflict, the roof, shattered by repeated bombs, fell in; the few who were not crushed, after a short pause, which this tremendous shock, and their own unexpected escape, occasioned, renewed the fight with rekindled fury; fresh parties of the enemy poured in; monks, and citizens, and soldiers came to the defence, and the contest was continued upon the ruins, and the bodies of the dead and the dying."

Yet, seventeen days after sustaining these extremities, did the heroic inhabitants of Zaragoza continue their defence; nor did they then surrender until their despair had extracted from the French generals a capitulation, more honourable than has been granted to fortresses of the first order.

Who shall venture to refuse the Zaragozans the eulogium conferred upon them by the eloquence of Wordsworth!—" Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth, -yet consolatory and full of joy,—that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played: the chambers where the family of each man has slept (his own or his neighbours); upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the market-lace: before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or

uprooted.

"The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects everywhere, but a leading mind, such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has been proved; for Zaragoza contained, at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of these two sieges should be the manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon."—Wordsworth on the Convention of Cintra.

210. The Vault of Destiny.

Before finally dismissing the enchanted cavern of Don Roderick, it may be noticed, that the legend occurs in one of Calderon's plays, entitled La Virgin del Sagrario. The scene opens with the noise of the chase, and Recisundo, a predecessor of Roderick upon the Gothic throne, enters pursuing a stag. The animal assumes the form of a man, and defies the king to enter the cave, which forms the

bottom of the scene, and engage wisingle combat. The king accepts the and they engage accordingly, but we wantage on either side, which induces to inform Recisundo, that he is not arch for whom the adventure of the cavern is reserved, and he proceeds the downfall of the Gothic meand the Christian religion, which shall a discovery of its mysteries. Recisund by these prophecies, orders the cavecured by a gate and boths of into second part of the same play, we are that Don Roderick had removed a and transgressed the prohibition of he and had been apprised by the prodient of the same play, we are that Don Roderick had removed a land transgressed the prohibition of he discovered of the approaching religion.

211. While downward on the landpress,
Before them it was rick with flock,
And smiled like Eden in he dress;—
Behind their wasteful march,
wilderness.

I have ventured to apply to the I of the French army that sublime pas prophecies of Joel, which seems ap them in more respects than that I had in the text. One would think the their military appointments, the to they spread among invaded nations, tary discipline, their arts of politic and deceit, were distinctly pointed following verses of Scripture:—

"2. A day of darknesse and of gl a day of clouds and of thick darket morning spread upon the mountain people and a strong, there hath not the like, neither shall be any more at to the yeares of many generations devoureth before them, and behin flame burneth: the land is as the Eden before them, and behinde them wilderness, yea, and nothing shall es The appearance of them is as the: of horses and as horsemen, so shall 5. Like the noise of chariots on t mountains, shall they leap, like the flame of fire that devoureth the strong people set in battel array. their face shall the people be much! faces shall gather blacknesse. 7. run like mighty men, they shall chi like men of warre, and they shall m one in his wayes, and they shall not ranks. 8. Neither shall one thrus they shall walk every one in his path they fall upon the sword, they st wounded. 9 They shall run to an citie; they shall run upon the wall, climbe up upon the houses; they she at the windows like a thief. To. The quake before them, the heavens sha unne and the moon shall be dark, and the

e 20th also, which announces the reerse and also, which announces the reoff the northern army, described in such
ful colours, into a "land barren and de"and the dishonour with which God
ed them for having "magnified themselves
great things," there are particulars not
ticable to the retreat of Massena;—Divine
cheme having, in all ages, attached disas the natural punishment of cruelty and

The rudest sentinel, in Britain born, With horror paused to view the havos

Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch

m the unexampled gallantry of the British in the campaign of 1810-11, although the campaign of 1810-11, although the company of the property of the power fought but to conquer, will do them soour in history than their humanity, attempted to the utmost of their power proces which war, in its mildest aspect, always inflict upon the defenceless inhator of the country in which it is waged, and an this occasion, were tenfold augmented barbarous cruelities of the French. Soups were established by subscription among seers, wherever the troops were quartered by length of time. The commissaries conclude he heads, feet, &c. of the cattle served for the soldiery; rice, vegetables, nead, where it could be had, were purify by the officers. Fifty or sixty starving heaver the soldiers, and carried home the to their famished households. The enastretches, who could not crawl from the server speedily employed in pruning vines. While pursuing Massena, the exinced the same spirit of humanity, conside to know such facts without feeling of confidence, that those who so well deers, wherever the troops were quartered length of time. The commissaries conof confidence, that those who so well de the least of Lord Wellington's military that the slightest disposition towards adjoc meets immediate punishment. In-dently of all moral obligation, the army a is most orderly in a friendly country, has proved most formidable to an armed

Vain-glorious fugitive!

French conducted this memorable rewith much of the fan farentade proper to country, by which they attempt to impose others, and perhaps on themselves, a behat they are triumphing in the very month they are triumphing in the very month of their discomfiture. On the 30th of of their discombine. On the joth of the 1811, their rear-guard was overtaken Pera by the British cavalry. Being well d, and concoiving themselves safe from in-y (who were indeed many miles in the and from artillery, they indulged them-in parading their bands of music, and actually performed "God save the King." Their minstrelsy was, however, deranged by the undesired accompaniment of the British horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the artillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursuing at the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.

213. Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain. And front the flying thunders as they roar, With frantic charge and tenfold odds,

In the severe action of Fuentes d'Honoro, upon 5th May 1811, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position, covered by two guns of the horse artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering considerably from the fire of the guns, suffering considerably from the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attempt at formation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely towards them, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field-pieces with the desperation of drunken fury. They were in no wise checked by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed, and fairly mingled with the British cavalry, to whom they bore the proportion of ten to one. Captain Ramsay (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman), who commanded the two guns, dismissed them at the gallop, and putting himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the putting himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the French, saher in hand. This very unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy, already disconcerted by the reception they had met from the two British squadrons; and the appearance of some small reinforcements, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, put them to absolute rout. A colonel or major of their cavalry, and many prisoner almost of their cavalry, and many prisoners (almost all intoxicated), remained in our possession. Those who consider for a moment the difference of the services, and how much an artifleryman is necessarily and naturally led to identify the control of th identify his own safety and utility with abiding by the tremendous implement of war to the exercise of which he is chiefly, if not exclusively, trained, will know how to estimate the presence of mind which commanded so bold a manucivre, and the steadiness and confidence with which it was executed.

213. And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain, Wild from his plaided ranks the yell

quas given.

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes of Honoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, the 71st and 79th, who raised a dreasful shriek of grief and rage. They charged, with wreas

worn by leaders of rank and im-n the reign of King James I." ry antiquary, "no great altera-de in the article of defensive that the buff-coat, or jerkin, ginally worn under the cuirass, requently a substitute for it, it ound that a good buff leather resist the stroke of a sword; only occasionally took place ht-armed cavalry and infantry, of armour being still used among se. Buff-coats continued to be ons now living, so that defensive a some measure, be said to have he same materials with which it the skins of animals, or leather." tary Antiquities. Lond. 1801, 123.

oats, which were worn over the lare yet preserved; and Captain n an engraving of one which was ne of Charles I. by Sir Francis of Balbrough Hall, Derbyshire.

dark face a scorching clime, I, had done the work of time.

ad he seen by sudden blow, ting plague, by tortures slow.

ter I have attempted to sketch West India adventurers, who, se of the seventeenth century, known by the name of Bucaoccases of the English in the rations upon Spanish America, and Elizabeth, had never been, from that period downward, of Drake and Raleigh were a smaller scale indeed, but sperate valour, by small bands ared from all nations, but chiefly nglish. The engrossing policy a tended greatly to increase the a freebooters, from whom their colonies suffered, in the issue, its

at to front, the ranks of death. on and desperay foor, which term e cannot Chart

in 2009)
then benegots
d of the Paribos
Leven, with
in this he to cor
the the lathrough the city.

united to his army the garrison of York, probably not less than ten thousand men strong, under the gallant Marquis (then Earl) of Newcastle. Whitelocke has recorded, with much impartiality, the following particulars of this eventful day:—"The right wing of the Parliament was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of all his horse, and three regiments of the Scots horse; the left wing was commanded by the Earl of Manchester and Colonel Cromwell. One body of their foot was commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of his foot, and two brigades of the Scots foot for reserve; and the main body of the rest of the foot was commanded by Ceneral Leven. united to his army the garrison of York, pro-

reserve; and the main body of the rest of the foot was commanded by General Leven.

"The right wing of the Prince's army was commanded by the Earl of Newcastle; the left wing by the Prince himself; and the main body by General Goring, Sir Charles Lucas, and Major-General Porter. Thus were both sides

drawn up into battalia.

drawn up into battalia.

"July 3d, 1644.—In this posture both armies faced each other, and about seven o'clock in the morning the fight began between them. The Prince, with his left wing, fell on the Parliament's right wing, routed them, and pursued them a great way; the like did General Goring, Lucas, and Porter, upon the Parliament's main body. The three generals, giving all for lost, hasted out of the field, and many of their soldiers fled, and threw down their arms; the King's forces too eagerly following them, the victory, now almost achieved by them, was again snatched out of their hands. For Colonel Cromwell, with the brave regiment of his. again snatched out of their hands. For Colonel Cromwell, with the brave regiment of his countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax having rallied some of his horse, fell upon the Prince's right wing, where the Earl of Neweastle was, and routed them: and the rest of their companions rallying, they fell altogether upon the divided bodies of Rupert and Goring, and totally dispersed them, and obtained a complete victory, after three hours' fight.

"From this battle and the pursuit, some reckon were buried 7,000 Englishmen; all agree that above 3,000 of the Prince's men were slain in the battle, besides those in the chase, and 3,000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers,

3,000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers, Steenty-five pieces of ordnance, forty-seven colours, 10,000 arms, two waggons of carabins and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all their bag and baggage."—Whitelocke's Memoirs, fol. p. 89. Lond. 1682.

set. Monchton and Mitten told the news, Mose troops of Koundheads choked the Osse.

And many a bonny Scot, aghast, Sparring his palfery northward, past, Lursing the day when said or med First lured their Lesley o'er the Truced.

n and Mitton are villages near the and not very distant from the field - particulars of the action were rel at the time.

tible fury, the finest body of French grenadiers ever seen, being a part of Bonaparte's selected guard. The officer who led the French, a man remarkable for stature and symmetry, was killed on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at Colonel Cameron was also bayoneted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, bore the enemy out of the contested ground at the point of the bayonet. Massena pays my countrymen a singular compliment in his account of the attack and defence of this village, in which he says the British lost many officers, and Scotch.

213. O who shall grudge him Albuera's
bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the
field,
Roused them to emulate their father's
praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their
courage steel'd,
And raised fair Lusilania's fallen

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems, to a distinct observer, more deserving of praise, than the self-devotion of Field-Marshal Beresford, who was contented to undertake all the hazard of obloquy which might have been founded upon any miscarriage in the highly important experiment of training the Portuguese troops to an improved state of discipline. In exposing his military reputation to the censure of imprudence from the most moderate, and all manner of unutterable calumnies from the ignorant and malignant, he placed at stake the dearest pledge which a military man had to offer, and nothing but the deepest conviction of the high and essential importance attached to success can be supposed an adequate motive. How great the chance of miscarriage was supposed, may be estimated from the general

opinion of officers of unquestion experience, possessed of every information: how completely that succeeded, and how much patriotism of our ancient allies heated, is evident, not only from which they have borne a distribut from the liberal and high manner in which these opinions tracted. The success of this plimportant consequences, we ow fatigable exertions of Field-Man.

214. — a race renown'd (
Whose war-cry of l has we
swell.

— the conquering sh

This stanza alludes to the wiments of the warfike family. Grahame. They are said, by tra descended from the Scottish chis command his countrymen storms by the Emperor Severus betwee Forth and Clyde, the fragments o popularly called Græme's Dyke. Græme, "the hardy, wight, an known as the friend of Sir Wi Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibberm of the victories of the heroic M trose. The pass of Killycrankit the action between King Willis the Highlanders in 1689,

"Where glad Dundee in faint h

It is seldom that one line can theroes, and yet more rare whe to the glory of a living descendants ancient renown.

The allusions to the private h racter of General Grahame maby referring to the eloquent and of Mr. Sheridan, upon the voter Victors of Barosa.

NOTES TO ROKEBY.

222. On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream, &c.

"Barnard Castle," saith Old Leland, "standeth stately upon Tees." It is founded upon a very high bank, and its ruins impend over the river, including within the area a circuit of six acres and upwards. This once magnificent fortress derives its name from its founder, Barnard Baliol, the ancestor of the short and unfortunate dynasty of that name, which succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I. and Edward III. Baliol's Tower, afterwards mentioned in the poem, is a round tower of great size, situated at the western extremity of the building. It

bears marks of great antiquit markable for the curious convaulted roof, which has been injured by the operations of sc whom the tower has been leased of making patent shot! The pr top of Baliol's Tower commar magnificent view of the woode Tees.

223. The morion's plumes his And the buff-coat, in an Mantles his form's giga

The use of complete suits of fallen into disuse during the Civ

still worn by leaders of rank and im"In the reign of King James I."
litary antiquary, "no great alteramade in the article of defensive
expet that the buff-coat, or jerkin,
originally worn under the cuirass, e frequently a substitute for it, it in found that a good buff leather self resist the stroke of a sword; er, only occasionally took place light-armed cavalry and infantry, its of armour being still used among horse. Buff-coats continued to be e city trained-bands till within the persons now living, so that defensive , in some measure, be said to have in the same materials with which it is, the skins of animals, or leather." filitary Antiquities. Lond. 1801,

ff-coats, which were worn over the veral are yet preserved; and Captain eiven an engraving of one which was time of Charles I. by Sir Francis art. of Balbrough Hall, Derbyshire.

his dark face a scorching clime, toll, had done the work of time.

th had he seen by sudden blow, vasting plague, by tortures slow.

aracter I have attempted to sketch e West India adventurers, who, successes of the English in the cursions upon Spanish America, eign of Elizabeth, had never been eign of Elizabeth, had never been and, from that period downward, s of Drake and Raleigh were on a smaller scale indeed, but desperate valour, by small bands thered from all nations, but chiefly English. The engrossing policy ards tended greatly to increase the hese freebooters, from whom their nd colonies suffered, in the issue,

- on Marston heath. front to front, the ranks of death.

known and desperate battle of on Moor, which terminated so un-or the cause of Charles, commenced or the cause of Charles, commenced different auspices. Prince Rupert d with an army of 20,000 men for York, then besieged by Sir Thomas he head of the Parliamentary army, arl of Leven, with the Scottish ces. In this he so completely suc-the compelled the besiegers to larston Moor, a large open plain, miles distant from the city. Thither llowed by the Prince, who had now

united to his army the garrison of York, prounited to his army the garrison of York, pro-bably not less than ten thousand men strong, under the gallant Marquis (then Earl) of New-castle. Whitelocke has recorded, with much impartiality, the following particulars of this eventful day:—"The right wing of the Parlia-ment was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of all his horse, and three regi-ments of the Scots horse; the left wing was commanded by the Earl of Manchester and Colonel Cromwell. One body of their foot was commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of his foot, and two brigades of the Scots foot for reserve; and the main body of the rest of the

reserve; and the main body of the rest of the foot was commanded by General Leven.

"The right wing of the Prince's army was commanded by the Earl of Newcastle; the left wing by the Prince himself; and the main body by General Goring, Sir Charles Lucas, and Major-General Porter. Thus were both sides

drawn up into battalia

"July 3d, 1644.—In this posture both armies faced each other, and about seven o'clock in the morning the fight began between them. The Prince, with his left wing, fell on the Parliamen's right wing, routed them, and pursued them a great way; the like did General Goring, Lucas, and Porter, upon the Parliament's main body. The three generals, giving all for lost, hasted out of the field, and many of their soldiers fled, and threw down their arms; the King's forces too eagerly following them, the victory, now almost achieved by them, was again snatched out of their hands. For Colonel Cromwell, with the brave regiment of his countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax having countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax having rallied some of his horse, fell upon the Prince's right wing, where the Earl of Newcastle was, and routed them: and the rest of their companions rallying, they fell altogether upon the divided bodies of Rupert and Goring, and totally dispersed them, and obtained a complete victory, after three hours' fight.

"From this battle and the pursuit, some reckon were buried 7,000 Englishmen; all agree that above 3,000 of the Prince's men were slain in the battle, besides those in the chase, and 3,000 prisogers taken many of their chist finding.

3,000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers, twenty-five pieces of ordnance, forty-seven colours, 10,000 arms, two waggons of carabins and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all their bag and baggage."—Whitelocke's Memoirs, fol. p. 89. Lond. 1682.

227. Monchton and Mitton told the news, How troops of Roundheads choked the Ouse.

And many a honny Scot, aghast, Spurring his palfrey northward, past, Cursing the day when zeal or meed First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed.

Monckton and Mitton are villages near th river Ouse, and not very distant from the field of battle. The particulars of the action were violently disputed at the time. 227. With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say, Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the day.

Cromwell, with his regiment of cuirassiers, had a principal share in turning the fate of the day at Marston Moor; which was equally matter of triumph to the Independents, and of grief and heart-burning to the Presbyterians and to the Scottish.

227. Do not my native dales prolong Of Percy Rede the tragic song, Train'd forward to his bloody fall ' By Girsonfield, that treacherous Hall?

In a poem, entitled "The Lay of the reconstant Minstrel," Newcastle, 1809, this tale, with many others peculiar to the valley of the Reed, is commemorated:—"The particulars of the residional story of Parcy Reed of of the traditional story of Parcy Reed of Troughend, and the Halls of Girsonfield, the author had from a descendant of the family of Reed. From his account, it appears that Percival Reed, Esquire, a keeper of Reedsdale, was betrayed by the Halls (hence denominated the false-hearted Ha's) to a band of moss-troopers of the name of Crosier, who slew him at Batinghope, near the source of the Reed.
"The Halls were, after the murder of Parcy

The Hais were, after the murder of rarry Reed, held in such universal abborrence and contempt by the inhabitants of Reedsdale, for their cowardly and treacherous behaviour, that they were obliged to leave the country. In another passage, we are informed that the ghost of the injured Borderer is supposed to haunt the banks of a brook called the Pringle. These Reeds of Toughend were a very angle. These Reeds of Troughend were a very ancient family, as may be conjectured from their deriving their surname from the river on which they had their mansion. An epitaph on one of their tombs affirms, that the family held their lands of Troughend, which are situated on the Reed, nearly opposite to Otterburn, for the incredible space of nine hundred years.

227. And near the spot that gave me name, The moated mound of Risingham, Where Reed upon her margin sees Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees, Some ancient sculptor's art has shown An outlaw's image on the stone.

Risingham, upon the river Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of Woodburn, is an ancient Roman station, formerly called Habitancum. Camden says, that in his time the popular account bore, that it had been the abode of a deity, or giant, called Magon; and appeals, in support of this tradition, as well as to the ety-mology of Risingham, or Reisenham, which signifies, in German, the habitation of the giants, to two Roman altars taken out of the river, inscribed Deo Mogonti Cadenorum.
About half a mile distant from Risingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birchtrees and fragments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock, in alto relievo, a remarkable figure called Robin of Risingham, or Robin of

Reedsdale. It presents a hunter, with raised in one hand, and in the other w to be a hare. There is a quiver at th the figure, and he is dressed in a loa kirtle, coming down to the knees, and close, with a girdle bound round I Horseley, who saw all monuments of with Roman eyes, inclines to think to a Roman archer: and certainly the rather of the ancient size than of the was so formidable in the hand of the archers of the middle ages. But the of the whole figure prevents our or the whole figure prevents our strongly upon mere inaccuracy of p The popular tradition is, that it re giant, whose brother resided at Wood he himself at Risingham. It adds, subsisted by hunting, and that one finding the he himself at Risingham. finding the game become too scarce them, poisoned his companion i memory the monument was engrave strange and tragic circumstance ma cealed under this legend, or whe utterly apocryphal, it is now imp discover.

- Do thou revere 227. The statutes of the Bucanier.

The "statutes of the Bucaniers" reality, more equitable than could ! expected from the state of society in they had been formed. They chief as may readily be conjectured, to the tion and the inheritance of their plus

When the expedition was comp fund of prize-money acquired was to gether, each party taking his oath to retained or concealed no part of the stock. If any one transgressed in portant particular, the punishment being set ashore on some desert key to shift for himself as he could. The the vessel had then their share assign expenses of the outfit. These were old pirates, settled at Tobago, Jan Domingo, or some other French of settlement. The surgeon's and c salaries, with the price of provisions a nition, were also defrayed. Then fol compensation due to the maimed and rated according to the damage they tained: as six hundred pieces of eig slaves, for the loss of an arm or leg. proportion.

"After this act of justice and hum remainder of the booty was divided many shares as there were Bucani commander could only lay claim to with two or three, in proportion as be quitted himself to their satisfaction. vessel was not the property of the w pany, the person who had fitted it furnished it with necessary arms and tion, was entitled to a third of all the Favour had never any influence in th

Instances of such rigid justice as this cat easily met with, and they extended even dead. Their share was given to the man was known to be their companion when and therefore their heir. If the person and been killed had no intimate, his part seat to his relations, when they were m. If there were no friends or relations, distributed in charity to the poor and to hes, which were to pray for the person one name these benefactions were given, rults of inhuman but necessary piratical less."—Raynal's Histery of European aments in the East and West Indies, safamond. Lond. 1776, 8vo, iii. p. 41.

The course of Tees.

wiew from Barnard Castle commands as an and magnificent valley of Tees. Immarbly adjacent to the river, the banks are thickly wooded; at a little distance they more open and cultivated; but, being spersed with hedge-rows, and with isolated of great size and age, they still retain the seas of woodland scenery. The river itself in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly stone and marble. The finest view of its astic course is from a handsome modern-bridge over the Tees, by the late Mr. witt of Rokeby.

Egliston's gray ruins.

the ruins of this abbey, or priory (for her calls it the former, and Leland the art are beautifully situated upon the angle all by a little dell called Thorsgill, at its tian with the Tees.

Raised by that Legion long renovand, W have votice shrine asserts their claim, Of pieue, faithful, conquering fame.

be behind the George Inn at Greta Bridge, it a well-preserved Roman encampment, sounded with a triple ditch, lying between river Greta and a brook called the Tutta. four entrances are easily to be discerned.

32 Rokeby's turrets high.

his ancient manor long gave name to a sly by whom it is said to have been essed from the Conquest downward, and a are at different times distinguished in say. It was the Baron of Rokeby who ally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of thumberland, tempore Henry IV. The kely, or Rokesby family, continued to be impaished until the great Civil War, when, may embraced the cause of Charles I, they were sweeply by fines and confiscations, estate then passed from its ancient possested the family of the Robinsons, from whom may purchased by the father of my valued and, the present proprietor.

232. A stern and lone, yet lovely road, As e'er the foot of Minstrel trade.

What follows is an attempt to describe the romantic glen, or rather ravine, through which the Greta finds a passage between Rokeby and Mortham; the former situated upon the left bank of Greta, the latter on the right bank, about half a mile nearer to its junction with the Tees.

233. What gales are sold on Lapland s shore, How whistle rash bids tempests roar, Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite, Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light.

"Also I shall show very briefly what force conjurers and witches have in constraining the elements enchanted by them or others, that they may exceed or fall short of their natural order: premising this, that the extream land of North Finland and Lapland was so taught witchcraft formerly in heathenish times, as if they had learned this cursed art from Zoroastres the Persian; though other inhabitants by the sea-coasts are reported to be bewitched with the same madness; for they exercise this devilish art, of all the arts of the world, to admiration; and in this, or other such like mischief, they commonly agree. The Finlanders were wont formerly, amongst their other errors of gentilisme, to sell winds to merchants that were stopt on their coast by contrary weather; and when they had their price, they knit three magical knots, not like to the laws of Cassius, bound up with a thong, and they gave them unto the merchants; observing that rule, that when they unloosed the first they should have a good gale of wind; when the second, a stronger wind; but when they united the third, they should have a good gale of wind; when the second, a stronger wind; but when they united the third, they should have a good gale of wind; when the second, a stronger wind; but when they united the third, they should have a good gale of wind; when the power wind; but when they united the third, they should have a good gale of wind; when the second, a stronger wind; but when they united the third, they should have a good gale of wind; when the second, a stronger wind; but when they united the third, they should have a good gale of wind; when the power wind; but when they united the third, they should have a good gale of wind; when the second, a stronger wind; but when they united the third, they should have a good gale of wind; when the second, a stronger wind; but when they united the third, they should have a good gale of wind; when the power in the second wind the power in the second wind the them of the third, they should have a good gal

truth of it who denied that there was any such power in these knots.

"Ericus, King of Sweden, in his time was held second to none in the magical art; and he was so familiar with the evil spirits, which he exceedingly adored, that which way soever he turned his cap, the wind would presently blow that way."—Olaux Magnuid History of the Gotha, Swedes, and Vandals. London, folio, 1658, pp. 45 and 47.

233. The Demon Frigate.

This is an allusion to a well-known nautical superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, called by sailors the Flying Dutchman, and supposed to be seen about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. She is distinguished from earthly vessels by bearing a press of sail when all others are unable, from stress of weather, to show an inch of canvas. The cause of her wandering is not altogether certain; but the general account is, that she was originally a vessel laden with great wealth, on board of which some

horrid act of murder and piracy had been com-mitted; that the plague broke out among the wicked crew who had perpetrated the crime, and that they sailed in vain from port to port, offering, as the price of shelter, the whole of their ill-gotten wealth; that they were excluded from every harbour for fear of the contagion which was devouring them; and that, as a punishment of their crimes, the apparition of the ship still continues to haunt those seas in which the catastrophe took place, and is considered by the mariners as the worst of all possible omens.

- By some desert isle or key. 233.

What contributed much to the security of the Bucaniers about the Windward Islands, was the great number of little isless, called in that country keys. These are small sandy patches, appearing just above the surface of the ocean, covered only with a few bushes and weeds, but sometimes affording springs of water, and, in general, much frequented by turtle. Such little uninhabited spots afforded the pirates good harbours, either for refitting or for the purpose of ambush; they were occasionally the hidingplace of their treasure, and often afforded a shelter to themselves. As many of the atrocities which they practised on their prisoners were committed in such spots, there are some of these keys which even now have an indifferent reputation among seamen, and where they are with difficulty prevailed on to remain ashore at night, on account of the visionary terrors incident to places which have been thus contaminated.

233. Before the gate of Mortham stood.

The Castle of Mortham, which Leland terms "Mr. Rokesby's Place, in ripn citer, scant a quarter of a mile from Greta Bridge, and not a quarter of a mile beneath into Tees," is a picturesque tower, surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farm-house and offices.

Its situation is eminently beautiful, occupying a high bank, at the bottom of which the Greta vinds out of the dark, narrow, and romantic dell which the text has attempted to describe, and flows onward through a more open valley to meet the Tees about a quarter of a mile from the castle. Mortham is surrounded by old trees, happily and widely grouped with Mr. Morritt's new plantations.

235. There dig, and tomb your precious heap; And bid the dead your treasure keep.

If time did not permit the Bucaniers to lavish away their plunder in their usual debaucheries, they were wont to hide it, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islands and keys which they frequented, and where much treasure, whose lawless owners perished without reclaiming it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of mankind are often the most superstitious; and these pirates are said to have recourse to a horrid ritual, in order t an unearthly guardian to their treasure killed a Negro or Spaniard, and but with the treasure, believing that his spi haunt the spot, and terrify away all is I cannot produce any other authority this custom is ascribed to them than maritime tradition, which is, however sufficient for the purposes of poetry.

235. The power .

That unsubdued and lurking l To take the felon by surprine, And force him, as by magic th In his despite his guilt to tell.

All who are conversant with the ad tion of criminal justice, must rememb occasions in which malefactors appear conducted themselves with a species of tion, either by making unnecessary on respecting their guilt, or by sudden voluntary allusions to circumstances l it could not fail to be exposed. A res instance occurred in the celebrated Eugene Aram. A skeleton being for knaresborough, was supposed, by the who gathered around the sput, to be mains of one Clarke, who had disa some years before, under circumstances to a suspicion of his having been me One Houseman, who had mingled in the suddenly said, while looking at the sand hearing the opinion which was around, "That is no more Dan Clark than it is mine!"—a sentiment exprepositively, and with such peculiarity of as to lead all who heard him to mer must necessarily know where the re had been interred. Accordingly, being hended, he confessed having assisted Aram to murder Clarke, and to hide b in Saint Robert's Cave. It happened author himself, while conversing with a accused of an atrocious crime, for the of rendering him professional assistanthis trial, to hear the prisoner, after t solemn and reiterated protestations that guiltless, suddenly, and as it were itarily, in the course of his communi make such an admission as was altoge compatible with innocence.

238. Nobles and knights, so proud of Must fine for freedom and esta-

Right heavy shall his ransom b Unless that maid compound wi

After the battle of Marston Moor, t of Newcastle retired beyond sea in disg many of his followers laid down their a made the best composition they could to Committees of Parliament. Fines Committees of Parliament. Fines we posed upon them in proportion to their and degrees of delinquency, and the were often bestowed upon such persons If of the Commons. In some cirit happened that the oppressed re fam to form family alliances sowerful person among the trium-

edesdale his youth had heard art her wily dalesmen dared, a Rooken-edge, and Redewair high, gle rung and bloodhound's cry.

anner of cattle-stealers they are these valleys in the marches of ms, John Lesley, a Scotche man Bishop of Ross, will inform you out of their own borders in the ps, through unfrequented by-ways ntricate windings. All the day-fresh themselves and their horses less they had pitched upon before, ee in the dark in those places they nu upon. As soon as they have the booty, they, in like manner, in the night, through blind ways, many a compass. The more skilling in the pass through blind ways, many a compass. The more skilling in the pass through those wild ked turnings, and deep precipices, test mists, his reputation is the he is looked upon as a man of head."—Canneen's Britannia. it ants of the valleys of Tyne and in ancient times, so inordinately these depredations, that, in 1564, ted Merchant-adventurers of Newalaw that none born in these under the stated to be so generally admentance. This regulation contand unrepealed until 1771. A nodd play, describes himself as a diesdale, in Northumberland, and wight-riding surname, called the obnost men and true, sarving a nef for their living, God help escription which would have ap-Borderers on both sides.

ng his face, lest foemen spy parkle of his swarthy eye.

of the recent battles in which the were defeated, one of their most swas found in a bog, in which he dup to the shoulders, while his necaled by an impending ledge of detected and seized, notwithstandaution, he became solicitous to his retreat had been discovered, answered the Sutherland Highbon he was taken, "the sparkle". Those who are accustomed to upon their form usually discover same circumstance.

241. Of my marauding on the clowns Of Calverley and Bradford downs.

The troops of the King, when they first took the field, were as well disciplined as could be expected from circumstances. But as the circumstances of Charles became less favourable, and his funds for regularly paying his forces decreased, habits of military licence prevailed among them in greater excess. Lacy the player, who served his master during the Civil War, brought out, after the Restoration, a piece called The Old Troop, in which he seems to have commemorated some real incidents which occurred in his military career. The names of the officers of the Troop sufficiently express their habits. We have Flea-flint Plunder-Master-General, Captain Ferretfarm, and Quarter-Master Burndrop. The officers of the Troop are in league with these worthies, and connive at their plundering the country for a suitable share in the booty. All this was undoubtedly drawn from the life, which Lacy had an opportunity to study. The moral of the whole is comprehended in a rebuke given to the lieutenant, whose disorders in the country are said to prejudice the King's cause more than his courage in the field could recompense. The piece is by no means void of farcical humour.

242. — Brignall's woods, and Scargill's, wave, E'en now, o'er many a sister cave.

The banks of the Greta, below Rutherford Bridge, abound in seams of greyish slate, which are wrought in some places to a very great depth under ground, thus forming artificial caverns, which, when the seam has been exhausted, are gradually hidden by the underwood which grows in profusion upon the romantic banks of the river. In times of public confusion, they might be well adapted to the purposes of banditti.

244. When Spain waged warfare with our land.

There was a short war with Spain in 1625-6, which will be found to agree pretty well with the chronology of the poem. But probably Bertram held an opinion very common among the maritime heroes of the age, that "there was no peace beyond the Line." The Spanish guarda-cottas were constantly employed in aggressions upon the trade and settlements of the English and French; and, by their own severities, gave room for the system of bucaneering, at first adopted in self-defence and retaliation, and afterwards persevered in from habit and thirst of plunder.

245. - our commades' strife.

The laws of the Bucaniers, and their successors the Pirates, however severe and equitable, were, like other laws, often set aside by the stronger party. Their quarrels about the division of the spoil fill their history, and they as

frequently arose out of mere fruit or the tyrantial humour of their chiefs. An aneodice of leach called Blackbeard shows that their habitual indifference for human life extended to their companions, as well as their enemies and captives :—

"One night, drinking in his cabin with Hands, the jalist, and an ther man, Blackheard, without any provocation, privately draws out a small pair of just its, and cocks them under the table, which, being perceived by the man, he withdrew upon deck, leaving Hands, the pairst, and the captain together. When the justeds were ready, he blew out the candles, and crossing his hands, discharged them at his company Hands, the master, was shot through the knee, and lamed for life; the other pistol did no execution."—Johnsow's History of Piwates. Lond. 1724, 8vo, vol. i. p. 38.

246. Song - Adicu for evermore.

The last verse of this song is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollected two verses when the first edition of Rokeby was published. Mr. Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to express the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family:—

"It was a' for our rightful king That we left fair Scotland's strand, It was a' for our rightful king That we e'er saw Irish land,

My dear, That we e'er saw Irish land.

"Now all is done that man can do, And all is done in vain! My love! my native land, adieu! For I must cross the main,

My dear, For I must cross the main.

"He turn'd him round and right about, All on the Irish shore, He gave his bridle-reins a shake, With, Adieu for evermore, My dear!

Adieu for evermore!

"The soldier frae the war returns,
And the merchant frae the main.
But I hae parted wi' my love,
And ne'er to meet again,
My dear,

My dea And ne'er to meet again.

"When day is gone and night is come, And a' are boun' to sleep, I think on them that's far awa The lee-lang night, and weep, My dear,

The lee-lang night, and weep."

247. Rere-cross on Stanmore.

This is a fragment of an old cross called Reverences or Reverence, with its pediment, surrounded by an intrenchment, upon the very summit of

the wrate ridge of Stammer, nor of entertainment called the Spiri tion of the cross, and the pains to it, seem to indicate that it was landwork of incortance.

247. When Denmark's ratio: Triumphant through?

sky, Till, hetering near, her, Bade Reged's Britons in

About the year of God 866, the their celebrated leaders lacux Agnar, and Hubba-ons, it is more celebrated Regnar Loth Northumberland, bringing with the standard, so often mentioned is RRAFER, or Rumfan, from its bea of a raven. The Danes renewed their incursions, and began to lishing a kind of capital at Yor they spread their conquests and every direction. Stanmore, which mountains of Westmoreland and was probably the boundary of the dom in that direction.

247. Beneath the shade the Net Fix'd on each vale a Run

The heathen Danes have left of their religion in the upper part Balder-garth, which derives its a unfortunate son of Odin, is a tract on the very ridge of Stanmort: which falls into the Tees near Ba is named after the same deity the banks of the Tees is also to Croft, from the supreme deity of the Tees is also to the tees the same deity the banks of the Tees is also to the supreme deity of the Tees is also to the supreme deity of the Tees is also to the supreme deity of the Tees is also to the supreme deity of the Tees is also to the tees the tee

249. Who has not heard how be In English blood imbrud

The O'Neale here meant—for succeeded to the chieftainship du of Elizabeth—was Hugh, the gra O'Neale, called Con Bacco, or thather, Matthew O'Kelly, was like being the son of a blacksmith's wit called Matthew the Blacksmith's wit called Matthew the Blacksmith nevertheless, destined his succeand he was created, by Elizab Dungannon. Upon the death othis Matthew was slain by his branrowly escaped the same fate, etceted by the English. Shane uncle, called Shane Dymas, was Turlough I.ynogh O'Neale: after Hugh, having assumed the chicame nearly as formidable to tany by whom it had been posselelled repeatedly, and as often sions, of which it was usually a he should not any longer assun O'Neale; in lieu of which he was of Tyrone. But this condition served longer than until the presence was withdrawn. His baffii

s in the field, and overreaching him ard Mountjoy succeeded in finally O'Neale; but it was not till the James, to whom he made personal ind was received with civility at

hief arose his victor pride, a that brave Marshal fought and

vas in a battle fought near Blackhe besieged a fort garrisoned by which commanded the passes into

said to have entertained a personal ainst the knight marchal, Sir Heary am he accused of detaining the he sent to Queen Elizabeth, exthe sent to Queen Edizaceth, ex-his conduct, and offering terms of The river, called by the English is termed in Irish, Avon-Duff, e same signification. Both names d by Spenser in his "Marriage of and the Medway." But I under-is verses relate not to the Black-ton to the same area. but to a river of the same name of Ireland :-

-Duff, which of the Englishmen lackwater."

Canist he to great O'Neale.

What is that which you call Tanist These be names and terms

of nor known to us. is a custom amongst all the Irish, y after the death of one of their or captaines, they dee presently mselves to a place generally ap-nowne unto them, to choose another where they do nominate and elect, en of the lord deceased, but the in blood,—that is, the eldest and commonly the next brother unto is elder in that kindred or sept; to them doe they choose the next to be Tanist, who shall next suc-the said captainty, if he live there-user's View of the State of Ire-Works, Lond. 1805, 8vo, vol. viii.

t, therefore, of O'Neale was the era also to have regulated, in very the succession to the crown of would have been imprudent, if e, to have asserted a minor's right in those stormy days, when the policy were summed up in my 'ordsworth's lines:—

the good old rule them; the simple plan, should take who have the power, y should keep who can." 249. With wild majestic port and tone, Like envoy of some barbarous throne.

The Irish chiefs, in their intercourse with the English, and with each other, were wont to assume the language and style of independent royalty.

251. Great Ninl of the Pledges Nine.

Neal Naighvallach, or Of the Nine Hostages, is said to have been Monarch of all Ireland, during the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century. He exercised a predatory war-fare on the coast of England and of Bretagne, or Armorica; and from the latter country brought off the celebrated Saint Patrick, a youth of sixteen, among other captives, whom he transported to Ireland. Neal derived his epithet from nine nations, or tribes, whom he held under his subjection, and from whom he took hostages.

251. Shane-Dymas Wild.

This Shane-Dymas, or John the Wanton, held the title and power of O'Neale in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, against whom he rebelled repeatedly.

"This chieftain is handed down to us as the most proud and profligate man on earth. He was immoderately addicted to women and wine. He is said to have had 200 tuns of wine at once He is said to have had soo tuns of wine at once in his cellar at Dandram, but usquebaugh was his favourite liquor. He spared neither age nor condition of the fall sex. Altho's or illiterate that he could not write, he was not destitute of address, his understanding was atrong, and his courage daring. He had 600 men for his guard; 4,000 fowt, 1,000 horse for the field. He claimed superiority over all the lords of Ulater, and called himself king thereof. —Camben's Britannia, by Gough. Lond. 1806, fol. vol. iv. B. 442.

P. 442.
When reduced to extremity by the English, and forsaken by his allies, this Shane-Dymas fled to Clandeboy, then occupied by a colony of Scottish Highlanders of the family of Mac-Donell. He was at first courteously received; but by degrees they began to quarrel about the slaughter of some of their friends whom Shane-Dymas had put to death, and advancing from words to deeds, fell upon him with their broad-swords, and cut him to pieces. After his death a law was made that none, should presume to take the name and title of O'Nesle.

- Genaldine.

The O'Neales were closely allied with this powerful and warlike family, for Henry Owen O'Neale married the daughter of Thomas, Earl of Kildare, and their son Con-More married his consin-german, a daughter of Gerald, Earl of Kildare. This Con-More cursed any of his posterity who should learn the English language, sow corn, or build houses, so as to invite the English to settle in their country. Others as-English to settle in their country. Others cribe this anathema to his son Con-Bacco.— Walker's Irish Bards, p. 140.

251. — his page—the next degree, In that old time, to chivalry.

Originally the order of chivalry embraced three ranks:—I. The Page; 2. The Squire; 2. The Knight:—a gradation which seems to have been imitated in the mystery of free-masonry. But, before the reign of Charles I., the custom of serving as a squire had fallen into disuse, though the order of the page was still, to a certain degree, in observance. This state of servitude was so far from inferring anything degrading, that it was considered as the regular school for acquiring every quality necessary for future distinction.

256. Seem'd half abandon'd to decay.

The ancient Castle of Rokeby stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which a part of its walls is enclosed. It is surrounded by a profusion of fine wood, and the park in which it stands is adorned by the junction of the Greta and of the Tees. The title of Baron Rokeby of Armagh was, in 1777, conferred on the Right Reverend Richard Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descended of the Robinsons, formerly of Rokeby, in Yorkshire.

258. The Filea of O'Neale was he.

The Filea, or Ollamh Re Dan, was the proper bard, or, as the name literally implies, poet. Each chieftain of distinction had one or more in his service, whose office was usually hereditary. There were itinerant bards of less elevated

rank, but all were held in the highest tion.

259. Ak, Clandeboy! thy friendly j Slieve-Donara's oak shall l more.

Clandeboy is a district of Ulster, possessed by the sept of the O'Not Slieve-Donard, a romantic mountain same province. The clan was run Tyrone's great rebellion, and their abode laid desolate. The ancient in and uncultivated in other respects, did even to their descendants in practice of the clank of the other respects, did even to their descendants in practice of the clank of t

259. Marwood-chase and Toller Hi

Marwood-chase is the old park e along the Durham side of the Tees, at Barnard Castle. Toller Hill is an emit the Yorkshire side of the river, comm superb view of the ruins.

260. The ancient English minstrel.

Among the entertainments presented beth at Kenilworth Castle, was the into fa person designed to represent a t minstrel, who entertained her with story out of the Acts of King Arthur, person's dress and appearance Mr. I has given us a very accurate accoun ferred by Bishop Percy to the prelimin sertation on Minstrels, prefixed to his of Ancient Poetry, vol. 1.

NOTES TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

284. Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung.

The ruins of the Castle of Artornish are situated upon a promontory, on the Morven, or mainland side of the Sound of Mull—a name given to the deep arm of the sea which divides that island from the continent. The situation is wild and romantic in the highest degree, having on the one hand a high and precipitous chain of rocks overhanging the sea, and on the other the narrow entrance to the beautiful saltwater lake, called Loch Alline, which is in many places finely fringed with copsewood. The ruins of Artornish are not now very considerable, and consist chiefly of the remains of an old keep, or tower, with fragments of outward defences. But, in former days, it was a place of great consequence, being one of the principal strongholds which the Lords of the Isles, during the period of their stormy independence, possessed upon the mainland of Argyleshire.

It is almost opposite to the Bay of Aros, in the Island of Mull, where there was another castle, the occasional residence of the Lords of

the Isles.

284. Rude Heiskar's seal, throng dark, Wili long pursue the minstre

The seal displays a taste for mist could scarcely be expected from his h local predilections. They will long boat in which any musical instrument and even a tune simply whistled has a for them. The Dean of the Isles says kar, a small uninhabited rock, about (Scottish) miles from the Isle of Uist infinite slaughter of seals takes place to

285. — a turrel's airy lu Slender and steep, and battled O'erlook'd, dark Mull! thy Sound.

The Sound of Mull, which divides the from the continent of Scotland, is on most striking scenes which the Hebrid to the traveller. Sailing from Oban to Tobermory, through a narrow chast deep enough to bear vessels of the burden, he has on his left the bold as

n the right, those of re called Morven, or dented by deep salt-many miles inland. se a prodigious range ich Cruachan-Ben is north-east is the no e range of the Adna-inous castles, situated erhanging the ocean,

ty Somerled.

of Argyle and Lord of iddle of the twelfth have exercised his cities, independent of against which he often ade various incursions ade various incursions dis during the reign of a to have made peace as of an independent 157. In 1164 he re-Malcolm, and invaded probably tumultuary es in the mainland of eighbouring provinces eated and slain in an y inferior force, near

this independent printo have been, though ally the pre-eminence as, at the period of the gus Og; but the name id, exchanged for that uently occurs in the a protector of Robert I in his Castle of Dunof his greatest distress.

of Lorn

was, like the Lord of m a son of Somerled. 4. This son obtained inland territories, compart of the three yleshire, and of course ered as petty princes ey assumed the patro-fac-Dougal, by which in the history of the

he rushing prow, of ocean glow, ungz of the wave.

led by sailors Sea-fire, autiful and interesting e Hebrides. At times ely illuminated around in of lambent corusca sting upon the sides of the vessel, or pursuing her wake through the darkness.

291. That keen knight, De Argentine.

Sir Egidius, or Giles De Argentine, was one Sir Egidiis, or Glies De Argentine, was one of the most accomplished knights of the period. He had served in the wars of Henry of Luxembourg with such high reputation, that he was, in popular estimation, the third worthy of the age. Those to whom fame assigned precedence over him were, Henry of Luxembourg himself, and Robert Bruce. Argentine had warred in Palestine, encountered thrice with the Saracens, seed had alice two antagonists in gash manager. and had slain two antagonists in each engage-ment :—an easy matter, he said, for one Chris-tian knight to slay two Pagan dogs.

291. "Fill me the mighty cup!" he said, "Erst own'd by royal Somerled."

A Hebridean drinking cup, of the most ancient and curious workmanship, has been long preserved in the castle of Dunwegan, in Skye, the romantic seat of Mac-Leod of Mac-Leod, the chief of that ancient and powerful clan. The horn of Rorie More, preserved in the same family, and recorded by Dr. Johnson, is not to be compared with this piece of antiquity, which is one of the greatest curiosities in Scelland.

292. — the rebellious Scottish crow, Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew, With Carrick's outlaw'd Chief?

It must be remembered by all who have read It must be remembered by all who have read the Scottish history, that after he had slain Comyn at Dumfries, and asserted his right to the Scottish crown, Robert Bruce was reduced to the greatest extremity by the English and their adherents. He was crowned at Scone by the general consent of the Scottish barons, but his authority endured but a short time. According to the phrase said to have been used by his wife, he was for that year "a summer king, but not a winter one."

292. The Broach of Lorn.

It has been generally mentioned in the preceding notes, that Robert Bruce, after his
defeat at Methyen, being hard pressed by
the English, endeavoured, with the dispirited
remnant of his followers, to escape from
Breadalbane and the mountains of Perthshire
into the Argyleshire Highlands. But he was
encountered and repulsed, after a very severe
engagement, by the Lord of Lorn. Bruce's
personal strength and courage were never displayed to greater advantage than in this conflict. There is a tradition in the family of the
Mac-Dougals of Lorn, that their chefain engaged in personal battle with Bruce himself, gaged in personal battle with Bruce himself, while the latter was employed in protecting the retreat of his men; that Mac-Dougal was atruck down by the king, whose strength of body was-equal to his vigour of mind, and would have been alain on the spot had not two of Lore's vassals, a father and son, whom tradition terms Mac-Keoch, rescued him, by seizing the mantle of the monarch, and dragging him from above his adversary. Bruce rid himself of these foes by two blows of his redoubted battle-axe, but was so closely pressed by the other followers of Lorn, that he was forced to abandon the mantle, and brooch which fastened it, clasped in the dying grasp of the Mac-Keochs. A studded brooch, said to have been that which King Robert lost upon this occasion, was long preserved in the family of Mac-Dougal, and was lost in a fire which consumed their temporary residence.

289. When Comyn fell beneath the knife Of that fell homicide The Bruce.

293. Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk, Making sure of murder's work.

Every reader must recollect that the proximate cause of Bruce's asserting his right to the crown of Scotland, was the death of John, called the Red Comyn. The causes of this act of violence, equally extraordinary from the high rank both of the perpetrator and sufferer, and from the place where the slaughter was committed, are variously related by the Scotlish and English historians, and cannot now be ascertained. The fact that they met at the high altar of the Minorites, or Greyfriars' Church in Dumfries, that their difference broke out into high and insulting language, and that Bruce drew his dagger and stabbed Comyn, is certain. Rushing to the door of the church, Bruce met two powerful barons, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn and James de Lindsay, who eagerly asked him, what tidings? "Bad tidings," answered Bruce; "I doubt I have slain Comyn."—"Doubtest thou?" said Kirkpatrick; "I make sicker," (i.e. sure.) With these words, he and Lindsay rushed into the church, and espatched the wounded Comyn. The Kirkpatricks of Closeburn assumed, in memory of this deed, a hand holding a dagger, with the memorable words, "I make sicker."

293. Barendown fled fast away, Fled the fiery De La Huye.

These knights are enumerated by Barbour among the small number of Bruce's adherents, who remained in arms with him after the battle of Methven.

296. Was't not enough, to Ronald's bower I brought thee, like a paramour?

It was anciently customary in the Highlands to bring the bride to the house of the husband. Nay, in some cases the complaisance was stretched so far, that she remained there upon trial for a twelvemonth; and the bridegroom, even after this period of cohabitation, retained an option of refusing to fulfil his engagement. It is said that a desperate feud ensued between the clars of Mac-Donald of Sleate and Mac-Lod, owing to the former chief having availed

himself of this licence to send back to gan a sister, or daughter of the latter Leod, resenting the indignity, obsers since there was no wedding bonfer should be one to solemnize the divorordingly, he burned and laid waster tories of Mac-Donald, who retaliated deadly feud, with all its accompanione place in form.

296. Since Matchless Wallace first In mock'ry crown'd with war green.

There is something singularly doubt the mode in which Wallace was take he was betrayed to the English is indu and popular fame charges Sir John I with the indelible infamy. "Accurate Arnold Blair, "be the day of nativity de Menteith, and may his name be at of the book of life." But John de I was all along a zealous favourer of the interest, and was governor of Dumburt by commission from Edward the Fi therefore, as the accurate Lord Haile served, could not be the friend and con Wallace, as tradition states him to I truth seems to be, that Menteith, the engaged in the English interest, pursulace closely, and made him prisoner the treachery of an attendant, who Langtoft calls Jack Short.

The infamy of seizing Wallace mu

The infamy of seizing Wallace mu fore, rest between a degenerate Scottis man, the vassal of England, and a d the obscure agent of his treachery: Sir John Menteith, son of Walter, Earl teith, and the traitor Jack Short.

296. Was not the life of Athole shu To soothe the tyrant's sichen'd

John de Strathbogie, Earl of Atbattempted to escape out of the kingdo storm cast him upon the coast, when taken, sent to London, and executed, cumstances of great barbarity, being is strangled, then let down from the gallo yet alive, barbarously dismembered, body burnt. Matthew of Westminster that King Edward, then extremely ill; great ease from the news that his real apprehended—"Qua audito, Rex Ang graviusiumo morbo tune languard. tamen tulit dolorem." To this sing pression the text alludes.

297. While I the blessed cross adva-And expiate this unhappy cha-In Palestine, with sword and i

Bruce uniformly professed, and proba compunction for having violated the sa of the church by the slaughter of Comp finally, in his last hours, in testimon faith, penitence, and zeal, he requested Lord Douglas, to carry his heart to Je to be there deposited in the Holy Seps

weel I rose with purpose dread eak my curse upon thy head.

the notice of Comyn's slaughter ne, Bruce and his adherents were ted. It was published first by the ted I van published first by the ted York, and renewed at different ularly by Lambyrton, Bishop of in 1308; but it does not appear to d the purpose which the English ected. Indeed, for reasons which ected. Indeed, for reasons which ifficult to trace, the thunders of ded upon the Scottish mountains ded upon the Scottish mountains et than in more fertile countries, comparative poverty of the bene-ed that fewer foreign clergy settled and the interests of the native were linked with that of their any of the Scottish prelates, Lam-primate particularly, declared for he was yet under the ban of the use he afterwards again changed ugh he afterwards again changed

uted rounderer on the wild, reignenhores a man exiled.

t metaphorical. The echoes of actually

dhounds that bayed for her fugi-

ous and romantic tale is told by n this subject, which may be

e had again got footing in Scotring of 1306, he continued to be k and precarious condition, gain-occasional advantages, but obliged his enemies whenever they as-orce. Upon one occasion, while force. Upon one occasion, while with a small party in the wilds of Ayrshire, Aymer de Valence, Earl, with his inveterate foe John of against him suddenly with eight chlanders, besides a large body of They brought with them a or bloodhound, which, soule say, a a favourite with the Bruce him-

efore was least likely to lose the

e force was under four hundred ed to make head against the t. Perceiving the danger of his acted as the celebrated and illa is said to have done in similar He divided his force into three ted a place of rendezvous, and hem to retreat by different routes Lorn arrived at the spot vided, he caused the hound to be trace, which immediately directed ursuit of that party which Bruce is, therefore, Lorn pursued with ce, paying no attention to the e parts, and with the same result,

for the pursuers attached themselves exclusively to that which he led in person. He then caused his followers to disperse, and retained only his foster-brother in his company. The slough-dog followed the trace, and, neglecting the others, attached himself and his attendants to the pursuit of the king. Lorn became convince that his enemy was nearly in his power, and detached five of his most active attendants to follow him, and interrupt his flight. They did so with all the agility of mountaineers: "What to that which he led in person. He then caused follow him, and interrupt his flight. They did so with all the agility of mountaineers. "What aid wilt thou make?" said Bruce to his single attendant, when he saw the five men gain ground on him. "The best I can," replied his foster-brother. "Then," said Bruce, "here I make my stand." The five pursuers came up fast. The king took three to himself, leaving the other two to his foster-brother. He slew the first who encountered him; but observing his foster-brother hard pressed, he spring to his assistance, and despatched one of his assailants. Leaving him to deal with the survivor, he returned upon the other two, both of whom ants. Leaving him to deal with the survivor, he returned upon the other two, both of whom he slew before his foster-brother had despatched his single antagonist. When this hard encounter was over, with a courtesy which in the whole work marks Bruce's character, he thanked his foster-brother for his aid. "It likes you to say so," answered his follower: "but you yourself slew four of the five."—"True," said the king, "but only because I had better opportunity than you. They were not apprehensive of me when they saw me encounter three, so I had when they saw me encounter three, so I had a moment's time to spring to thy aid, and to return equally unexpectedly upon my own

opponents."
In the meanwhile Lorn's party approached rapidly, and the king and his foster-brother betook themselves to a neighbouring wood. Here they sat down, for Bruce was exhausted by fatigue, until the cry of the slough-hound came so near that his foster-brother entreated Bruce to provide for his safety by retreating further. "I have heard," answered the king, "that "I have heard," answered the king, "that whoseever will wade a bowshot length down a running stream, shall make the slough-hound lose scent. Let us try the experiment; for were you devilish hound silenced, I should care little to the same than the stream of the stream of the stream of the same str

for the rest."

Lorn in the meanwhile advanced, and found the bodies of his slain vassals, over whom he made his moan, and threatened the most deadly vengeance. Then he followed the hound to the vengeance. Then he flowed the hands to the side of the brook, down which the king had waded a great way. Here the hound was at fault, and John of Lorn, after long attempting in vain to recover Bruce's trace, relinquished

in vain to recover Bruces trace, remaphranes the pursuit.

"Others," says Barbour, "affirm, that upon this occasion the king's life was saved by an excellent archer who accompanied him, and who, perceiving they would be finally taken by means of the bloodhound, hid himself in a thicket, and shot him with an arrow. In which way," adds the metrical biographer, "this escape happened, I am uncertain, but at that brook the king escaped from his payments." caped from his pursuers."

299. "Alas! dearyouth, the unhappy time," Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the crime, Since, wiltier for than you.

crime, Since, guiltier far than you, Even I"—he paused; for Falkirk's woes

Upon his conscious soul arose.

I have followed the vulgar and inaccurate tradition, that Bruce fought against Wallace, and the array of Scotland, at the fatal battle of Falkirk. The story, which seems to have no better authority than that of Blind Harry, bears, that having made much slaughter during the engagement, he sat down to dine with the conquerors without washing the filthy witness from his hands:—

"Fasting he was, and had been in great need, Blooded were all his weapons and his weed; Southeron lords scorn'd him in terms rude, And said, Behold yon Scott eats his own blood.

"Then rued he sore, for reason bad be known, That blood and land alike should be his own; With them he long was, ere he got away, But contrair Scots he fought not from that day."

The account given by most of our historians, of the conversation between Bruce and Wallace over the Carron river, is equally apocryphal. There is full evidence that Bruce was not at that time on the English side, nor present at the battle of Falkirk; nay, that he acted as a guardian of Scotland, along with John Comyn, in the name of Baliol, and in opposition to the English.

300. These are the savage wilds that lie North of Strathnardill and Dunskye.

The extraordinary piece of scenery which I have here attempted to describe, is, I think, unparalleled in any part of Scotland, at least in any which I have happened to visit. It lies just upon the frontier of the Laird of MacLeod's country, which is thereabouts divided from the estate of Mr. Mac-Allister of Strathaird, called Strathnardlil by the Dean of the Isles.

305. And mermaid's alabaster grot, Who bathes her limbs in sunless well Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell.

Imagination can hardly conceive anything more beautiful than the extraordinary grotto discovered not many years since upon the estate of Alexander Mac-Allister, Esq. of Strathaird. It has since been much and deservedly celebrated, and a full account of its beauties has been published by Dr. Mac-Leay of Oban. The general impression may perhaps be gathered from the following extract from a journal, which, written under the feelings of the moment, is likely to be more accurate than any attempt to recollect the impressions then received:—"The first entrance to this celebrated cave is rude and unpromising; but the light of the torches, with which we were provided, was soon reflected from the roof, floor, and walls, which seem as

if they were sheeted with marble, part partly rough with frost-work and n ments, and partly seeming to be wr statuary. The floor forms a steep a ascent, and might be fancifully com sheet of water, which, while it rushed and foaming down a declivity, had denly arrested and consolidated by in enchanter. Upon attaining the gallery, adorned with the most daz tallizations, and finally descends wit to the brink of a pool, of the most lim about four or five yards broad. The beyond this pool a portal arch, form columns of white spar, with beautif upon the sides, which promises a co of the cave. One of our sailors sw for there is no other mode of passi formed us (as indeed we partly saw b he carried) that the enchantment Allister's cave terminates with this po beyond which there was only a me speedily choked with stones and en the pool, on the brink of which we rounded by the most fanciful moule substance resembling white marble tinguished by the depth and purity of might have been the bathing grotto The groups of combined figures pro embossed, by which the pool is surre exquisitely elegant and fanciful. I might catch beautiful hints from the si romantic disposition of those stalactive is scarcely a form, or group, on wl fancy may not trace figures or grote ments, which have been gradually mou cavern by the dropping of the calcar hardening into petrifactions. fine groups have been injured by the rage of appropriation of recent touthe grotto has lost (I am informed the smoke of torches, something of silver tint which was originally one distinctions. But enough of beauty compensate for all that may be lost. Allister of Strathaird has, with great built up the exterior entrance to the order that strangers may enter p tended by a guide, to prevent any n the wanton and selfish injury which the scene has already sustained.

307. Yet to no sense of selfish wn Bear witness with me, Heav My joy o'er Edward's b

The generosity which does just character of an enemy, often mar sentiments, as recorded by the faithfi He seldom mentions a fallen ener praising such good qualities as he mig I shall only take one instance. S Bruce landed in Carrick, in 1306, 18 Bell, the English governor of Ayr, wealthy yeoman, who had hitherto lower of Bruce, to undertake the tanatung him. The king learned this

we done other secrets of the s of a female with whom he Shortly after he was possessed a. Bruce, resorting to a small ace from his men, with only a end him, met the traitor, acof his sons. They approached conted familiarity, but Bruce, bow and arrow, commanded t a distance. As they still with professions of zeal for his e, he, after a second warning, the the arrow: and being asily by the two sons, despatched a armed with an axe; then as d him with a spear, avoided the head from the spear, and he assassin with a blow of his

n's mountains dark have sent unters to the shore.

ly called Rum, a name which redoned for avoiding if possible) and mountainous island, adja-Eigg and Cannay. There is ground upon it, so that, except he deer, which of course are sated, it still deserves the desty by the Archdean of the sixteen myle north-wast from as ane ile callit Ronan IIe, of g, and six in bredthe in the rest of heigh mountains, and the deir in it, quhilk deir will downwith, but the principal the height of the hill, because lit upwart ay be the tainchell, of they will pass upwart perwill be gotten about Britane ests upon the plane mure as adder, and yet by resson the tart them except deir. This west to the eist in lenth, and nabrey of Colla. Many solan IIe."—Monro's Description of 1, p. 18.

rige next a warning light d her warriors to the fight; ous race, ere stern Maclood blook shores in vengeance ode.

following lines of the stanza, if tale of feudal vengeance, of teley there are relies that still Scoor-Eigg is a high peak in small Isle of Eigg, or Egg, a in which was the scene of a geance. This noted cave has ening, through which one can his knees and hands. It rises ithin, and runs into the bowels depth of 955 measured feet;

the height at the entrance may be about three feet, but rises within to eighteen or twenty, and the breadth may vary in the same proportion. The rude and stony bottom of this cave is strewed with the bones of men, women, and children, the sad relies of the ancient inhabitants of the island, 200 in number, who were slain on the following occasion:—The MacDonalds of the Isle of Egg, a people dependent on Clan-Ranald, had done some injury to the laird of Mac-Leod. The tradition of the isle says, that it was by a personal attack on the says, that it was by a personal attack on the chieftain, in which his back was broken. But chieftain, in which his back was broken. But that of the other isles bears, more probably, that the injury was offered to two or three of the Mac-Leods, who, landing upon Eigg, and using some freedom with the young women, were seized by the islanders, bound hand and foot, and turned adrift in a boat, which the winds and waves safely conducted to Skye. To avenge the offence given, Mac-Leod sailed with such a body of means rendered estimated. with such a body of men as rendered resistance hopeless. The natives fearing his vengeance, concealed themselves in this cavern, and, after a strict search, the Mac-Leods went on board their galleys, after doing what mischief they could, concluding the inhabitants had left the isle, and betaken themselves to the Long Island, or some of Clan-Ranald's other possessions But next morning they espied from the vessels a man upon the island, and immediately land-ing again, they traced his retreat by the marks of his footsteps, a light snow being unhappily on the ground. Mac-Leod then surrounded the cavern, summoned the subterranean garrison, and demanded that the individuals who had offended him should be delivered up to him. This was peremptorily refused. The chiefain then caused his people to divert the course of a rill of water, which, falling over the entrance of the cave, would have prevented his purposed ven-geance. He then kindled at the entrance of the cavern a huge fire, composed of turf and fern, and maintained it with unrelenting as siduity, until all within were destroyed by suf-focation. The date of this dreadful deed must have been recent, if one may judge from the fresh appearance of those relics. I brought off, in spite of the prejudice of our sailors, a skull from among the numerous specimens of mor-tality which the cavern afforded. Before retality which the cavern afforded. Before reembarking we visited another cave, opening to
the sea, but of a character entirely different,
being a large open vault, as high as that of a
cathedral, and running back a great way into
the rock at the same height. The height and
width of the opening gives ample light to the
whole. Here, after 1745, when the Catholic
priests were scarcely tolerated, the priest of
Eigg used to perform the Roman Catholic
service, most of the islanders being of that persuasion. A huge ledge of rocks, rising about
half-way up one side of the vault, served for
altar and pulpit; and the appearance of a priest
and Highland congregation in such an extraordinary place of worship, might have engaged
the pencil of Salvator. 210. Scenes sung by him who sings no more.

The ballad entitled "Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrievrekin" [see Border Ministrely, vol. iv. p. 285], was composed by John Leyden, from a tradition which he found while making a tour through the Hebrides about 1201, soon before his fatal departure for India, where, after having made farther progress in Oriental literature than any man of letters who had embraced those studies, he died a martyr to his real for knowledge, in the island of java, immediately after the landing of our forces, near Batavia, in August 1811.

310. Up Tariat's western lake they bore, And drugg'd their bark the isthmus

The peninsula of Cantyre is joined to South Knapdale by a very narrow isthmus, formed by the western and eastern Loch of Tarbat. These two saltwater lakes, or bays, encroach so far upon the land, and the extremities come so near to each other, that there is not above a mile of land to divide them.

310 The sun, ere yet he sunk behind Ben-Gheil, "the Mountain of the Wind," Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind, And tade Loch Ranza smile.

Loch Ranza is a beautiful bay, on the northern extremity of Arran, opening towards East Tar-bat Loch. It is well described by Pennant;— "The approach was magnificent; a fine bay in front, about a mile deep, having a ruined castle near the lower end, on a low far projecting neck of land, that forms another harbour, with a narrow passage: but within has three fathom of water, even at the lowest ebb. Beyond is a little plain watered by a stream, and inhabited by the people of a small village. The whole is by the people of a Smart whage. The whole is environed with a theatre of mountains; and in the background the serrated crags of Grianan-Athol soar above."—Pennant's Tour to the Western Isles, pp. 1012. Ben-Ghaoil, "the mountain of the winds," is generally known by its boath and beginning to the server of Copy its English, and less poetical, name of Goatfield.

312. Each to Lech Ranza's margin spring; That blast was winded by the King!

The passage in Barbour, describing the landing of Bruce, and his being recognised by Douglas, and those of his followers who had preceded him, by the sound of his horn, is in the original singularly simple and affecting.—
The king arrived in Arran with thirty-three small row boats. He interrogated a female if there had arrived any warlike men of late in that country. "Surely, sir," she replied, "I can tell you of many who lately came hither, disconfitted the English governor, and blockaded his castle of Brodick. They maintain them-selves in a wood at no great distance. The king, truly conceiving that this must be Douglas and his followers, who had lately try their fortune in Arran, desire to conduct him to the wood.

"The king then blew his hora-And gert his men that were h Hold them still, and all privy And syne again his horse ble James of Dowglas heard him And at the last alone gan kno And said, 'Soothly you is the I know long while since his b The third time therewithall h And then Sir Robert Boid it. And said, 'You is the king, I Go we forth till him, better s Then went they till the king And him inclined courteously And blithly welcomed them t And was joyful of their meeti And kissed them; and speare How they had fared in huntr And they him told all, but le-Syne laud they God of their Syne with the king till his ha Went both joyfu' and jolly." Barbour's Bruce, Book v.

ared the uca ashamed, - His brother 312. But shared

With hanghty laugh his k And dash'd away the test

The kind, and yet fiery charac Bruce, is well painted by Barbe count of his behaviour after the nockburn. Sir Walter Ross, on few Scottish nobles who feli in the so dearly beloved by Edward, t

314. Then heardst a sweetches In agony of transil-pain And thou didst bid thy it Upon the instant turn as And dare the worst the f Rather than, like a knig Leave to pursuers merch A weman in her last dust

This incident, which illustrates chivalrous generosity of Bruce' one of the many simple and na corded by Barbour. It occurr expedition which Bruce made support the pretensions of his b to the throne of that kingdom.

317. O'er chasms he pass'd, u mide

Craved wary eye and an The interior of the Island of with beautiful Highland scene being very rocky and precipits cataracts of great height, though able breadth. There is one pas Machrai, renowned for the dile

* Asked. 4 Withe s, being tempted by the narrowness a to step across, succeeded in makmovement, but took fright when it assary to move the other foot, and a posture equally ludicrous and antil some chance passenger assisted are herself. It is said she remained hours.

Brodick's gothic towers were seen; a Hastings, late their English lord, clas had won them by the sword.

ar Brathwick Castle, in the Isle of ancient fortress near an open road-Brodick Bay, and not far distant able harbour, closed in by the Island This important place had been out time before Bruce's arrival in James, Lord Douglas, who accome to his retreat in Rachrine, seems, of 1306, to have irred of his abode to out accordingly, in the phrase of 0 see what adventure God would Sir Robert Boyd accompanied him; wiedge of the localities of Arran have directed his course thither, in the island privately, and appear an ambush for Sir John Hastings, Governor of Brodick, and sursiderable supply of arms and provicarly took the castle itself. Indeed, chally did so has been generally historians, although it does not the warrative of Barbour. . . The much modernized, but has a dignince, being surrounded by flourishms.

too, with unaccustom'd ears, agnoge much unmeet he hears.

with great simplicity, gives an anecduch it would seem that the vice
swearing, afterwards too general
scottish nation, was, at this time,
military nen. As Douglas, after
in to Scotland, was roving about
nous country of Tweeddale, near
it Line, he chanced to hear some
farm-house say "the devil." Conathis hardy expression, that he
ned warlike guesta, he immediately
and had the good fortune to make
homas Randolph, afterwards the
of Murray, and Alexander Stuart,
a. Both were then in the English
had come into that country with
of driving our Douglas. They
anked among Bruce's most realous

ask you whence that wondrous light,

e fairy glow beguiled their sight?-

ing are the words of an ingenious it, to whom I am obliged for much information respecting Turnberry and its neighbourhood:—"The only tradition now remembered of the landing of Robert the Bruce in Carrick, relates to the fire seen by him from the Isle of Arran. It is still generally reported, and religiously believed by many, that this fire was really the work of supernatural power, massisted by the hand of any mortal being; and it is said, that, for several centuries, the flame rose yearly on the same hour of the same night of the year on which the king first saw it from the turrets of Brodick Castle; and some go so far as to say, that if the exact time were known, it would be still seen. That this superstitious notion is very ancient, is evident from the place where the fire is said to have appeared being called the Bogles' Brae, beyond the remembrance of man. In support of this curious belief, it is said that the practice of burning heath for the improvement of land was then unknown; that a spunkie (Jack o' lanthorn) could not have been seen across the breadth of the Forth of Clyde between Ayrshire and Arran; and that the courier of Bruce was his kinsman, and never suspected of treachery."

Letter from Mr. Joseph Train, of Newton-Stewart.

324. The Brace hath won his father's hall!

I have followed the flattering and pleasing tradition, that the Bruce, after his descent upon the coast of Ayrshire, actually gained possession of his maternal castle. But the tradition is not accurate. The fact is, that he was only strong enough to alarm and drive in the outposts of the English garrison, then commanded, not by Clifford, as assumed in the text, but by Percy. Neither was Clifford slain upon this occasion, though he had several skirminhas with Bruce. He fell afterwards in the battle of Bannockburn. Bruce, after alarming the castle of Turnberry, and supersing some part of the garrison, who were quartered without the walls of the fortress, retreated into the mountainous part of Carrick, and there made himself as strong, that the English were obliged to evacuate Turnberry, and at length the Castle of Ayr. Many of his benefactions and royal gifts attest his attachment to the hereditary followers of his house, in this part of the country.

325. When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's

The first important advantage gained by Bruce, after landing at Turnberry, was over Aymer de Vallance. Earl of Pembroke, thu same by whom be had been defeated near Methyen. They met, as has been said, by appointment, at Loudombill, in the west of Scotland. Pembroke assained a defeat; and from that time Bruce was at the head of a considerable flying army. Vet he was subsequently obliged to retreat into Aberdeenskire, sed was there assailed by Convp., Yank of Processin, Calland and C

sirous to avenge the death of his relative, the Red Comyn, and supported by a body of English troops under Philip de Mowbray. Bruce was at the time ill of a scrofulous discorder, but took horse to meet his enemies, although obliged to be supported on either side. He was victorious, and it is said that the agitation of his spirits restored his health.

325. When English blood oft deluged Douglas-dale.

The "good Lord James of Douglas" during these commotions often took from the English his own castle of Douglas, but being unable to garrison it, contented himself with destroying the fortifications, and retiring into the mountains. As a reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been prophesied, that how often soever Douglas Castle should be destroyed, it should always again rise more magnificent from its ruins. Upon one of these occasions he used fearful upon one of these occasions he used fearful the English had laid up in his castle, to be heaped together, bursting the wine and beer casks among the wheat and flour, slaughtering the cattle upon the same spot, and upon the English prisoners. This pleasantry of the "good Lord James" is commemorated under the name of the Douglas' Larder.

325. And fiery Edward routed stout St. John.

"John de St. John, with 15,000 horsemen, had advanced to oppose the inroad of the Scots. By a forced march he endeavoured to surprise them, but intelligence of his motions was timeously received. The courage of Edward Bruce, approaching to temerity, frequently enabled him to achieve what men of more judicious valour would never have attempted. He ordered the infantry, and the meaner sort of his army, to intrench themselves in strong narrow ground. He himself, with fifty horsemen well harnessed, issued forth under cover of a thick mist, surprised the English on their march, attacked and dispersed them."—Datrymple's Annals of Scotland, quarto, Edinburgh, 1779, p. 25.

325. When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the southern gale.

Thomas Randolph. Bruce's sister's son, a renowned Scottish chief, was in the early part of his life not more remarkable for consistency than Bruce himself. He espoused his uncle's party when Bruce first assumed the crown, and was made prisoner at the fatal battle of Methven, in which his relative's hopes appeared to be ruined. Randolph accordingly not only submitted to the English, but took an active part against Bruce: appeared in arms against him; and, in the skirmish where he was so closely pursued by the bloodhound, it is said him

nephew took his standard with his But Randolph was afterwards my Douglas in Tweeddale, and his King Robert. Some harsh langu changed between the uncle and the latter was committed for a t custody. Afterwards, however, it conciled, and Randolph was cre Moray about 1312. After this penently distinguished himself, first hof Edinburgh Castle, and afterward imilar enterprises, conducted will rage and ability.

326. Stirling's to Beleaguer'd by King Rober 'And they took term of.

When a long train of success, proved by Robert Bruce, had made of almost all Scotland, Stirling Cast to hold out. The care of the blocka mitted by the King to his brother E concluded a treaty with Sir Philip the governor, that he should su fortress, if it were not succoured of England before St. John the Bs The King severely Llamed his bro impolicy of a treaty which gavet King of England to advance to the castle with all his assembled forces, himself either to meet them in bat inferior force, or to retreat with "Let all England come," answer less Edward; "we would fight the more." The consequence was, of each kingdom mustered its strengt pected battle; and as the space a reached from Lent to Midsumme was allowed for that purpose.

326. And Cambria, but of lates Sent forth her mountainm

Edward the First, with the usual conqueror, employed the Welsh, w subdued, to assist him in his Scotti which their habits, as mountaineers, fitted them. But this policy was its risks. Previous to the battle of Welsh quarrelled with the English and after bloodshed on both part themselves from his army, and the f them, at so dangerous and critical was reconciled with difficulty. followed his father's example in the and with no better success. They brought to exert themselves in their conquerors. But they had a reward for their forbearance. and clad only in scanty dresses of they appeared naked in the eyes Scottish peasantry; and after the nockburn, were massacred by th numbers, as they retired in confu their own country. They were un mand of Sir Maurice de Berkeley. onnoght pour'd from waste and undred tribes, whose sceptre rude ark Eth O'Connor sway'd.

the Fædera an invitation to Eth that the king was about to move cottish rebels, and therefore re-strendance of all the force he could commanded by himself in person, bleman of his race. These auxibe commanded by Richard de of Ulster.

tonarch rode along the van.

sh vanguard, commanded by the ester and Hereford, came in sight sh army upon the evening of the

Bruce was then riding upon a in front of his foremost line, putin order. It was then that the unter took place betwixt him and Bohun, a gallant English knight, which had a great effect upon the

maive from the Scottish host, clang and bugle-sound were tose'd.

a old tradition, that the well-known of "Hey, tutti, taitti," was Bruce's battle of Bannockburn. The late no granter of propositions, doubts' Scots had any martial music, and eart's account of each soldier in the take such a horrible noise, as if all hell had been among them. He is these horns are the only music y Barbour, and concludes, that it a moot point whether Bruce's cheered by the sound even of a pipe.—Historical Europ prefixed cottish Songs. It may be observed hat the Scottish of this period cered some musical cadence, even in ir horns, since Bruce was at once ut the tradition, true or false, has fics in the language, the celebrated Burns, —" Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-

where you barefoot Abbot stands, blesses them with lifted hands.

, abbot of Inchaffray, placing him-minence, celebrated mass in sight ish army. He then passed along prefooted, and bearing a crucifix in and exhorting the Scots, in few and ds, to combat for their rights and The Scotts kneeled down. 'They de Edward; 'see, they implore They do,' answered Ingelram de Umfraville, 'but not ours. On that field they will be victorious, or die.'"-Annals of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 47.

331. Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe ! We'll tame the terrors of their bow, And cut the bourstring loose !

The English archers commenced the attack The English archers commenced the attacks with their usual bravery and dexterity. But against a force whose importance he had learned by fatal experience, Bruce was provided. A small but select body of cavalry wree detached from the right, under command of Sir Robert Keith. They rounded, as I con-ceive, the marsh called Mitton-bog, and, keep-ing the firm ground, charged the left flank and rear of the English archers. As the bowmen had no spears nor long weapons fit to defend themselves against horse, they were instantly thrown into disorder, and spread through the whole English army a confusion from which they never fairly recovered.

Although the success of this manœuvre was evident, it is very remarkable that the Scottish generals do not appear to have profited by the lesson. Almost every subsequent battle which they lost against England was decided by the archers, to whom the close and compact array of the Scottish phalanx afforded an exposed and unresisting mark. The bloody battle of Halidoun-hill, fought scarce twenty years afterwards, was so completely gained by the archers, that the English are said to have lost only one that the English are said to have his only one knight, one esquire, and a few foot soldiers. At the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346, where David II. was defeated and made prisoner, David II. was defeated and made prisoner, John de Graham, observing the loss which the Scots sustained from the English bowmen, offered to charge and disperse them, if a hundred men-at-arms were put under his command. "But, to confess the truth," says Fordun, "he could not procure a single horseman for the service proposed." Of such little use is experience in war, where its results are opposed by

332. Each braggartchurl could boast before, Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!

ence in war, where its results are opposed by

habit or prejudice.

Roger Ascham quotes a similar Scottish proverb, "whereby they give the whole praise of shooting honestly to Englishmen, saying thus, 'that every English archer beareth under his girdle twenty-four Scottes.' Indeed Toxophilus says before, and truly of the Scottish nation. The Scottes surely be good men of warre in theyre owne festes as can be; but as for shootinge, they can neither use it to any profite, nor yet challenge it for any praise."

- Works of Azcham, edited by Bennet, 410,

p. 110. It is said, I trust incorrectly, by an ancient English historian, that the "good Lord James of Douglas" dreaded the superiority of the English archers so much, that when he made any of them a prisoner, he gave him the option of losing the forefinger of his right hand, or his right eye, either species of mutilation rendering him incapable to use the bow. I have mislaid the reference to this singular passage.

332. Down! down! in headlong overthrow, Horseman and horse, the foremost go.

It is generally alleged by historians, that the English men-at-arms fell into the hidden snare which Bruce had prepared for them. Barbour does not mention the circumstance. According to his account, Randolph, seeing the slaughter made by the cavalry on the right wing among the archers, advanced courageously against the main body of the English, and entered into close combat with them. Douglas and Stuart, who commanded the Scottish centre, led their division also to the charge, and the battle becoming general along the whole line, was obstinately maintained on both sides for a long space of time; the Scottish archers doing great execution among the English men-at-arms, after the bowmen of England were dispersed.

332. And steeds that shriek in agony.

I have been told that this line requires an explanatory note; and, indeed, those who witness the silent patience with which horses submit to the most cruel usage, may be permitted to doubt that, in moments of sudden and intolerable anguish, they utter a most melancholy cry. Lord Erskine, in a speech made in the House of Lords, upon a bill for enforcing himanity towards animals, noticed this remarkable fact, in language which I will not mutilate by attempting to repeat it. It was my fortune, upon one occasion, to hear a horse, in a moment of agony, utter a thrilling scream, which I still consider the most melancholy sound I ever heard.

333. Lord of the Isles, my trust in Is firm as Ailsa Reck; Rush on with Highland su

targe,

I with my Carrick spearment

When the engagement between to

odies had lasted some time, Bruce

bodies had lasted some time, Brue decisive movement, by bringing up the reserve. It is traditionally said, tha crisis, he addressed the Lord of the liphrase used as a motto by some of his ants, "My trust is constant in thee" intimates, that the reserve "assemble field," that is, on the same line with the forces already engaged: which ka Hailes to conjecture that the Scott must have been much thinned by since, in that circumscribed ground, if you have like the advance of the Scottish cavalry me contributed a good deal to form the occupied by the reserve.

334. To arms they flew,—axt, spear,— And mimic ensigns high they

The followers of the Scottish campfrom the Gillies' Hill in the rear, the in produced upon the English army byting up of the Scottish reserve, and, by the enthusiasm of the moment, ethor of plunder, assumed, in a tumultuar, such arms as they found nearest, sheets to tent-poles and lances, authemselves like a new army acknowledge.

The unexpected apparition of what a new army, completed the cerfusial already prevailed among the English in every direction, and were purimmense slaughter.

NOTES TO THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

341. That they match with the Baron of Triermain!

Triermain was a fief of the Barony of Gilsland, in Cumberland; it was possessed by a Saxon family at the time of the Conquest, but, "after the death of Gilmore, Lord of Tryermaine and Torcrossock, Hubert Vaux gave Tryermaine and Torcrossock to his second son, Ranulph Vaux; which Ranulph afterwards became heir to his elder brother Robert, the founder of Lanercest, who died without issue. Ranulph, being Lord of all Gilsland, gave Gilmore's land to his younger son, named Roland, and let the Barony descend to his eldest son Robert, son of Ranulph. Roland had issue Alexander, and he Ranulph, after whom succeeded Robert, and they were named Rolands successively, that were lords thereof, until the reign of Edward the Fourth. That house gave for arms, Vert, a bend dexter, chequy, or and

gules."—Burn's Antiquities of West and Cumberland, vol. ii. p. 482.

342. And his who sleeps at Punm

Dunmailraise is one of the grand p Cumberland into Westmoreland. I name from a cairn, or pile of stones is said, to the memory of Dunma King of Cumberland.

342. He pass'd red Penrith's Tah. A circular intrenchment, about the from Penrith, is thus popularly ter circle within the ditch is ab ut on and sixty paces in circumference, ings, or approaches, directly oppositoher. As the ditch is on the introduction of the later of the late

e of feats of chivalry, and the round for the convenience of the

ayburgh's mound and stones of OTHEY.

he river Eamont than Arthur's is a prodigious enclosure of great ed by a collection of stones upon ently sloping hill, called Mayplain which it encloses there unhewn stone of twelve feet in imilar masses are said to have d during the memory of man, ppears to be a monument of

face of that sable tarn.

lake called Scales-tarn lies so med in the recesses of the huge d Saddleback, more poetically from the sun, that it is said its meh it, and that the reflection of be seen at mid-day.

liburn's resistless brand.

e name of King Arthur's well-sometimes also called Excalibar,

rors of Tintadgel's spear.

astle, in Cornwall, is reported the birthplace of King Arthur.

urn'd and blighted where it fell.

has an indistinct recollection of somewhat similar to that which d to King Arthur having befallen clent kings of Denmark. the burning liquor was presented h is said still to be preserved in seum at Copenhagen.

wous to subjection brought.

id to have defeated the Saxons ed battles, and to have achieved alluded to in the text.

Moralt of the fron mace.

ers named in the stanza are all a or less distinguished in the in treat of King Arthur and his and their names are strung to-ing to the established custom of such occasions; for example, in he Marriage of Sir Gawaine:-

celot, Sir Stephen bolde, rode with them that daye, remost of the companye, rode the stewarde Kaye.

Sir Banier, and Sir Bore, ske Sir Garratte keen, trem too, that gentle knight, a farest fresh and greene." 348. Look'd stol'n-wise on the Queen.

Upon this delicate subject hear Richard Robinson, citizen of London, in his Assertion of King Arthur:—"But as it is a thing sufficiently apparent that she [Guenever, wife of King Arthur] was beautiful, so it is a thing doubted whether she was chaste, yea or no. Trudy, so far as I can with honeste, I would soure the inneaved honour and time of noble army, so let us! Can with honestic, I would spare the impayred honour and fame of noble women. But yet the truth of the historie plackes me by the earc, and willeth not onely, but commandeth me to declare what the ancients have deemed of her. To wrestle or control with a green what it as tend with so great authoritie were indeede unto me a controversie, and that greate."—Asser-tion of King Arthure. Imprinted by John Wolfe, London, 1582.

349. There were two who loved their neigh-bours' wives, And one who loved his own.

"In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe books were read in our tongue, savying certaine hookes of chevalrie, as they sayving certaine bookes of chevalrie, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in the monasteries, by idle monks or wanton chanons. As one, for example, La Marte d'Arthure; the whole pleasure of which book stundeth in two speciall poynts, in open manslaughter and bold hawding; in which booke they be counted the noblest knightes that do kill most men without the counter of the property for the party of the property for the party for noblest knightes that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adouteries by sutlest shiftes; as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Marke, his uncle; Sir Launcrocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuffe for wise training and the control of th men to laugh at; or honest men to take pleasure at; yet I know when God's lible was banished the Court, and La Morte d'Arthure received into the Prince's chamber."—Archam's Schoolmaster.

349 Who won the cup of Gold.

See the comic tale of the Boy and the Mantle, in the third volume of Percy's Reliques of America Peetry, from the Breton or Norman original of which Ariosto is supposed to have taken his Tale of the Enchanted Cup.

153. Horse-milliner of modern days.

"The trammels of the palfraye pleased his sight,

And the horse-millanere his head with roses ROWLEY'S Ballade of Churitie.

353. Whese Legic is from Single-speech

See "Parliamentary Logic, &c., by the Right Honourable William Gerard Hamilton," (1808), commonly called "Single Speech Hamil-ton,"

NOTES TO THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

yto, Thy wood, dark Sugmitt, holds as now.

The word of Sugmes is identified by some writers with Shakespeare's Artennes. It is as Artennes, that Tyrin speaks of the forest in 'Chine Harnet', choosing, as he says, "a mame outseard with notice associators than those of mere daughter." Lantus mentions the aport.

gleg. The peasant, at his labour bisine, First the hook'd staff and shorten'd stytne.

The reaper in Flan fers carries in his left hand a stick with an in a look, with which he collects as much grain as he dan out at one weep with a short soytier, which he hidds in his right hand. They carry in this double process with great spirit and deatenty

370 Pale Privatels' than what thoughts were thane!

It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Bodg arts that in mosel has army, in case of soft recovery dury hours' plunder of the city of Britishes.

371 "On "On " nors still his stern exclaim.

The character still obstinacy of Napoleon was never in the buly his judye I than in what we may be permitted it they will prove the last of his fields. He will listen to no advice, and allow of no histories. An eye-witness has given the following action of his demeanour towards the end of the action:—

"It was near seven delock. Bonaparte, who till then had remained upon the ridge of the hill whence he ould best behold what passed, contemplated with a stern countenance the scene of this herrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to includely, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforescen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose coinfidence in him was boundless, he cased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward—to charge with the bayonet—to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed, from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops seemed to be disordered; to which he only replied.—'Envariant! Envariant!

"One general sent to inform the Emperor that he was in a position which he could not maintain, because it was commanded by a battery, and requested to know, at the same time, in what way he should protect his division from the murderous fire of the English artillery. 'Let him storm the battery,' replied Bonaparte, and turned his back on the aide-de-camp who

brought the message."—Relation is in tastic of Mont-St-Jean. Paras Tunid laire. Paris, 1815, 8vo, p. 5t.

371. The fate their leader should with

It has been reported that Bossparted at the head of his guards, at the last positives dreadful conflict. This, however, it accurate. He came down indeed to a accurate. The came town means of the high road, leading to Cash within less than a quarter of a mile of the of La Haye Sainte, one of the point ferreely disputed. Here he haraged guards, and informed them that his produced operations had destroyed the British and cavalry, and that they had only to we
the fire of the artillery, which they we
attack with the bayonet. This exhoration
received with shouts of Vire I Empires. were heard over all our line, and led nat that Napoleon was charging in person the guards were led on by Ney; nor dd B parte approach nearer the scene of acoas the spot already mentioned, which then banks on each side rendered secure for such balls as did not come in a straight. He witnessed the earlier part of the battle places yet more remote, particularly fre of servatory which had been placed thereb King of the Netherlands, some weeks h for the purpose of surveying the county is not meant to infer from these particular Napoleon showed on that memoral's so the least deficiency in personal curse the contrary, he evinced the greatest out and presence of mind during the whole: But it is no less true that report has n ascribing to him any desperate efforts of for recovery of the battle; and it is remain that during the whole carnage nace suite were either killed or wounded, a scarcely one of the Duke of Weilington sonal attendants escaped unhurt.

371. England shall tell the fight!

In riding up to a regiment which we pressed, the Duke called to the men. "S we must never be beat.—what will the England?" It is needless to say how peal was answered.

371. As plies the smith his clanging

A private soldier of the 95th regime pared the sound which took place imm

The mistakes concerning this obshave been mutual. The English suppose erected for the use of Bonaparte: and a writer affirms it was constructed by the of Wellington.

British cavalry mingling with those of y, to "a thousand tinkers at work pots and kettles."

ried of honour as of wees, "hat bright careers "twas thine to close!

omas Picton, Sir William Ponsonby, net Sir William de Lancey, were on and were killed during the battle. Of named, Wellington in his despatch Lieutenant-General Sir T. Picton, his as sustained the loss of an officer who mily distinguished himself in his serfell gloriously leading his division to with bayonets, by which one of the one attacks made by the enemy on max repulsed." The commander-iso alluded to Sir W. Ponsonby as an to his profession. It was in endeavourest the too rapid and reckless advance ade that Ponsonby, being intercepted ench lancers, in a ploughed field, was ir William de Lancey had been marrecently as the April preceding the his is the meaning of the lines—

ancey change Love's bridal wreath, mrels from the hand of death."

filler, of the Guards, was son of Sir Miller, Lord Glenlee. It is told of at his desire, when on the point of colours of his regiment were waved and. Colonel Cameron, of Fassiefern, are Bras, while heading a charge of a Gordon Highlanders. "Generous Gordon" was Colonel the Honourable Sir Alexander Gordon, brother of the Eart of Aberdeen. He fell by the side of his chief, and a monument crected by his brother now marks the spot.

374. - the towers of Hongomont.

"Hougomont—a sort of château, with a garden and wood attached to it, which was powerfully and effectually maintained by the Guards during the action. This place was particularly interesting. It was a quiet-looking gentleman's house, which had been burnt by the French shells. The defenders, burnt out of the house itself, betook themselves to the little garden, where, breaking loop-holes through the brick walls, they kept up a most destructive fire on the assailants, who had possessed themselves of a little wood which surrounds the villa on one side."—Scott to the Duke of Buccleuch, Aug. 1815.

374 And Field of Waterloo.

"I went," says Byron, "twice over the field, comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention those of Platen, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Cheronea, and Marathon; and the field around Mouat St. Jean and Hougomont appears to want little but a better cause, and that indefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned."

NOTES TO HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

here might I share my Surfees' happier lot.

Surfces of Mainsforth, Esq., F.S.A.,
"The History of Antiquities of the
alatine of Durham."

he step of Bel's false priest.
a reference to "The History of Bel ragon," in the Apocryphal Books.

397. Matthew and Morton we as such may

And such (I fame speak truth) the honour'd Barrington.

Bishop Matthew, Bishop Morton, and Bishop Barrington successively held the See of Durham.

NOTES TO BALLADS FROM THE GERMAN.

he Smitzer priest has ta'en the field. Swiss clergy who were able to bear ht in this patriotic war.

Hare-castle, thou heart of hare! riginal, Haasenxtein, or Hare-stone.

e peaks they hew'd from their bootpoints ght well-nigh load a wain

ems to allude to the preposterous luring the Middle Ages, of wearing the points or peaks turned upwards, and so long, that in some cases they were fastened to the knees of the wearer with small chains. When they alighted to fight upon foot, the Austrian gentlemen could not move about freely until they had cut off these peales, that they might move with the necessary activity.

429. The Austrian Lion 'gan to growl.

A pun on the Archduke's name, Leopold.

429. The Mountain Bull he bent his brown.

A pun on the Unus, or wild buil, which gives name to the Canton of Uri.

NOTES TO BALLADS.

436. How blazed Land Roughs's boltone-tree.

The fires lighted by the Highlanders, on the test of May, in compliance with a misem derived from the Pagan times, are turned The Beliane tree. It is a featival colobrated with various superstitious rites, both in the morth of Scotland and in Wales.

437. The zeer's prophetic spirit found

A33. The ser's propertic print from:

I can only describe the account sight, by adopting Dr Johnson's definition, who calls it "An impression, either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and soen as if they were present." To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it while themselves under the pressure of melanchely. choly.

437. Will good St. Oran's rule prevail?

437. Will good St. Oran's rule prevail!

St. Oran was a friend and follower of St.
Columba, and was buried at Icolmkill. His
pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious.
According to the legend, he consented to be
buried alive, in order to propilitate certain demons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of
Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused
the body of his friend to be dug up, after three
days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror
and scandal of the assistants, declared, that
there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a
future state! He had no time to make further
discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost despatch. The chapel, however, and the come-tery, were called Relig Ouran; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

439. And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer. St. Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, &c. in Scathard. He was, according to Camerarius, an Abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy. A.D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St. Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The oth of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Killilan, in Renfrew, and St. Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7, tells us, that Robert the Bruce, was possessed of Fillan's rulraculous and luminous arm, which he St. Fillan has given his name to many chapels, Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he enclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the Battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of

tittle faith, abstracted the se it in it place of security, lost a the hards of the English Robert was addressing his per contest, it was observed to op-dealy; and, on impection the to have himself deposion his as an assurance of versey. S. Lesley. But though Besce is the arm of Se. Filtan should a dedicated to him, is granual, a upon Loch Tay.

In the Stots Magazine for In the S of a Magania of its a copy of a very curious errors I July, aft, by which Jaso to Malice voice, an inhabitant in Fertishitie, the peaceable on ment of a relic of St. Fulla, by the head of a postoral staff calls which be and his predecement of the staff of powersed since the days of Ro the Quegrich was used to con the Quegrich was used to end document is probably the mais ever granted for a quack medic nions correspondent, by ulsus farther observes, that addition concerning St. Fillan are to be LENDEN'S Barce, Book 4, followed, PENNANT'S Tour in Scattered.

440. The catastrophe of the appear a well-known le

There is an old and well-kno tion, that the hodies of certain s are secretingly hot, so that the anything they touch an impression. It is related of one of h lations, that a devil seized hall which bore the mark of a burday. The incident in the peem nature—the ghear's hards "soo brand," leaving a burning imparant the lady's write. Another in the peem and the lady's write. Another in the lady's write. and the lady's wrist. Another cl reported to be icy-cold, and to of any one with whom they con

440. He came not from where Ran red with Exelic

Lord Evers and Sie Brian La year 1544, committed the most a upon the Scotinh frontiers, can the inhabitants, and especial Liddesdale, to take assurance of England. Upon the ryth No-year, the som total of their dep hus, in the bloody ledger of Le

Towns, towers, barnekynes, pr bastill houses, burned ar Scots slain, Prisoners taken

Not cuttle) -

ldings 12,492 200 850 , &c. (furniture) an incalculable inty. N's State Papers, vol. i. p. 51.

rvices Sir Ralph Evers was made

England had promised to these endal grant of the country, which reduced to a desert; upon hearing ald Douglas, the seventh Earl of to have sworn to write the deed upon their skins, with sharp pens abs of his ancestors at Melrose -In 1545 Lord Evers and Latoun Scotland, with an army consist-mercenaries, 1,500 English Bor-no assured Scottish men, chiefly urnbulls, and other broken clans incursion, the English generals d their former cruelty. Evers ser of Broomhouse, with its lady ged woman, says Lesley) and her The English penetrated as far hich they had destroyed last year, ey now again pillaged. As they rels Jedburgh, they were followed he head of 1,000 horse, who was joined by the famous Norman body of Fife-men. The English, y unwilling to cross the Teviot to hung upon their rear, halted Moor, above the village of that Scottish general was deliberatto advance or retire, when Sir of Buccleuch, came up at full small but chosen body of his rest of whom were near at hand.
of this experienced warrior (to Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe the engagement), Angus with-height which he occupied, and orces behind it, opon a piece of d, called Panier-heugh, or Panielspare horses being sent to an emi-

ditor has found no instance upon is family having taken assurance. Hence, they usually suffered on the English forays. In August preceding the battle, the whole ng to Buceleuch, in West Teviotriced by Evers; the outworks, or the tower of Brancholm burned; ain, thirty made prisoners, and any of horses, cattle, and sheep, The lands upon Kale Water, bese same chieftain, were also plunuch spoil obtained; so Scots slain, Tower is fortress near Eckford serv. Thus Buceleuch had a long till at Ancram Moor."—MURDIN'S 6, pp. 45, 46.

nence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hurried forward, and having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed than astonished to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up, in firm array upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwaxt the encountering armies: "O!" exclaimed Angus, "that I had here my white goss-hawk, that we might all yoke at once!"—GODSCROPT. The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Soutish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugnites, the pursuers calling upon each other to "remember Broomhouse!"—LESLEY, p. 478.

In the battle fell Lord Evers and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun and 8co Englishmen, many of whom were persoas of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contamaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence, demanded from the city by Henry VIII, was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ramsom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch. AREDPATIS Berder History, p. 563-

more extrusted in the cases of the monarch.—Reductive Border History, p. 563.
Evers was much regretted by King Hoary, who swore to aveoge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the cari at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Doughas! "Is our brother-in-law offended," said he, "that I, as a good Scotaman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced tombs of my amoestors, upon Raiph Evers! They were better men than he, and I was bound to do no less—and will he take my life for that? Little knows King Henry the skirts of Kirnetable!! I can keep myself there against all his English host."

Gross-corr.

—Godeschoff.

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor.

The spot on which it was fought is called Lilyard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished berself in the same manner as Squire Witherington 1. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:

* Angus had married the widow of James IV.

sister to King Heory VIII.

† Kirnetable, now called Cairntable, is a mountainous tract at the head of Douglasdale.

† See Chery Chase.

Fair maiden Lylliard lies under this stane. Little was her stature, but great was her fame; Upon the English loons she laid mony thumps, And when her legs were cutted off, she fought

upon her stumps." Vide Account of the Parish of Melrose.

It appears, from a passage in Stowe, that an ancestor of Lord Evers held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. "I have seen," says the historian, "under the broad-seale of the said King Edward I., a manor, called Ketnes, in the county of Forfar, in Scotland, and neere the furthest part of the same nation northward, given to John Ure, and his heires, ancestor to the Lord Ure that now is, for his service done in these parts, with market, &c. dated at Lanercost, the 20th day of October, anno regis 34."—Stown's Annals, p. 210. This grant, like that of Henry, must have been dangerous to the receiver.

441. So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy St. John.

The black-rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

441. For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en.

The ruins of Dryburgh Albey still stand on the banks of Tweed, near New Town. St. Boswell's. The Abbey, which includes a church and monastery, is of varied architecture—partly Norman, and partly Larly English. After the dissolution of monasteries, it passed into the possession first of the Haliburtons of Newmains (ancertors of Scott), and afterwards of the Earls of Buchan.

441. Under the Eildon-tree.

Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon-tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies.

442. Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood.

Mertoun is the beautiful seat of Lord Polwarth.

443. That nun who neer beholds the day.

The circumstance of the nun, "who never saw the day," is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr. Haliburton of Newmains, or to that of Mr. Erskine of Sheilfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity, she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and

returned to her vault, assuring a neighbours, that, during her abeno tation was arranged by a spirit, to gave the uncouth name of Fathis; him as a little man, wearing heavy with which he trampled the clay! vault, to dispel the dampa. This or caused her to be regarded, by the wel with compassion, as deranged in standing; and by the vulgar, with a standing; and by the vulgar, with a for terror. The cause of her ad extraordinary mode of life she wexplain. It was, however, believen occasioned by a vow, that, absence of a man to whom she was she would never look upon the smanever returned. He fell during the of 1745-6, and she never more we the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in unfortunate woman lived and died, by the name of the supernatural which its gloom was tenanted by himagination, and few of the neighb sants dare enter it by night.—1803.

443. Lady Anne Hamilton.

Eldest daughter of Archibald, no Hamilton.

443. Perhaps by intermixture to breed.

They were formerly kept in t Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen ham Castle, in Northumberland.

443. One of the Regent's favour

This was Sir James Bellenden, I Clerk, whose shameful and inhum occasioned the catastrophe in the ! TISWOODE,

444. He took his stand in a woo

This projecting gallery is stll s' house to which it was attached was of the Archbishop of St. Andrew brother to the Duke of Chatelherau to Bothwellhaugh. This, among circumstances, seems to evince the Bothwellhaugh received from his ding his purpose.

444. Hamilton had mounted a f

The gift of Lord John Hamilton dator of Arbroath.

445. First of his troop, the Chie

The head of the family of Hami period, was James, Earl of Arn Chatelherault, in France, and first Scottish realm. In 1569, he was a Queen Mary her lieutenant-gene land, under the singular title of father.

l, merry huntsman! sound the

e note blown at the death of the alcdonia elim frequent erat sylum bos, nunc vero rarior, qui, lizzimo, jubam densam et demisonis gestat, truculentus ac ferus genere abhorrens, ut quæcunque manibus contrectarint, vel halitu ab iis multos post dies omnino Ad hoc tanta audacia huic eral, at mon solutions there eral, at mon solution irritatus ster prosterneret, sed ne tantillum mes promiecue homines cornibus selerit; us canum, qui apud nos unti, impetus plane contemneret. cartilaringo sol mapris vanciocunt, impetus plane continueres, cartilaginosa, sed appris suavisis olim per illam vastissimam ykvam frequens, sod humana inazzumptus tribus tantum locis
, Strivilingil, Cumbernaldie, et

— LESLEUS, Scotiæ Descriptio,

" Claud replied, with darkening

ed Hamilton, second son of the satelherault, and commendator of of Paisley, acted a distinguished the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, ad unalterably attached to the cause rtunate princess. He led the van at the fatal battle of Langside, and he commanders at the Raid of Stirhad so nearly given complete suc-lucen's faction. He was ancestor nt Marquis of Abercorn.

suns have set since Woodhouseler.

ony, stretching along the banks of ar Auchendinny, belonged to Both-in right of his wife. The ruins of , from whence she was expelled in anner which occasioned her death, hadner which decays been in a hollow glen beside the ular report tenants them with the ost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh; ever, it confounds with Lady Anne those Lament is so popular. This chose Lament is so popular. This be tenacious of her rights, that, a part s of the aucient edifice having been building or repairing the present ee, she has deemed it a part of her haunt that house also; and, even years, has excited considerable disd terror among the domestics. This markable vindication of the rights is the present Woodhouselee, which itle to the Honourable Alexander College of ler, a senator of the ituated on the slope of the Pentland t at least four oiles from her proper e always appears in white, and with her arms

446. Drives to the loop his jaded steed.

Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, "after that spur and wand had failed him, drew forth his dagger, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to leap a very brode stanke [i.e. ditch], whilk means he excapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses."—Birrel's Diary, 18. p. 18.

446. From the wild Border's humbled side.

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his elegy:—

"So having stablischt all things in this sort, To Liddisdaill agane he did resort: Throw Ewisdail, Eskdail, and all the daills

rode he, roce he,
And also lay three nights in Cannabie,
Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris before.
Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir sa sair;
And, that thay sulf an mair thair thift allege,
Threescore and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge

Syne wardit thame, whilk maid the rest keep ordour :

Than mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on the Border."

Scottish Poems, 16th century, p. 232.

446. With hackbut bent, my secret stand.

Hackbut bent-Gun cocked. The carbine with which the Regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted.

446. Dark Morton, girt with many a spear.

Of this noted person, it is enough to say, that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

446. The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.

446. The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.

This clan of Lennox Highlanders was attached to the Regent Murray. Hollinshed, speaking of the battle of Langside, says, "In this batayle the vallancie of an Heiland gentleman, named Macfarlane, stood the Regent's part in great steede; for, in the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flankes of the Queen's people, that he was a great cause of the disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by him committed, and obtayning pardon through sayte of the Countess of Murray, he recompensed that elemencie by this piece of service now at this batayle." Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlaness.

He states that "Macfarlane, with his Highandmen, fled from the wing where they were set. The Lord Landsay, who stood searest to them in the Regent's battle, said, 'Let them go! I shall fill their place better:' and so, stepping forward, with a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long weapons, s) that they were driven back by 'orce, being before almost overthrown by the avanuagaard and harquebusiers, and so were turned to flight."—CALDERWOOD's AIS. aPAIL KEITH, p 350. Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been communical by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

446. Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh.

The Earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the Regent—George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton, whose horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

446. — haggard Lindesay's iron eye, That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the Regent's faction, and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation presented to her in Los bleven Castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said, but when the weeping captive, in the act of signag, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

446. So close the minions crowded nigh.

Not only had the Regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. With that infaturation at which men wonder, after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous shot. But even this was prevented by the crowd: so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim.—Spottiswoode, p. 233. BUGIANAN.

449. By blast of bugle free.

The barony of Pennycuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart, is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the King shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence the family have adopted as their crest a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the mato. Fire for a Blast. The beautiful man-ion-house of Pennycuik is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

449. To Auchending's hard gla

Auchendinny, situated upon the Pennycuik, the present residence nious H. Mackenzie, Esq. antior of Feeling, &-c. —Edition 1803.

449. And haunted Woodhou

"Haunted Woodhouselee."—Fo tions connected with this ruinous a note in the preceding page.

449. Who knows not Melvilles h

Melville Castle, near Lasswade, of Viscount Melville. It was ere first Viscount, the well-known He Lord Advocate of Scotland.

449. And Roslin's rocky glen.

Reslin Castle now consists of a r and a mansion of more modern date on a steep eminence, overlooking Roslin Chapel, which dates from to been recently restored, is, though one of the richest and most perfect of church architecture in Scotland perty now belongs to the Earl of representative of the St. Clairs of the St.

449. Dalkeith, which all the we

The village and castle of Dalkei of old to the famous Earl of Mortor the residence of the Earl of Baco eldest son takes his courtesy title in

449. And classic Hawthornien.

Hawthornden, the residence of Drummond. A house of more is enclosed, as it were, by the ancient castle, and overhangs a precipice upon the banks of the forated by winding caves, which times were a refuge to the opper of Scotland. Here Drummond of Jonson, who journeyed from Londorder to visit him. The house has part rebuilt since the poet's day, longs to Lady Walker Drummond of the spot was cut down about the last century, but has since been moethas no longer reason to com traveller looks in vain for the leaf

"Where Jonson sat in Drumi shade."

This romantic glade is now, as for the most beautiful specimens of sy

453. Marks where the wander

The following is Scott's versi this legend, as given in the Lette ology and Witcherast, 1830:-Ereildowne, during his reason o time, to be levying d in some crisis of his ory has often been told ry having sold a black erable and antique apd the remarkable hillock at the Lucken-hare, as the o'clock at night, he

He came, his money in, and he was invited in his residence. The wed his guide in the through several long of which a horse stood ned warrior lay equally int. 'All these men,' hisper, 'will awaken at.' At the extremity of the hung a sword and a tet pointed out to the ing the means of dissolvain confusion took the wind it. The horses ir stalls, stamped, and men arose and clashed

their armour, and the mortal, terrified at the tumult he had excited, dropped the horn from his hand. A voice like that of a giant, louder even than the tumult around, pronounced these words:—

'Woe to the coward that ever he was born, That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn.'

A whirlwind expelled the horse-dealer from the cavern, the entrance to which he could never again find. A moral might be perhaps extracted from the legend, namely, that it is better to be armed against danger before bidding it defiance."

454. Beneath the trysting tree.

At Linton, in Roxburghshire, there is a circle of atones surrounding a smooth plot of turf, called the Tryst, or place of appointment, which tradition avers to have been the renderyous of the neighbouring warriors. The name of the leader was out in the turf, and the arrangement of the letters annumeed to his followers the course which he had taken.

OTES TO MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

h his Bloody Hand.

e is haunted by a spirit od-hand.

and Loncarty.

n invader of Scotland

first who roll'd his car. tus.

t Saint Cloud.

tten after an evening h the late Lady Alvanone of whom was the the text.

vois.

la Syrie, eave Dunois," &c. nusic also, by Hortense de St. Leu, Ex-Queen w the national air of

allad also was written uchesse de St. Len.

wak hand to our result

ndard was the author's

489. AIR-" Thain' a Grigalach."

"The MacGregor is come."

490. Ain—" Rinchin aluin 'stu ma vun." This is an old Highland air which Nat Gow got from a friend in the Western Islands.

491. Long recall'd the weeful march.

William of Malmsbury says, that in his three the extent of the ruins of the monastery bore ample witness to the desolation occasioned by the massacre:—"Tot semirati parietes occlesiarum, tot anfractus porticium, tanta turba raderum quantum vix alibi cernas."

491. Ath-"Cha till mi tuille."

"We return no more."

492. Atn—14 Malcolm Caird's come again.14
Cair signifies Tinker.

493. Whether at Alwyn's lordly meal.

Aluyu, the seat of Lord Somerville, who, at the time the poem was written, was the author's nearest neighbour and intimate friend. Lord Somerville died in 1810.

493. Or lowlier board of Ashestiel.
Ashestiel was Scott's residence at that time.

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